

HIPPIES, DRUGS AND PROMISCUITY



by SUZANNE LABIN

Translated by
Stephanie Winston

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To research this important work on the counterculture, its denizens and its victims, Suzanne Labin traveled thousands of miles to observe hippies in the United States, Canada, France, England, Italy, Germany, Sweden, the Netherlands and Switzerland (yes, there are a few even there). She tramped the famed Hashish Trail through India, Nepal and Afghanistan. Mme. Labin visited communes, churches, eating places, nightclubs, shops and drugged haunts of every description. She talked with hundreds of hippies of every nationality, race, sex, age and background. She interviewed policemen, parents, diplomats, even read the distasteful hippie press.

In sum, Mme. Labin did all the spadework to make this the definitive book on an urgent subject.

In fastmoving, novel-like style, Mme. Labin takes us on a tour of the hippie underworld. We view their drugs, clothes, hygienic habits (or lack of them); their sexual proclivities and amusements, their debilitating philosophy, their politics; and the very real danger they pose to our civilization. Here is Consciousness Three not as fantasy, but as ugly reality.

We see case history after case history: now poignant, now horrifying. We get to know just what motivates seemingly intelligent people to become hippies. And we are witness to the tragic climax: the wreckage of broken lives.

One chapter, "A Kaleidoscope of Drugs," is a primer for worried parents. It meticulously describes all the drugs now in use, spells out their long- and short-term effects.

Continued on the back flap

At the end, Mme. Labin fashions an eloquent plea calling the young to step back from the abyss. This firm yet sympathetic message should be read by every young person in America. And it is a must for parents, clergymen, teachers, physicians, counselors — anyone who works with young people.

About the Author

SUZANNE LABIN is a native Parisian but an inveterate world traveler. There are only a handful of nations she has not visited and studied. Educated at the Sorbonne, where she received her M.S. in Advanced Social and International Studies, Mme. Labin is president of the International Conference on Political Warfare and of the League of Freedom. She serves as French Observer at the Asian Peoples' Anti-Communist League.

Mme. Labin is the author of fifteen books and numerous articles in French, German, Spanish, Italian, British and American periodicals. Among her books are *Stalin's Russia*; *The Ant-hill: The Human Condition in Communist China*; *Techniques of Soviet Propaganda*; *Embassies of Subversion*; *Chinese Colonialism in Africa*; *Vietnam: An Eyewitness Account* and *Promise and Reality: Fifty Years of Soviet "Achievements."*

Besides writing and traveling, Suzanne Labin has served as official consultant on political warfare to the governments of the United States, Brazil, South Vietnam, South Korea, Malaya, Singapore and Free China.

A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

JACKET DESIGN BY MARGE VALKO

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Arlington House

New Rochelle, N.Y.

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 70-189375

ISBN 0-87000-156-6

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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1

Young "Heads" at Night

I had to get to the bottom of it.

During my last tour around the continent of cybernetic beauty shops, market analyses, air conditioning, and "vitamin-enriched" food, I had stumbled, to my amazement, on troops of emaciated pilgrims with long scruffy hair framing unwashed faces that sometimes sported multihued designs. This new breed of mendicant friars—enveloped in old Indian ponchos, weighed down with anklets, neckbands and amulets—wandered, feet bare, in the service of a new religion of Love. The pupils of almost every one of these avatars of the New Age were dilated, and their gaze was vague and blank, because they had not yet emerged from their last encounter with one of the hallucinogenic drugs.

These were the famous hippies, the flower-children of America. They were all wearing protest buttons, found by the thousands in the shops that serviced their world, along with all sorts of curious, often erotic objects in screeching colors, and psychedelic posters of a strange beauty. The buttons read, among other things:

STUDYING CAUSES CANCER

LEGALIZE DRUGS

DOWN WITH BRAS

CURE VIRGINITY

LONG LIVE SEX

So here, right in the heart of the country that has pushed prosperity, hygiene, and efficiency just about as far as they would go, a subculture had exploded for whom the values of antiprosperity, antihygiene, and antiefficiency were pushed about as far as *they* would go. Mysticism and drugs had been elevated into a new religion, pulling the group back into the darkest recesses of its primeval past, while at that same mo-

ment, in the same country, Cosmic Man was programming his electronic brains to conquer the moon. This was an extraordinary paradox, and I decided that the hippie phenomenon was worth an investigation.

For a year I read all that the aboveground press has had to say on this new kind of protest movement, as well as a number of scientific studies dealing with it. One set of statistics, from the Los Angeles Bureau of Narcotics, particularly caught my attention: drug arrests had increased, for just the year of 1967 and for just the city of Los Angeles, 56 percent for adults and 130 percent for minors. In California as a whole, arrests grew from 7000 in 1964 to 37,000 in 1967; and I think we can assume that the people who have actually been arrested are an insignificant fraction of the people who actually use drugs. But, after I spent one night in a police station, this abstraction of numbers took on a human reality that shook me profoundly.

A Police Station in Hollywood

I had believed that during the night a police station would hum softly with a diluted, somnolent kind of life. What I found, however, was the febrile kind of animation that must dominate General Headquarters while the battle rages outside. In the West Hollywood district alone, sixteen patrol cars and four detective cars leave the station every few minutes to make their rounds and return periodically to report. The offices are full of harassed people who man the radios, and every five minutes or so the main door opens to admit one or two new wrongdoers, accompanied by two husky cops.

This time it may be a drug-pusher whose face is strained with the effort to disavow the incriminating merchandise he is hiding on his person. Next it's a drunk, still under the influence, who yells, makes a scene, then collapses sobbing. Now a truckdriver who had taken one too many and ran someone down, next a housebreaker—furious at being caught—who snarls "shut your mouth" at the drunk, and shut his mouth he does. There's a placid prostitute who, finding herself in the more or less respectable atmosphere of the police station, takes on the airs of a chaste young damsel. There's an "intellectual" hippie who "knows his rights" and shouts "I'll bring charges against you!" at the cops, until another "shut your mouth" from the would-be burglar has

the same calming effect on him that it had on the drunk.

When I first came in I noticed, in the room to the left of the main hall, two men behind bars, and I felt that same pinching at the heart I always feel when I see human beings in cages, because they seem to me to have been reduced to beasts and—worst of all—to have been reduced to that state by other human beings. While the main door swung back and forth in that constant rhythm and new candidates for the human cages made their appearance, an impassive policeman, oblivious to the insults of the newcomers, took inventories of the possessions of the preceding batch. The prisoners waited, dulled after their initial, and useless, cries of rage, to be taken to the section appropriate to their particular misdemeanor; there was a section for drunks, for drug-users, for women, minors, major crimes, etc., all of which were properly posted on the plan on the entrance wall.

But soon enough my pity for these beings whom life had bruised gave way to something infinitely more painful. A tide of veritable children who had been picked up drifting alone through the night, most of them carrying drugs, swept in through the heavy front door escorted by two policemen.

From time to time, I went out on rounds with two plainclothes detectives during their tour of hippie clubs on Sunset Strip, Los Angeles' famous "street of joy." On each occasion, when we came back to the station the cells up front had been emptied of their previous occupants, whose faces I had come to know, and replaced by a new group twisted by a private drama that spurted out of eyes inflamed like cheap red wine. The women and young people—from whom, at least, the policemen had nothing to fear in the way of active attack—were kept under guard in the waiting room or questioned in the offices. I saw at least a dozen young people, practically children, wise as statues.

Pockets Full of Pot

California's curfew law makes it illegal for a minor of less than eighteen years to walk in the streets after ten o'clock unless accompanied by an adult. But here it is one o'clock in the morning, and I am treated to a rare spectacle: an invisible but implacable tide, each wave leaving in its wake a group of kids beached on the underground

reefs of the nocturnal life of the big city. First, two skinny boys, then a mini-couple, then three young girls. The oldest girl (all of fifteen) was appealing in her short dress that outlined her pubescent breasts and left her frail shoulders bare; it's hot in Los Angeles. The two other girls, sloppily dressed, with straggly hair, combined the typical awkwardness of their thirteen years with the eternal beauty of healthy cheeks. They looked like schoolgirls, not streetwalkers. And they were schoolgirls. They wouldn't give their parents' addresses, and pretended not to know where they lived. They lied openly and with aplomb. One of them sniffed, "My mother? If you know where she is, tell me: I'd like to know!"

The boys seemed more shaken. Confronted with superior force, they could have no recourse to coquetry, that powerful weapon in the female armory. One of them, near tears, gave his mother's address. He was fourteen years old, from Quebec. In Canada, paternal authority is not dispensed with quite so gaily as in the United States, and he was afraid of parental recriminations. The young Americans, on the other hand, couldn't have cared less. The police told me that half the time when a family is called down to the station to pick up their wayward girl who had run away and been picked up smoking marijuana, their response was, "Well, she's sixteen; she's old enough to know what to do." The alternative behavior is to send the girl to a psychoanalyst. In consequence of which, the girl would go back to her home, go back to her drugs, go back into the arms of the police, back to her parents, back to the psychoanalyst, and on around again forever.

In the United States, the "runaway" problem amounts now to a national tragedy. In San Francisco, before 1965, there were no more than five or six cases a month. Today, photos sent to the police cover whole walls from the floor to the ceiling, fifty times more than there were five years ago. This fact alone, which shook me to the roots, proves that we are dealing here with an epidemic. In cases where the kids have been recovered before the necessary few weeks it takes to adopt the hippie style of dress—rags and naked feet—they generally are found comfortably dressed and shod, well-fed and armed with plenty of money. They seem more spoiled than mistreated. They left home, mostly, because of a scolding, or out of romantic fantasy, or from a taste for adventure, not to mention a simple wish to be "in," up-to-the-

minute, incapable of resisting the unprecedented publicity attendant to the wandering hippies. Most of the time, they were not angry at their families.

A woman attendant searched the girls. Every one of them, like the boys, was found carrying marijuana cigarettes ("joints") wrapped in toilet paper and stored in little metal boxes that in more innocent days carried beauty creams or throat lozenges.

I struck up a conversation with the young Canadian boy in French, and told him he could speak freely with me since no one else at the station understood our language. He was a sweet boy, timid and polite, sniffing back his tears. It is the first time, he told me, that he has spent a night in jail. I asked him to tell me the story of his day; he is not likely to forget it.

He lived with his older sister and his mother in a house that he had no wish to leave, because he was loved there. But one night, coming back home from a friend's birthday party, he felt moved instead to wander Hollywood's streets of pleasure and neon all alone. Nothing much so far. But then someone "laid some grass" on him, and things began to get sticky. In the United States these days, marijuana spreads faster than the eye can see. Whereas in the old days drug-pushing was a business plain and simple, it's become now a form of proselytizing, or perhaps—since very often the drug is given away free—there is some deliberate attempt to pervert youth. In any case, the United States can congratulate itself on holding the world's record for the youngest recorded victim of heroin poisoning: Walter Vaudemer, seven-years-old, found dead from an overdose in a Harlem apartment.

The Psychedelic Scene on Sunset Strip

I took a tour with the detectives around Sunset Strip or, as it should more aptly be called, the Strip of Rising Hell, and went into a hippie discotheque. The band was so loud that my eardrums hurt. Against a background of strident discords drawn with the paroxysmal intensity of thick-muscled throats from brass instruments, rose the hoarse, hysterical cries of a girl singer who writhed like one possessed while drawing her long hair all down the length of her serpentine arms. She twisted herself around like a worm, then threw her shock of matted

hair over a face that no longer had eyes or mouth, just a voice, the voice of a madwoman straining through a madwoman's hair.

While I stood there fearing that at any moment my eardrums would tear apart or my brain explode, my eyes were assailed, pierced, wounded by an orgy of luminous and lurid images that glanced over me, then brusquely went their way before I could even grasp them. Before I had quite taken in the face of the young woman, her mouth wide open, a gun drawn by a gangster flashed full in my eyes; a horse galloped over me; then a very beautiful nude young girl, strolling through a garden of Eden passed before me, only to be immediately superseded by a shipwreck in a demented sea. And always, all the time, piercingly superimposed over all these images, was the open-mouthed face of that young girl whose face and expression stayed tantalizingly out of reach. My optic nerves were at the mercy of ten projectors all throwing out their images onto various places on the dark wall, no single picture lasting longer than a lightning flash, but just as blinding. The pictures were sometimes violently colored, sometimes somber, but always superimposed on one another, clashing, colliding, torturing.

"Torture" is the right word, particularly for a discotheque a journalist friend had taken me to a year before. It was even more Dantesque than the dive on Sunset Strip. My head, under the triple aggression of optic, auditory and psychic poundings, was going into shock; I couldn't bear more than ten minutes of this fury. I left, at the end of my strength. My companion told me that no newcomer he had ever brought to this discotheque had been able to last more than fifteen minutes. "But," I asked, "how can the regulars tolerate this hell for a whole night?" "Because," he answered, "they are all stoned [high on drugs], which deadens the perceptions."

Meanwhile, back on the Strip, it took a while before I could make out, in the darkness, the shadows in human form that jerked in cadence. It took me yet another while to realize that this sight had to do with what, in other times, we would have called dancing. They were packed together and they were the most solitary dancers in the world. Each one of them undulated to his own private beat. Even if a female happened to be facing a male—which was not always the case—no one actually danced with a partner. Everyone for himself, and the devil for all. No one even paid attention to the horror-show fireworks that

flashed on the wall. They looked at their feet moving in rhythm, and no girl smiled at any boy, nor any boy at any girl. There was nothing to see, nothing to touch, nothing to desire. These moving, twisting, crouching phantoms were all wrapped, on their lower parts, in shapeless pants, covered in the middle by too-large Indian vests whose fringes seemed to move to their own independent beat, and wrapped on top by long hair that, propelled by the incessant movement of its owners' heads, also seemed to take on its own propulsion. These were shadows without bodies, without necks, without sex—just shadows consecrated to absolute movement within absolute noise.

In another place on the Strip, egocentric exhibitionism had been carried to a further point of refinement. The dancers were perched on a platform raised above the surrounding tables. Here too everyone danced alone, absorbed in himself, ignoring his partner, but this time the dancers could watch themselves on a closed-circuit television setup. I saw a black thing, black from head to foot, thrust a leg into the air, lower its bottom to the floor, get up again, throw an arm out into the night that surrounded it, and start all over again, and again. The thing was bundled, in spite of the heat, in a large, long-haired fur jacket. At the end of its legs perched two slippers, also long-haired fur. The skin of its hands and face was jet black, and its hair was long and straight, except for a crinkly top. I said to the detective, "Did you see that black woman with the straight-haired wig? You'd say she was a sorceress doing a satanic dance during the Middle Ages."

"That's not a black woman," he answered, "it's a black man, and he doesn't go back to the Middle Ages, but to the caves. He's in a primitive trance, dressed in the skin of the beast he's just sated himself on."

I went back to the West Hollywood police station, took a look at the new faces behind the grilles, and a shudder crawled up me. One of the prisoners, unusually well-muscled, whose face was still covered with blood from some slash, truly had a beast within him. His hairy arm, like that of a huge, evil ape, was wrapped around the bars. Had he put his arm outside the bars to wrap it around the throat of a nearby policeman who was writing out some report? No, he was reaching out to grasp the telephone that the homeland of electronics had not failed to place, on a little table in front of the bars, at the disposition of its criminals.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

I went farther back into the station and came upon a small, slender boy with finely traced features, a girl's soft skin, and big chestnut eyes with dilated pupils that made them seem even larger. I went over to talk to him, but before I'd even opened my mouth he said, "Are you from the narks?" I made him repeat his question, my English not being up to hippie slang, but I finally understood that he wanted to know if I was a narcotics detective. I laughed and informed him that I was just a French journalist inquiring into the hippie phenomenon. My accent (alas!) convinced him of my good faith, and he began to open up to me. In fact, none of the detained youths that I approached in the United States responded to my questions with rudeness or bad grace. Perhaps a person suddenly caught in the net of the law clutches at anyone who shows interest in him.

The boy was sitting at a table strewn with the evidence of his wrongdoing: a dozen marijuana cigarettes wrapped in yellowish paper, some acrid-smelling "roaches" (butt ends of the joint), some hemp seeds—hemp is the plant from which the drug is derived—and a very long knitting needle whose function was, one might think, to prick little girls' behinds. The young delinquent made me understand, however, that a knitting needle made a nice, handy, and indeed legal (since knitting is not against the law) little weapon, with which he had himself jabbed the nose of his arresting officer. And finally, there were the rose-colored capsules of LSD; one of the most dangerous drugs known, as it can, among other things, damage the brain cells and the chromosomes that carry the genetic heritage from one generation to the next. Our young man had had his LSD in his pockets. He told me that he "dropped acid" regularly, to go on "trips" that would last about twelve hours.

"Aren't you afraid of hurting yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, everybody turns on."

"No, not everyone, just the kind of people you go around with, and that's a tiny fraction of all the people in this huge country. And this tiny fraction is killing itself."

"Kill yourself with LSD or alcohol, what's the difference? Why is 'society' so anxious to save me from drug-poisoning, while they don't give a damn if I get cancer from tobacco?"

"Because tobacco does its work only over a very long period of time, and no one is sure of its effects anyway, whereas the danger of LSD is immediate and certain. Besides, society *is* doing things about alcohol and tobacco."

"Well anyway, what does the Establishment care about *me*! What's one person more or less out of the billions of people cluttering the earth?"

I was tempted for a minute to quote him Kant's categorical imperative: "Act so that the principle that guides you could become the rule of action for all." If everyone took LSD, the human species would have had it. But I was afraid that an argument based on the premise that the human race is worth saving would not go far with this budding nihilist, so I tried another tack.

"It seems to me that society ought to protect the lives of young people until they have acquired the judgment to decide their courses for themselves."

"Oh sure, keep them healthy and strong until they're twenty, and then send them off to die in Vietnam . . . I'd just as soon have a good time while I'm waiting."

"And you couldn't have a good time without destroying yourself? There are so many things to do, my goodness! Traveling, lectures, learning about the world, movies, the arts, sports, girls. . . ."

"Sure, but all that costs money. My mother is poor, she's a waitress at a soda fountain. I don't want to be like her."

Meanwhile, a policeman had brought over the most damning bit of evidence—a witness to the human tragicomedy of our time: a school notebook filled with the earnest, labored handwriting of a child. In the first few pages my young nihilist pusher had listed, in alphabetical order, the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of his clients. On another page he had recorded, in different color inks, the selling prices, according to their quality, of marijuana, LSD, and methedrine (an amphetamine stimulant). His bookkeeping records were farther back: the month's intake and outgo, with a big blank in the LSD section, and this regretful reflection: "I could have taken in seventy-five dollars if I hadn't dropped so much myself!"

I was stunned. Seventy-five dollars' worth of LSD! At \$4 per dose, he had tripped almost twenty times in one month! This was suicide. The names and addresses of some wholesalers took up another page,

and still another listed the names of prospective new clients to contact, new fields to conquer. At the end of the book, scrawled across a fresh page in a bold ascending slant, our little Napoleon of the drug scene had written: "I must expand my empire."

He didn't want to finish his life selling sodas like his mother. This was perfectly fine, I told him, but had he just applied the talent for organization, the energy and ambition revealed by his notebook to selling shoes, or newspapers, or something else, he would surely have become a Rockefeller. But now his prospects for prosperity were distinctly somber. His crime was not minor; if he wanted to ruin his own life that was his business, but he was taking others along with him. He was a trafficker in death, and he would have to spend several years in reform school where his talents for commerce would dry up.

"Ugh, I'm sick of everything," he answered. "I'm just one big question mark."

They came then to take him to his cell. His globes of eyes rolled backward for a quarter of a second; his talk with me had made him forget for a while where he was. He stood up with the look of one whose footing had fallen away from him—a look I've never been able to forget—and said to me, "It's done me good to talk with you." Then he walked with heavy steps into the destruction of his life.

He was fifteen.

Drug "Escalation" Among the Young

This parade of drugged children took place on a Friday just like any other Friday in just one section of just one American city. If you add up all the evenings in all the big cities, hundreds of thousands of teenagers have been tasting the forbidden fruit. And more and more of these young potheads are "escalating" into hashish, the famed drug of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Both drugs are refined from hemp, but hashish is a more concentrated resin of the hemp (*Cannabis*) plant, and therefore more toxic than marijuana. They are escalating as well into LSD, STP, mescaline, the amphetamines, and heroin. For kids of thirteen on up, drugs have become the focus of extracurricular activities. The school kids garge out the vocabulary of the initiated: "pot" or "grass" for marijuana; "acid" for lysergic acid (that is, LSD);

"speed" for methedrine; to be "stoned" or "high," that is, under the influence of a drug; to be "busted," picked up by the police; to "trip," to go on a hallucinatory voyage. They know they need three to four draws (or "tokes") on a joint to "take off," and that each joint costs about 60 cents. When I asked how they got hold of the drug, they all replied that it's very easy, that people would approach them in the streets, in school, in drugstores. Marijuana is so cheap because it's so accessible; the plant can be cultivated in your kitchen window. When I was in San Francisco, they arrested a hippie who had grown 200 plants of this "grass" in his own backyard.

The detectives told me that three years ago, three police cars would patrol the West Hollywood district on weekend nights. Now there are twenty cars, complete with two-way radios and forty armed officers. And the police are still stretched thin, despite a five-fold increase of personnel in three years.

The detectives went out again for another nocturnal sally through their district, and again I went with them, more and more wrought up by my descent into hell. I felt like a 20th-century Orpheus crossing the River Styx to search out, and bring back to the light, a beloved being too soon departed. And the new kingdom of Pluto was this fantastic world where humans gifted with reason voluntarily embraced madness, a world that I discovered, little by little, beneath the skin of the world that we have been pleased to call "reasonable." I had, however, to confess in my heart of hearts that I in no way risked the danger that stalked Orpheus, since I made my exploration flanked by two strapping men who, in the reasonable world, functioned as detectives. However, a certain perfume of danger did float around me; I had to sign a paper absolving the police of any responsibility should something untoward happen to me as we made our nocturnal rounds.

Stoned-Soul Schooldays

Once, in an elegant section of Los Angeles, I met a wealthy lady in obvious distress who told me that she had begun to notice that her sixteen-year-old daughter was troubled, and then more and more despondent. With all the scruples that American mothers seem to feel, she had not dared to question her daughter, and both of them became

more and more unhappy. Finally, the young girl confided that two of her fellow students had been pressing her without let-up to "trip" with them, and while she resisted they acted as if she were a stupid drip of a girl who was depriving herself of earthly paradise by keeping to silly bourgeois rules. In the end, she gave in.

The mother, horrified, went to the principal of the school, one of the most prestigious in the city. He told her he knew quite well what was going on, but that he could do nothing. He knew that marijuana and LSD, along with goodness knew what else, were stashed away in the kids' lockers. The mother insisted that, at the very least, the pushers be exposed and punished, but the principal replied that that would create a scandal, which he wanted to avoid at all costs. The mother had no choice but to withdraw her daughter from the school, and send her away to boarding school.

Here is an account from another mother, from New York, who told me that her daughter had come back the day before from an outing with her friends and announced:

"You know we smoked grass. I'm still stoned, but don't be scared. I'm completely out of it." My mouth hung open. My daughter is fourteen years old. When her father remonstrated with her she said, "I would really be a creep if I didn't smoke with the other kids. Everybody does it now, you don't understand anything." Then, looking at us both, her pupils huge, she said, "Try it yourselves, you'll see, it's sensational, and then we could smoke pot all together."

The child was not being insolent. She had been brainwashed by the underground press which advises frequently that kids get their parents to try marijuana or LSD so they can see for themselves that it's not as terrible as all that; that in fact it's "sensational."

These encounters with American mothers left me even more stunned than my visits to the discotheques. It's true that certain authorities cover up drug use or just let it pass. And the parents confess they don't know what to do. A whole flock of questions swirled in my head, in no order, violent and fleeting, like that carnival of gargoyles in the hippie nightclubs.

First, is it true that the hippie movement is more significant than any other wave of protesting youth known to history? Or instead, is this

just a vast but transitory explosion of indolence, of eroticism, and of a kind of affected deviltry? Or, even more simply, are we all being intoxicated by journalistic sensationalism? But I have seen them, these hordes of lost children who have no equivalent throughout history; never before have feverish hands of less than fifteen years reached out for drugs. And I know that never before now has the disintegration of an established order been linked with the use of mind-twisting drugs.

And what is the responsibility of this "new way," which sees no merit or spirit in anything but a revolutionary pathos, however hollow it may be? Is it not ridiculous to speak of revolt and "liberation" when everyone is free in a society that has almost eliminated the ancient shame of poverty? Is there anything really to fight for, except for the "liberation" of sex, neckties, and long hair?

Or, on the contrary, are we dealing with a more profound revolution that intends to deliver the body, the mind, and the imagination from the heavy constraints that have heretofore bound them; constraints as heavy as those that weighed down, in other times, the disinherited classes? Is it so terrible that, after the time of revolt against the social order, a new revolt, against the human organism itself—sacrosanct up till now—should show its head? Are we heading into a biological and psychical revolution infinitely more profound than any of the political and material revolutions of the past? Is it extreme daring or extreme foolishness that claims to ameliorate man's brain through chemistry? Is it grandeur or perversity to transgress the natural frontiers of the senses, and to blur the boundaries between reason and madness?

Is the whole human race threatened by these new drugs that carry the user into a delirium of ecstasy, and from delirium into stupor? Is America the powerful, as she conquers outer space, risking the moral and physical decay of her youth? Or will she give birth, as the hippies believe, to a revolution whose consequences are incalculable?

And what about certain leftist political organizations? Have they fallen into step with the new whirlwind so as not to be left behind? Or is the movement being encouraged by hostile political groups? Why do these young people, self-styled pilgrims of liberty, denounce a democratic society that has allowed them unrestricted horizons; why have they chosen a path that turns men into things? In any case, is it not possible that these political forces—which have fallen into line with

the hippie movement, whether out of "follow the leader" or a wish to exploit them for political ends—will be left behind by the strength of hippie nihilism?

And the police—so maligned by the hippies—the new Satan. Are they not, quietly and without fuss, carrying out thankless but precious work? Is it not the police, in the end, who will save these new little "dead souls," our children, who wilt in a false paradise?

But by what right do we try to forbid them access to these charmed paths? We may believe that they are setting out into premature decay, but *they* are looking for a way to expand their consciousnesses. Does not each person have the right to use his own body as he wishes? Which is good, which is evil? What is truth, what is falsehood?

I had to write a book about it, and here it is.

2

The Sense Revolution in the United States

One of two main themes stands out in most writing about hippies: the enthusiastic apology or indignant morality. The apologists see profound significance and romantic hue in the hippie lifestyle. They deal only with their positive characteristics: the spontaneity with which they confront the "hypocrisy" of the bourgeois world; their love for mankind, as opposed to what they see as a general atmosphere of aggression that pervades the United States; their disinterest in the money-thirst that they say has driven their elders. The moralists, on the other hand, can deal with nothing but the negative side of the movement: violence, crime, the venereal diseases that plague the hippie ghettos. The moralists are irritated by their sexual extravagance, their long hair, their eccentric dress, their dirty feet, the mania for drugs, and, above all, by the fact that the hippies are parasites on a society that is willing to support them, albeit reluctantly, while they never deal with the fact that they could not exist except by society's grace.

It is impossible not to take sides, and I make my side clear in my conclusion, but only after an honest discussion of the problems involved. And so that my readers might come to their own personal determination of the matter, in this first part of the book I just set out, in as objective a way as possible, the acts, ideas, rituals, and hallucinogenic experiences that collectively constitute the "hippie culture." In the second part, I will discuss the validity of the protest of the flower-children, and I will try to answer the many questions I have posed in the preceding section.

Who Are They?

Where does the word "hippie" come from?

Some people say it derives from the word "hep"—up to the minute, "in the know"—that was current during the thirties. Others see it as an evolution from the fifties' word "hip" that had to do with the blue jeans skinned tightly over the hips of the beatniks—or "hipsters"—current then. Today the word "hippie" signifies boys and girls who have fallen away from their families, schools, and professions, and have abandoned traditional values in favor of a life they have chosen for themselves, whose basis is a return to the essential wonder of existence, and whose aspiration is the attainment of cosmic consciousness through drugs.

Like all revolutionaries, the hippies reject the traditional values of the established order, but, unlike other revolutionaries, many reject violence as a means of overturning that order. Unlike the communists, they refuse to discipline themselves and organize themselves politically. Unlike atheistic Marxists, they are profoundly mystical and believe in a whole pantheon of gods and prophets, from Christ to Buddha to Timothy Leary. The hippies also differ from the beatniks in that they are encumbered neither with their aggressive ideology, their menacing air, nor their intellectual pretensions. The hippies are gentle, modest, smiling, always ready to tell you that they love you. They worship love, the sun, doing nothing, and flowers—from whence the term "flower-children."

But they are distinguished, above all, from all other protest movements present or past, by their systematic usage of mind-bending drugs. They suck in chemical substances like mother's milk, whether to pleasure the senses, to be lifted to unknown ecstasies, or to penetrate swiftly into the hidden truths or to mystic visions of God.

It is not useful to act as if the hippies are simply the young devil-may-cares that curdle the blood of the bourgeoisie. Their press proclaims that they have done much more than just liberate themselves, they have squarely abandoned the old society in order to create another culture, another style of life that erases all acquired values, all taboos. They are drop-outs from the "straight" world, deserters from the social contract. The poet Allen Ginsberg, one of their luminaries, describes it like this:

What can the young do with themselves faced with this sad American version of the planet? The best ones, the most sensitive and aware, drop out of this society. They wander over the body of the nation, looking their elders straight in the eye. They wear long Biblical hair, and set up communities right in the midst of the slums. They make pilgrimages to Big Sur and live naked in the forests questing for visions of nature and meditations. They are recreating Gardens of Eden in the heart of the great cities of the "straight" world, as if these cities were deep in the forests.

The flower-children profess that it is possible to recreate islands of pastoral tranquility in our century of missiles in the center of the most fevered cities, and to develop a civilization that is not based on the consumption of goods, in the kingdom of abundance itself, simply by dropping out of conventional society in order to set themselves up into primitive communities that live on drugs, love, and macrobiotic diets.

The hippies themselves believe that they spearhead a social revolution without precedent in history. One of them wrote:

People like us are the biggest scare the straight world has ever known. We are affecting people through art, music, language, style, thought, the shape of civilization, and through the simple fact that we have dropped out of everything. When our kind of people decide that a society has become useless, we can't be dismissed. (*Toronto Globe & Mail*, August 19, 1967.)

The editor of the *Oracle*, a hippie journal, has exclaimed: "The hippie movement is far and away the most unique, the most extraordinary, and the most revolutionary in human history." These views, obviously, spring from devoted followers of the movement. But you never can tell what surprises a particular mystique may have in store when it captures the imagination of the young. Thousands of articles on the flower children have already come out, thousands of documentaries and interviews have filled up television, thousands of nighttime places have their own psychedelic light shows, hippie enclaves are springing up like mushrooms in all the big cities, in San Francisco, New York, Yorkville (Toronto), Mexico City, London, Amsterdam, Paris, Munich, Kabul, Katmandu, Goa, Tokyo.

Hashish, LSD, and the amphetamines aren't restricted any more to the hippie world, they are spreading as fast as long hair in the universities and the schools of the whole world. It can no longer be

denied that we are in the midst of a social revolution; and it is vitally important to question whether this is a fad that will vanish as it came, or if we are indeed attending the birth of the "age of hallucinogens" predicted by the high priest Timothy Leary.

San Francisco: Hippie Cradle

The "hippielands," hippie oases in the midst of big cities, are attracting more tourists today than Disneyland. But whereas American movies were born in Los Angeles, hippiedom first saw the light of day in San Francisco, a city that stretches sensuously like a bather whose arms enlace with mini-seas out along the hilly forms of the Pacific coast. The boys and girls who fill their veins with drugs have chosen to live out their fantasies in this fascinating city.

Penniless hippies invaded the streets of Haight Ashbury, near the Golden Gate Bridge, and installed themselves in old Victorian four-story houses divided into apartments large enough to sustain a whole community, and cheap enough, denuded as they are of the super-comforts (air conditioning, garbage disposals) demanded by modern America. Haight Ashbury was once a quarter of solid, respectable citizenry, but when the multitudes began to invade the area, the burghers left to build the futuristic creations that line the shores of the Pacific. In the 1950's the gingerbread houses were taken over by the protesters of that time, the beatniks, and then the buildings were invaded in their turn by the hippies.

At first, there were the "drop-outs"—ex-students who had already begun to experiment with drugs in their universities, and then left all that for a life of freedom. Next came the runaways, children less than sixteen years old who had abandoned their families in response to the calls of the hippie press that circulated from hand to hand in the schools. During 1969-70, many hippies, frightened by the resurgence of crime and commercial drug-pushing (as opposed to the friendly drug exchanges of yore), fled Haight Ashbury to camp around the Berkeley campus of the University of California, some thirty miles from San Francisco proper. All at once, Telegraph Avenue was turned upside down. The "straight" tradesmen, the restaurants, and the respectable bookstores frequented by professors have been partly pushed out by the

garish new boutiques that make their way on eccentricity. And located as they are right in the bosom of the university community, the hippie colony extends to the students a permanent invitation to give it all up and come join them.

It has been estimated that there are 50,000 hippies in the San Francisco area. They stuff themselves five to a room sleeping on mattresses set up side by side on the floor. All of these Victorian houses have a front stoop with six or eight steps, and at any hour of the day or night these steps are occupied by bands of hippies who sleep, chat, or smoke marijuana, and disport themselves in curious clothes.

The Clothing of Protest

Haight Ashbury and Telegraph Avenue have taken on a hurdy-gurdy air of carnival that would be very hard to imagine in Paris. Boys wear long manes of hair like the druids of ancient Gaul. They are dressed like gypsies, like cowboys, like hobos, like Indians, in gaucho costumes with Argentine ponchos. I have seen kids in Civil War uniforms, or in their great-grandfather's old frock-coats, or in Navy uniforms bought at I know not what third-hand store, but whose golden buttons have been replaced by new ones reading, "Draft beer, not students," "I am an enemy of the state," "Make love, not war."

Some of them have adopted the stripped-down style of Hindu holy men, wandering barefoot with a simple white cloth flapping between their legs; others display Oriental sarongs imprinted with Malay designs. A few of the more extreme have come up with fluorescent vests, or a dueling outfit à la Errol Flynn, or a shirt fashioned from an American flag. Occasionally someone will wear a hat: a top hat or a stovepipe of the last century, an Arab fez, Hindu turban, opera hat, tarboosh, fur toques, outsize sombreros, Indian feathers. But these masqueraders do not wear the faces of carnival: they are grave—conscientiously defiant of the straight world.

The girls' outfits range from long gypsy skirts to blue jeans pulled so tight over the buttocks that one waits for the rip of a splitting seam at each movement to miniskirts that apparently arouse no particular response in anyone even though, in this case, the said buttocks are already practically open to public view. Many girls wear Hindu saris,

especially when they are at home with their hippie "families." I spoke to a pretty blonde heiress of eighteen, who whipped up confections from her grandmother's old laces. Some of them go around in mangy furs, following the precept, "If you can't eat it, wear it."

Hippies of both sexes bedeck themselves in long strands of many-colored beads, bracelets, gypsy earrings. They wear headbands of multicolored ribbon, and pink, green or blue sunglasses. Colors play a large part in hippie fashion; not only are they pretty in their ordinary state, but when you are tripping, colors take on an inexpressible richness and voluptuousness. The hippies confess themselves powerless to articulate the delights of their hallucinations except by vague terms like "marvelous," "fantastic," "sensational." The only verbal responses they can make with any precision have to do with colors, which ravish them: "Oh, this intense blue, dazzling, it's alive, this blue . . ." they repeat in ecstasy. But a color can also make them freeze in horror: "Oh! That red, that spurt of blood, that purple clot is suffocating me!" they moan.

Since they cannot, try though they may, live on a permanent diet of LSD, they construct a psychedelic world around them: a debauch of colors in their clothes, their eyeglasses, their posters, their lights, the multi-colored flowers they affix to their cars, and the motley designs with which they tattoo their bodies. These are the essence of psychedelicism. In the Avallon in San Francisco, the go-go girls plaster their faces, shoulders, and arms with brightly colored fluorescent designs. A clever entrepreneur can make his fortune from this culture of kaleidoscope. Every day, in the hippie press, there are ads like this:

Going naked? Cover your body with psychedelic love signs, instant tattoos. Eighteen fluorescent tattoos, red and green, for one dollar. Box 612, Mill Valley, California.

Other ads tout sensuous tattoos, or savage ones, or obscene ones, or tattoos that can be seen only under ultraviolet light.

The little bells that the hippies wear at their wrists, ankles, or necks, are similarly designed with an eye toward expediting the "takeoff" on the "trip" with the piercing tinkle that accompanies each of their movements. Some of them paste a brilliantly reflecting metal disk onto their foreheads which throws rainbow reflections into the eyes of their friends. This kind of thoughtfulness toward one's neighbor

comes from the same source as the giving out of flowers; the generous flower-children strive to offer others the same psychedelic pleasures that they themselves enjoy.

These costumes represent their only statements of principle or philosophy. Their feathers and headbands express their identification with the original purity of the Indian tribes. Their saris and turbans are so many *hommages* to the mysticism of the Hindus. The young girl who passed me one day wearing a wide-brimmed hat decked with long streamers that covered her face was a walking affirmation of her faith in the occult sciences. By wearing these absurd clothes, the flower-children intend to signify that the modern world is absurd. A pirate costume bears witness to a sympathy with those people who live outside the law. Those boys and girls who appeared in the streets of London and on the Isle of Wight in the costumes God gave them are simply putting into practice their faith in the way of nature. But at the same time these costumes symbolize philosophical attitudes, they also demonstrate the particular secret neurosis of the wearer. According to the manner of dress, one can distinguish the exhibitionists, the fools, the adventurers, the narcissists, the powerless ones, the new breed of conformists, and the long stream of the dissatisfied ones of the world who pretend to be, even if just for a few days, people they are not.

Protest Buttons

All through Haight Ashbury new boutiques have sprung up to sell all these curious clothes, records, and protest buttons. The button industry has become one of the most flourishing in the hippie economy, dispensing wisdom like

NIRVANA NOW
LEGALIZE DRUGS
CURE YOUR VIRGINITY
IF IT MOVES, PET IT

The counters of the stores are laden with paint for tattooing, amulets, sandals, hashish or opium pipes, pornographic photographs, paste jewels, underground newspapers and magazines, colored chalks, sacred masks, and incense. Psychedelic posters whose brightly colored pigments somehow manage to blend mellowly into one another cover the

walls. Their subjects, sometimes simple and innocent, sometimes anguished, are the dreamstuff from the kingdom of drugs. Every little spot of vacant wall left over has its tacked-up message. The whole swims in music: rock, African drums, pop songs.

The first hippie boutique in San Francisco opened in 1966. Since then at least forty more have joined the ranks, including a huge combination drugstore-café-restaurant-perfumery-grocery-bookstore. It is open day and night, including Sundays, and always crowded with flower-children come to ease the imperious hunger aroused by marijuana, or to make a connection with their local pusher. But the thing that really distinguishes this drugstore from any other is its psychedelic decor. Its walls are covered with mirrors that reflect giant apothecary bottles filled with translucent viscous or fluorescent colored liquids, while strips of cellophane dangle from the ceiling. The whole scene has the glaucous feel of an aquarium. Here and there strange mobiles, perpetual motion made concrete, slowly cloud your mind. Here too, as in all hippie places, the scent of incense is pervasive. Incense is an important part of the psychedelic rites, but it serves as well to disguise the acrid and immediately recognizable odor of marijuana from the police.

When the crush reaches its frantic peak, just as it begins to get dark, the dour-faced drug-pushers begin to shove their way through the hippie masquerade and the mob of gawkers, along with the merchants of porn selling their photographic wares, and the preachers of all the little sects and subsects—each with his obsession or his grain of madness—who never miss any occasion to spread the true word. The new priests of the hippie church distribute pamphlets advocating the use of drugs as a religious sacrament. In the bustle, you push against the new-style beggars—twenty-year-old boys and girls of good families—camera-snapping tourists in sightseeing buses, members of the motorcycle gang Hell's Angels, “straight” reporters doing their pieces on the movement, television cameramen, roving hotdog vendors, plainclothes detectives, nervously excited “respectable” people coming down for a little thrill, soldiers on leave looking for easy gives, homosexuals, narcotics agents, full-fledged criminals, and anguished mothers looking for their missing children, not to mention the political agitators propagating their own particular brand of salvation: pro-Vietcong, or pacifist, or terrorist, or all three at once like the Black Panthers. There are

whites and blacks and yellows and Indians, go-betweens, middlemen, pimps, Mormon missionaries or soldiers from the Salvation Army.

. . . And on every streetcorner, a long-haired youth hawking one of the hundred "underground" publications—all of which specialize in sex, drugs, astrology, Hinduism, agitation for the legalization of marijuana, condemnation of the war in Vietnam, denunciations of "police terror," and erotic classified ads—at the top of his voice.

During the hot time of the year all is roses for these children who float in mysticism through a crass, materialistic world. The sun gives them leave to thumb their noses at the consumer society. But when the chill comes, they huddle on their front stoops against each other as shields from the glacial wind from the Bay, paralyzed with cold under their filthy blankets, snuggling up with their cats to keep each other warm. They breathe in the smell of cat fur while they smoke grass underneath the covers. The body of one hippie, a boy named Chob, was discovered by another flower-child in search of his cat. Winter is a rude awakening for runaway children. They dream of heat that will warm them through, and of the fragrant cooking in their mother's house, so they give in and ask Daddy for that check that will see them home again. They go back, but they go back with curious scars on their bodies and in their souls; their drugged heads may never quite get back together again, and there is that file in the San Francisco police station. . . .

Drugs as Religion

The hippie churches, which I discovered during my explorations around Hollywood, are one of the most curious phenomena of the movement. The regular hippie places, which are licensed bars, are liable to regular police inspection—which they receive, once or twice a night—whereas a "church" could only be entered with a warrant. So whatever genuine religious feeling may have inspired the establishment of these psychedelic churches, this relative freedom from police interference didn't hurt. The one I saw in Hollywood had once been a very large store fronting on the street. It was called "His Place," and it was open only from nine o'clock at night till morning. In the big display window, a huge, brightly lit Christ reposed on his cross, and various texts of the new faith were set out. The police could not enter it, so

I left the detectives who escorted me there, and crossed the threshold by myself.

What a spectacle! At the entrance a crowd of bearded, barefoot, and long-haired hippies, dressed in baroque costumes, encircled a tall receptacle hissing out steam, not from holy water, but from coffee, free to all. There was a "No Smoking" sign on one side, and another group of hippies stretched out on the floor. Way in the back a music lover banged loudly on a piano. Always, always that noise. On the wall, psychedelic posters and propaganda. In the middle of the church, a giant black cross lay flat on the floor. Couples, lolling at random on top of and around the cross, spoke to one another in low voices, or slept, or cuddled, or copulated. Everything was bathed in an unpleasant half-light.

These couples enlaced on the cross were, in fact, iconoclasts. They had returned to the ostentatiously sacrilegious anticlericalism that created such a furor in 19th-century Europe. This movement had disappeared during the 20th century, first because the clamorous atheists began to recognize that they inflamed, rather than discouraged, the faith of others, and then because, as they traveled more widely, they experienced the multiple forms faith assumes among the human race; and finally, the movement died because a general climate of tolerance finally prevailed in all the democracies. And now, smack in the 20th century, in the country that is most respectful of the forms of organized religion, when we shall soon, perhaps, encounter other civilizations beyond the earth whose ways of life and thought we cannot dream of, a vast iconoclastic movement was born in the United States.

Actually, the adherents to this old/new order deny that their practices are sacrilegious. They propose that love in all its forms, spiritual or physical, would not shock Christ, who was, at the same time, love and love made material. The act of flesh should not be offensive to the one who created it. To love one another while lying on the cross is all the better to serve the Saviour.

At the back of the storefront church, there was a certain amount of movement back and forth from the toilets. There was a staircase there, leading to the second floor, with the message, "No noise. Whisper only." What could be up there? Perhaps people were dreaming their drugged dreams? I had barely set foot on the first step when the

guardian of the High Place, half-Messiah, half-propagandist, stopped me.

“What is your religion?” he asked. “Catholic,” I answered.

“And do you think that’s enough to make you a Christian? Christ said that in order to be faithful to him, neither rituals nor priests were needed.”

So there I was, being instructed on the soul and the afterlife, while being invited to desert my established church. In order to become a true Christian, I had only to study the material he gave me and come every night to “His Place.” I nodded agreement to get rid of him and tried to go upstairs, but it became apparent that my interlocutor had no intention of letting me go so easily.

I noticed, as I noticed throughout my whole inquiry, that the proselytizing missionaries of the different hippie communities did not wear beards or long hair or extravagant clothes. And I believe that they did not use drugs either. They had to keep cool heads in order to inflame the greatest number of prospective converts. Once again a question that had haunted me subterraneously flared up: Is the hippie movement entirely spontaneous? Or has it been infiltrated by other forces who seek to exploit it for their own reasons?

I had stayed there long enough, still never making it up the stairs. The detectives, who had waited for me, breathed a sigh of relief when I emerged unscathed. I went back there the next day during the day, but “His Place” was closed. I would never have a chance to investigate the mysteries of the second floor, because that same evening I left Los Angeles.

“His Place” was not an isolated case. A whole forest of these new, extravagant religions has already sprung from the hippie tree, and they see themselves as functioning, legitimate churches, not just as symbols of the flower-children’s purely verbal “religion of love.”

The Constitution protects freedom of religion, but up till now it has not seemed necessary to define precisely what a religion is. The weight of history and tradition has seemed to delineate the term clearly enough. But now the hippies have made up new and baroque cults in which prayer is conducted in hallucinogenic stupor, where communion is sanctified, not with a wafer, but with a sugar cube of LSD, and in which the god Sex is the object of worship. The hippie churches have

indeed evoked their constitutional right to drugs in the practice of their religion, and the issue has been carried to the Supreme Court, which has studied the matter with attention and care. The intellectual scrupulousness of the American juridical system is truly extraordinary.

In an article published in 1968, the glossy hippie review *Oracle* (an apt name) discussed a recent decision of the Supreme Court to affirm the right of Mana, an Apache Indian from Denver, to use peyote—a Mexican cactus with hallucinogenic properties—in the sacraments of his church. The Court based its decision partly on the fact that this drug had from long tradition played an important role in the church's rites. The *Oracle*'s resident legalist/theologian explained that this decision of the Supreme Court constituted a binding precedent for recognizing the constitutional rights of the hippies to use marijuana and LSD in the rites of their new religions, and he offered to send a pamphlet on the subject, written by himself, without charge to anyone who asked for it.

The key to the matter, said the *Oracle*'s oracle, is to declare publicly, *and in advance*, that sacramental drug use would take place:

It will be enough to write on a piece of paper headed "Declaration of Faith" that you take LSD regularly, where you take it, with whom, where your church is, and that you add that there is no intention to take the drug for profit or for pleasure, but for the elevation of your being. *And you will have created a religion.* The sad thing is that our hippie brothers never do these things in time. If you don't make your rituals and your reasons clear *ahead of time*, before you're arrested, the law will get you. But if you take these precautions, they can't do anything.

And I repeat: this declaration of faith is valid without restriction. For example, you could write, "My religion is me and my woman. We use LSD to attain a higher plane of lovemaking. Our temple is our bedroom. We have a little candle that we burn above our bed, to the greater glory of our God. We pray before and after copulation." That's a religion. . . . The only condition is that you have solemnly written out your declaration of faith, in advance, on a piece of paper that you sign and seal in an envelope, that you address to yourself and don't open. So if the police make a bust, you open the envelope, and you're covered by the freedom of religion clause in the Constitution.

The *Oracle* journalist tells us that several hundred religions based on LSD and transcendental eroticism have been founded this way in the United States. Many others since then have subjected this legal counsel

to even greater refinement, while assembling great numbers of followers—as Timothy Leary had done—or by giving their new temple some external correspondence with religion as it has heretofore been understood, like the storefront that has unleashed Christ on Hollywood.

In Honolulu and on the other islands of the Hawaiian paradise, where the god of the flower-children shines every day of the year on warm sands and coconut trees, the impending hippie invasion was stopped cold by a law insisting that each new arrival have at least \$50 in his pocket.

But California is still the goal of pilgrimage, and San Francisco is its Mecca. After the first World War, when a young man rebelled against his family and society, he departed for the debaucheries of Europe. His father, in those days, with stern tone, would direct him to the West, young man . . . to California, to test his mettle against that harsh land where one could make his fortune and purify his soul through work. Today the young rebel from New York or Chicago runs to California to “expand his consciousness.” And his father, in these days, tries to persuade him to refresh his soul in the museums and purifying values of old Europe. But the hippie would rather congregate with his fellows under the psychedelic sun of California.

Greenwich Village

In New York, the world capital of the consumer society, the hippies gather far away from the skyscrapers and the bright lights, in an old quarter still strewn with buildings from the last century beribboned with those dreadful iron fire escapes. This is Greenwich Village, with its newer and even more “groovy” annex to the east, the East Village (once the Lower East Side, the haven for immigrants).

The hippies ramble down the length of Macdougal Street or along St. Mark’s Place, or perhaps stretch out alongside the waterless fountain in Washington Square. I recall two youths with long wheat-colored hair, anemic faces, and large blue eyes, lounging against the fountain waiting for a rich customer. These are hippie prostitutes, not too different—except for their sex—from the prostitutes of the “straight” world. Some runaway kids, obviously from the provinces, bundled up in too-large high school sweaters, came slouching toward these gods of beauty with looks of envy. They sported flowers behind their ears and

protest buttons in their buttonholes, but they had already lost the swagger of novice rebels confronted as they were, alone and miserable, with a ferociously indifferent hip world, the warm family exasperating in its solicitude far behind them.

In the Village, the "straight" world is in constant friction with its resident hippies. There are huge, screechingly new buildings that have encroached on the genteel preserves of the old houses. Elsewhere, there are the flower-children, "spaced out" in the transcendental kingdom of drugs, who dispute a piece of sidewalk on St. Mark's Place, at midnight, with two old sots floating in the outmoded kingdom of Bacchus. Shops that haven't changed in fifty years sit cheek by jowl with Italian pizza stands, Chinese or Puerto Rican restaurants, barbershops whose proprietors are enraged at having their customers blasted out by the hippie discotheques. There are schools of belly-dance or yoga, and psychedelic stores. And the skin flicks dear to old-style lechers are being driven out of business by the very contemporary pocket theaters that show the real thing, or by the movies that turn everyone on together.

Greenwich Village is no longer the haven of peace it was for the groups of writers and painters during the thirties, who came down there in self-exile from the frantic life of the skyscraper city. The Village has become the most commercialized place in the world, in which the life of the artist or of the mind plays a minimal role; a place in which the only thing that bears weight is militant eccentricity or provocative eccentricity; the eccentricity you can buy at the corner drugstore.

Business Is Business

The Village has been commercialized by the clever craftsmen quick to hawk whatever gimerack is "in" this week. The Village has been commercialized as well by the new brand of shopkeepers whose hippiedom stops short with the hippie get-ups and long hair. These are capitalists in the good old American tradition scorned by the flower-children who've adapted their style to the new era, but whose energies are devoted to the same old conquest: money.

The "head shops"—the name is derived from the term "pothead" applied to a regular marijuana smoker—draws in its clientele by providing a communal bulletin board. Do you want a guitarist? Looking for

a runaway? Need a place to stay? The head shop puts up notices for anything, like this one: "Need six square feet of your floor to lay down my sleeping bag. Can pay \$8 a week." The proprietor, Jeff Glich, twenty-six years old, is the king of the drug accessory market, like the famous perfumed cigarette paper that camouflages the smell of marijuana. Jeff disports himself in the appropriate love beads and bells, but does not go so far as to renounce the quest for filthy lucre. He started his "head shop" in May, 1966, with \$300 worth of merchandise on consignment. By the end of his first year, his store was worth \$100,000, and by the end of 1969, after having opened several branches in Manhattan and elsewhere, his enterprise was valued at over a half-million dollars.

The "Print Missa," the large poster and button store in San Francisco, put out a financial statement claiming a gross of \$1000 per day—nearly a half-million per year (*Congressional Record*, November 6, 1969).

The "Electric Lotus" is something else altogether. It sells yoga wisdom. All day long, in a meditation chamber at the back of the store, the acolytes chant "Hare Krishna, Hare, Hare. . . ." It is not unusual to see them joined by businessmen whose furrowed features mark them as from the straight world. Their nerves stretched tight by the strains of commerce, they come in from time to time to don the white cotton robe of the Hindus and be soothed. They sit on the floor with legs crossed in the lotus position and chant with the harsh voice of someone at forced labor who is about to have a heart attack, "Hare Krishna, Hare, Hare. . . ." The true believers put on psychedelic glasses through which they view a world like a palette of deformed rainbows, and deformed differently for each eye, since each of the two prismatic lenses is different from the other in size and color. This is one way to "take off" on a paradisiacal "trip" without ever leaving the business section. Devoted to the needs of a clientele in a hurry, even in the midst of the hymnasts to indolence, the Electric Lotus has developed a "basic hippie kit": a glass bead necklace, an Indian headdress, tiny bells, incense, artificial flowers, a colored balloon, and a love charm—everything you need for two dollars. The drive toward mass consumption seems just as urgent among the hippies as among the bourgeoisie.

The "straight" businessmen in the community, to meet the com

petition, have learned that they have to cater to the hippie trade. So, for example, a "delicatessen" adapts into a "psychedelicatessen." Along with the usual delicacies, they also offer incense and dried, grated banana skin which is very much like marijuana in texture and smell. The hippies are thrilled to buy something they believe is a drug, but as it is not, the straight storekeeper can play to the hippie without drawing down the wrath of the police.

The lights of old Broadway have opened up to the psychedelic world. Discotheques like Cheetah offer "sound and light" shows of brutal intensity—brutal in their decibel level and intensity of light, but relatively restrained when it comes to sex. Some compromises have to be made with the world of the straights, after all, as that's still where the big money is.

Even the churches (the real ones) in Greenwich Village have joined the parade. The dissonances of jazz emanate from the old Saint-Mark's-on-the-Bouwerie, which bears a large plaque in memory of all the Vietnam dead, whether American or Vietcong.

Let us also not forget the "Peace Eye Book," a Village bookstore. It is a distribution center for the underground press of the East Coast; a group of publications that specialize in sex, civil rights, revolution, and drugs. Its classified ad section is truly spectacular:

Nice boy with clean balls would like to meet sweet girl wishing to make love.

Man of 48, straight exterior, hippie interior, wishes acidulated [that is, under LSD] sex with a woman, without hangups, who is hippie inside and out.

Among the most significant organs of this press is the *Avatar* of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the home of Harvard. The *Avatar* is illustrated with flowing, convoluted Oriental-type engravings upon which are superimposed half-esoteric, half-prophetic bits of poetry in all the characters and all the colors imaginable in all possible geometric variations: in round, in triangle, in zigzag, in oblique angles, in crosses, in waves—in brief, unreadable. It is this journal that announced the prediction that mass consumption of hashish and LSD was at hand. Let us also mention the *East Village Other*—EVO for short—which publishes mad, giant telegrams like these:

A GOVERNMENT OF HATE IS IN POWER
LET'S DECLARE THE MARTIAL LAW OF INDIFFERENCE
SIRENS, BLOOD, BUTCHERIES, BOOTS WILL HOLD BACK
THE FINAL REVOLUTION OF ORGASM
GUERILLAS OF LOVE STRUGGLE EVERYWHERE
BLACKS AND LATIN AMERICANS ATTEND MOLOTOV COCK-
TAIL PARTIES AGAINST
THE C.I.A. Signed: WORLD INTERGALACTIC BRAIN

I leafed through the *East Village Other* which, starting out as purely hippie, has taken on a militant leftist coloration; then there is *Kiss* which proclaims itself "a pornographic magazine on sex and drugs only," *Marijuana Review*, the *Underground Review*, and *Inner Space*. The more political publications are *Graffiti*, *Guerrilla*, and *Ramparts Magazine*—bitterly anti-American all.

The owner of "Peace Eye Book," Ed Sanders, himself puts out a journal whose four-letter-word title helped it to catch on immediately. At the beginning he sent it out only to a confidential, selective mailing list, but when the list of subscribers grew to include celebrities like Allen Ginsberg and a good dozen university professors, Sanders decided to go public. The police then stopped its distribution on moral grounds, but that did nothing but create a cause célèbre, so that once the ban was lifted, Sanders went on to make a fortune.

In Washington, the long-haired ones have set up their turf in Georgetown and around Dupont Circle. After dark you can pick up a capsule of LSD for \$4.

It's more on the industrial Atlantic Coast, rather than on the sun-drenched Pacific, that the hippies seem dirty. I saw a group wading with naked feet in the mud of a rainy New York morning, with jeans the color of mud, as was the texture of the skin of their malnourished, drugged faces. I marveled that these streets without trees or flowers, these repellent tenements, these cheap luncheonettes, these grimy stores unrelieved by any flair or style, could seem appropriate places to the flower-children in their pursuit of universal love. Somehow, in their search for a higher truth and absolute beauty, these kids had left any critical sense far behind them. That which they had found was, in reality, a hippie ghetto; a ghetto that was just as despairing as the hellish black ghettos uptown.

Where Do They Come From?

Scratch the grime that covers a hippie, and chances are you will uncover a young person of good family who once went to college and had a car. They belong, for the most part, to the middle or upper-middle classes. I met the son of a Dallas judge, the daughter of a Senator from Michigan, the offspring of a Chicago minister, and a young lady who was just waiting to turn twenty-one, when she would inherit several million dollars. *Marijuana Review*, a magazine that served as a worldwide clearing house for drug information, told the story, in its December, 1968, issue, of "Mountain Girl"; a girl who left her parents, both of whom were professors in a first-rank university. Then there was the huge brouhaha in the regular press over the savage murder of Linda Fitzpatrick, a wealthy girl from Greenwich, Connecticut, whose nude body was found with that of "Groovy," her boy companion in misfortune.

Curiously enough, there are very few black hippies. Blacks form a substantial part of the Haight Ashbury population, and they are quite at ease with these young whites who have left old prejudices far behind, but still, I would guess that there are hardly sixty genuine hippies of color in all of San Francisco.

As I see it, this stems from the fact that most white hippies are people who have gone through the whole bourgeois scene and come out on the other side, whereas blacks, for the most part, never really had access to this world, and this is where their aspirations lie. In the international congresses that I have attended, I have noticed that the blacks (perhaps in reaction to the primitive conditions of their native Africa) tend to be most demanding when it comes to the comfort of their rooms, are most reluctant to share their rooms with a fellow congress-goer, and are most concerned that others should not fail to notice that they are accompanied by a private secretary. Unlike the Latin Americans and Asians, who theoretically share with them the same revolutionary doctrine, the blacks, even the Marxists, have no intention of "dropping out" of consumer society. They intend to profit from it to the fullest. Do not Marxists, they rationalize, fight for the amelioration of the conditions of life? The black has not yet become an intellectual Talmudist willing to immolate himself on the altar of his principles. He has not, in general, lost touch with his natural

instincts, whereas white and yellow people, whose senses have been smothered in the cotton wool of a life that is too cerebral, feel the need to reach themselves artificially with dope. The average black is fortunate enough not to need the hallucinogenic paradise of LSD. He has the physical and emotional energy to release himself through dance or through love. The white, pinned for years before television screens that spoon-fed all his sensations, aspires to a voluptuousness made easy. To gulp down a capsule of LSD, to smoke a pipe of hashish, to inject himself with methedrine—that's all the energy the white hippie needs to achieve ecstasy.

A survey conducted at Washington University in St. Louis, published in *Trans-Action* in December, 1967, reported that the majority of hippies come from the urban middle classes. There are many Jews, very few blacks, and no known people of rural background. The survey established that very few hippies come from broken homes. Among the drug users, very few had ever engaged in sports or led student activities.

Your Career in Begging

The hippies, like great lords, detest work—fortunately for them, their philosophy is congenial with natural inclination. It is part of their function to live parasitically on the rest of society. *Noblesse oblige*. But unlike the nobles, they never stop biting the hand that feeds them.

They usually get by for a while on the little capital they take with them from home, and then on the checks good old Dad is always glad to provide just for the happiness of an occasional long-distance appeal, collect, from his prodigal child.

But, to help the hippies cut the tie that binds for good, "free stores" have been set up that distribute free food, clothes, and medicines. These organizations, backed by affluent liberals, still don't quite fill the bill. Rents in the big cities are high, even sharing ten to a room. Birth-control pills are expensive too, as well as inoculation against venereal disease. Above all, drugs are ruinous. And bail, when you've been busted, comes very dear. There's even gas for the flower-stickered VW bus; the hippies, who condemn the society that produces automobiles, don't really like to have to walk very far. So very quickly, the checks from home and the free stores don't provide enough, and it becomes necessary to take up a profession.

Begging is the least tiring. The flower-children stand out on the street and beg without embarrassment, with their usual gentle courtesy. There is a curious irony in the fact that the hippies, who aspire to change society into something utterly new, have been conducted by their own principles into a path as old as man: beggary. And in the richest country in the world, at that. These young men and women in the full strength of their years stop passersby with "Give me a dime." If I take a photo, the charge is twenty cents. Outstretched hands are as prominent now in the hippie quarters of America as in the most verminous places in India.

Some of them live in fantasy. "I'm a human robot, put a quarter in my box and I'll sing for you," one of them said. A passerby tossed in a coin and the boy began to sing, to the melody of "Cielito Lindo":

Folks are free in Haight Ashbury
They can live and be what they wanna;
Wedding cakes give stomachache
So the hippies take marijuana.

High, high, high, high
It's no dishonor;
Phony matrimony's a lousy life,
If you need a wife, marry Juana.

The police try to chase the begging hippies away, but highly sophisticated as they are, they have devised a thousand ploys. For example, one hippie couple worked it so that while the boy was begging, his girlfriend would stand next to him taking notes. If they were stopped by the police, the girl would show her notes to them as proof that they were conducting a sociological survey as to the reactions of the public on being solicited!

But the competition, the bitter competition for the hand-outs, plays cruel havoc among the flower-children, and the resources of the street aren't enough. They soon learn that survival on the street, unless supplemented with money from home, requires something more than eternal love. So, in the last extremity, they will look for work . . . highly irregular work, of course. Many of them go to work for the Post Office. The lowest wage paid by the government for a thirty-two hour week of not too tiring night work is \$500 a month. Since a hippie can live

on \$40 a month, one month's work will do for the rest of the year. That's why the major employer of the world's hippies is the Post Office, which is to say, the U.S. government. The barefoot, long-maned mailman has become an integral part now of San Francisco folklore. But in Washington, the Post Office drew the line at naked feet and Indian feathers. In fact, they required not only shoes, but uniforms, while beards were permitted to wave freely. The director of the Washington Post Office pleaded for understanding:

Hippie mailmen at the doors of foreign embassies would create far too poor an impression of the Postal Service. . . . They wear anything imaginable, from bearskin jackets to mechanics' overalls. It seems to me that it is entirely inappropriate for a representative of the United States government to appear in public in such attire. (*Montreal Star*, January 31, 1968.)

The question has been raised as to why, in the name of God, the American postal service has engaged such scruffy representatives of *la vie bohème* to carry the sacred mails at all. Federal law forbids discrimination on racial, religious, or social grounds. The hippies take the qualifying civil service examination like everyone else, their scores are invariably high, and nothing in the rules mentions that curious personal appearance makes one any less worthy to deliver the mail. But the director of the Washington Post Office, reactionary though he may be called, finally put limits to such tolerance.

A second career in great demand among the hippies—that is, in relation to their feeble wish for any career—is hawking the underground press in the streets. Other hippies work part-time in psychedelic craft work. One group in New York, called "Image," composed of thirty hippies from the Mid-West, makes panels of silk imprinted with psychedelic designs. Others are salespeople in the hippie boutiques. But the most profitable enterprise, although the most risky, is dealing in drugs. The hippie who has not turned his hand to this at some time or another is rare. Often a single dealer can support a whole hippie community. New candidates for dealing pop up all the time; credit in the drug market is easy—no prior investment required, plenty of return.

Homosexual Prostitution

For the hippies of both sexes, there is still another lucrative and simple calling: prostitution. But as in all things hippie, this activity is essentially amateur; at least for a girl, who will offer her charms in exchange for a roof for the night or drugs, with no taint of the systematic professionalism of ordinary prostitution. This privilege seems to be reserved for men. The hippie press is full of offers of people for sale, four out of five of whom are men:

Caucasian, 31 years old, impeccable manners, wishes to sell his body and soul for the good life with a rich lady. (*Berkeley Barb*, November 23, 1967.)

Exuberant hippie, 25 years old, male, nice, bored with work, needs a warm woman to love, pamper, support him. (*Berkeley Barb*, October 26, 1967.)

Discreet man, accomplished in the strange and bizarre and in French culture, will satisfy all your desires, your wildest dreams." (*Los Angeles Free Press*, November 12, 1968.)

Beautiful boy offers his services to lonely, bored, neglected, frustrated, curious, adventurous women, whether young girls, married women, or widows. (*Berkeley Barb*, October 30, 1967.)

From a girl:

I will do anything, absolutely anything, for money. Write Susi, Box, xxx, what you will pay. (*Open City*, September 14, 1967.)

But it is homosexual prostitution that really fills the classifieds. There are hundreds of ads every week, and I must repeat a few, for otherwise no one would believe their audacity:

Tall man, thin, *professional*, good looking, seeks intimate relations with a married or unmarried man. (*Berkeley Barb*, November 23, 1967.)

Omnisexual male wants a lot of money. Any offers considered. Call telephone number xxx. (*Berkeley Barb*, December 1967.)

There are any number of requests from young people for an older man with whom they can "explore the reality of the senses and of the beyond [that is, the drug heaven]."

A Caucasian *professional* wishes to meet a dominant man of any race and take my pleasure in being his slave.

Homosexual prostitution has become such a galloping disease in the United States that Congress has investigated it. The *Washington Post* published the personal account, picked up from the *Congressional Record* (November 6, 1967), of a hippie named Bill.

I make my living by having sexual relations with men. It's not unpleasant. I don't think I'm a freak. I would prefer to be bisexual so that I could dig anyone, man or woman. I usually pick up my clients in Market Street [San Francisco], which is where I started out. I've tried other things too, but prostitution is my steadiest source of income. I also take drugs. I have three serious clients, of whom a psychology professor at Berkeley pays me \$60 to have intimate relations with him under LSD. . . . I haven't read anything for the last few years, because it's very painful to read when you're on drugs, but I love the philosophical discussions I have with my professor.

Sixty dollars is a lot to pay for a sexual encounter, but it's little enough I suppose when you realize that the professor is paying his partner to commit three breaches of the law: prostitution, homosexuality, drugs.

The rare hippies who know how to play a musical instrument will very often join a rock group, some of which have become extremely well known, like the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane.

The intellectuals among them may write for the underground press. And the ones with aptitude for promotion have produced some spectacular shows. This latter group works very hard, and can make a great deal of money. They may be hippies on the outside, but their souls are capitalist. One of these entrepreneurs started a "rent-a-hippie" service. Just as geishas are rented out for the evening in Japan, so hippies could be rented to lend a certain picturesque tone to otherwise respectable gatherings. One "rent-a-hippie" ad charged \$25 per evening. If the hippie can play the guitar or create psychedelic tattoos for the merrymakers, there is a \$10 supplemental charge. And the ad concluded, "No party can be a success without its hippie."

Hippies have set up their own employment agencies. One staff member of the "Hip Job Co-op" told me, "We could find 200 part time jobs for people every day, but we don't have enough takers, even though very few of these jobs require any particular special skills. The

hippies have to understand that they have to make a little effort if they want to maintain their independence." But in fact, all these agencies are knocking themselves against the stone wall of the hippie philosophy, expressed in the commandment, "Thou shalt not do anything unless you want to. . . ."

The hippies are worshipers at the altar of indolence. A whole literature has developed around the theme of how to live for nothing. The *Los Angeles Free Press* has published a series of articles called "How to Survive in the Streets," which was then reprinted in a widely distributed *Hippie Manual*. This catechism teaches everything you need to know to live off the fat of the land in the big cities: where and how to pick up food, clothes, medicines, a roof over your head, and free legal counsel. It lists the places and hours when the big wholesale markets pass out whatever is left in their stalls; where and when meat is distributed free; cooking schools where, after classes, elegant dishes are given away; the names and addresses of various charities. The most famous of this latter—the Diggers—have opened "free stores" that have signs on the walls like "Everything you see is yours. Take your choice." I found clothes, books, magazines, suitcases, used records. A girl, who looked like a short, round spinning top, came in one day lugging a heavy sack on her back. She stood in the middle of the store and called out, "Chow!" Hippies who looked as if they hadn't eaten in a week threw themselves on her sack, filled with greasy little cookies.

This kind of hippie charity is extremely precious to them, and permits the majority of the flower children to survive. But still and all, thumb their hippie noses though they might, they know that if they really get into trouble the straight world is there with its hospitals and clinics for people on bad trips, for girl-mothers, for hippies with venereal disease, not to mention all the other places the hippies can go for help. Straight Americans are generous. "When we would go into the streets," recalled Susan Atkins, one of Charles Manson's "family," "we wouldn't have to ask for anything, people would just give it to us. People would bring us baskets all filled up." Every morning the hippie volunteers make their calls, sack in hand like Buddhist monks, to the merchants, restaurants, and supermarkets of the neighborhood, and they never come back emptyhanded.

Killing Time

They go to bed very late at night after they've smoked their marijuana, listened to some records or been to a psychedelic show. They talk, they turn on, they make love, and they are still sleeping when the sun is high in the sky. But in the afternoon the hippie world begins to come alive, with hippies strolling in the streets and in and out of their shops. When they are tired of walking they sit down, on the sidewalks if the police will let them, and chat desultorily while watching the passersby, occasionally putting out their hands for money. They talk about their sexual adventures, their drug experiences, their troubles with the police. Drugs, police, sex. Sex police, drugs. Endlessly.

In fact they are always waiting for something to happen. . . .

Because they are bored. Once the forbidden fruits have been tasted, once the novelty and excitement of "freedom" have worn off, they drag around woefully; what could be longer than a day when there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to do: neither work nor study nor cooking nor reading, nor even washing your face. To lift the pall of ennui, they vainly search for something, anything, that will cause a little excitement. And they constantly give themselves and each other the illusion that they've found it by calling everything—a flower, a toy, an alley cat, a can of sardines—"groovy." "It's groovy, man."

And what else do they do?

They stand in line. Like all other underdeveloped peoples—and essentially the hippies have devoted themselves to creating an enclave of underdevelopment in the most developed country in the world—they kill time by waiting. They stand in line for their hippie shows. They stand in line in front of the Diggers' trucks waiting for a bowl of free stew.

And what else do they do?

They exist.

The Festival Days: Be-ins, Love-ins, Smoke-ins

Given this general weight of boredom, the great hippie festival days take on an air of historical importance. People talk about them for weeks before and after. Naturally, even the hippie population—feeble in initiative though it be for the most part—produces a breed of

promoters who periodically come to the surface to organize the most extraordinary gatherings: combination village fairs, local dances, company picnics, religious processions, Boy Scout camps, mystical initiations, communal drug participations, nudist camps, brothels, and political conventions. Some of them have marked watersheds in hippie culture. They are called "be-ins" or "happenings"—meetings of a large group of people where something happens—half ritual, half festive.

The first be-in was in San Francisco, in the Golden Gate Park, on January 14, 1967. A mob of longhairs estimated by the police at 20,000, and by the hippies themselves at 50,000, assembled there. They sat on the grass, burned incense, played their pipes, guitars, and drums, while rock music blasted out of the loudspeaker system. They ate hot dogs and drank the free Coca Cola. They picked all the flowers out of their beds to give to passersby. The guru hierarchy made its appearance, including Allen Ginsberg, who led a Hindu chant that curled itself around the whole day: "Hare Krishna, hare, hare. . . ." The famous organist Pig Pen, whose eccentric sweater is worn by thousands of hippies, was there; and then there was Timothy Leary, the pope of the movement, who launched his slogan that would be heard 'round the world, "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

On June 21, 1967, the famous Grand Canyon love-in—planned to coincide with the summer solstice, venerated by the Indians—took place. This qualified as a monumental event in hippie history. The festival began at sunrise with a mystico-religious ceremony. The organizers, admirably thorough, had prepared maps giving directions to the site, programs for the events of the day, camping information, and even "what to do in case of a bust." The *Los Angeles Free Press* and the *Oracle* announced that the flower-children would be smoking marijuana in defiance of the law, and the police girded up for war. The Colorado authorities called two-day seminars for 150 police officers on crowd psychology, riot control, and arrest procedures. And when they found out that 5000 girls and boys intended to perpetrate a public love-in, which might lead goodness knew where, they applied to Washington for the back-up assistance of the National Guard. The nearby highway patrols were also placed on alert.

At Seal Beach in California, 3000 followers of the god of love paid him tribute to the rhythms of tambourines made from garbage-can lids.

There was another love-in in Central Park one Easter Sunday. The girls surrounded the policemen chanting, "Love, love, love"—which did not make the cops feel very loving. At the University of Michigan, a kiss-in was organized. Nearly a thousand students kissed one another for hours, breast against breast, in the full view of all, to protest the expulsion of two of their fellows who had prolonged a goodnight kiss in a bedroom longer than the officials had thought was absolutely necessary. Another love-in brought 10,000 hippies to a ranch near San Diego. The organizers had hired their own private guards to forestall interference by the local police. The flower-children painted everything, including themselves, brilliant colors: their legs, their faces, their VW buses, their tents, and even the bushes. There was a burst of wildly colored kites. At night, they lit up Chinese lanterns of all colors. There were three mystical love ceremonies designed to carry the crowd to the "heights of sensual intoxication."

These public manifestations of love began to catch on in Europe. For a love-in on Britain's Isle of Wight in the summer of 1969, a very beautiful couple started things off with a flourish by making love in full daylight before 100,000 people.

In other "happenings," called "smoke-ins," the participants gather specifically to take drugs together. During the smoke-in organized by Ken Kesey, most of the hippies were in a constant state of drugged bemusement, helped along by the free distribution of grass and incense.

The hippies have developed very intelligent gambits to frustrate the "narks," and keep them from making arrests during these illegal smoke-ins. They begin the day by burning incense or by smoking dried banana skin, which gives off the same bittersweet odor as the cannabis plant. If the police move in, provoked by the smells, they are confused and withdraw shamefacedly to general laughter. But in the afternoon, the participants seat themselves down in rows, and the people in the back begin to smoke marijuana quite openly. The police cannot push through the ranks of festival goers to reach the malefactors in the back without provoking a general riot, so they pretend that they don't see anything. In this way, the Tompkins Square (East Village, New York) smoke-in of July, 1967, began with a call for a mass banana smoke-in. The publicity posters for the gathering read, "Bring musical instru-

ments, drums, bells, flutes, joints [marijuana cigarettes]. . . . Forget paranoia. Make music together. Tompkins Square at ten o'clock." They danced, they sang, they smoked banana skins. When the crowd had reached a thousand, the marijuana came out.

The account of the big party as written up by the *East Village Other* of August 8, 1967, took pains to point out:

By 8:00, hundreds of joints appeared everywhere in the crowd; a sweet haze rose skyward. Then anonymous benefactors in back of the regular seating threw handfuls of joints into the air. The crowd cheered and surged. When two regular blue-clothes police waded in, people started applauding. The cops shrugged their shoulders, turned around, until they left the park.

. . . Until 10:30, marijuana, in huge quantities, appeared not only in front of the bandshell, but all over the park, among groups listening to guitars or conga drums. Clearly, just about everybody on the Lower East Side wants to smoke openly, without fear. . . . Everybody was smoking—not banana, but real, free grass. People turned on. . . . The hip, grass-smoking poor of the ghetto—"hippie," Puerto Rican, black—can ignore police hasslement, if they're together. The cops aren't going to bust 3000 people, or molest a crowd made up from all groups—not with rioting going on all over the country. . . . Together the people here are even capable of resisting the laws—like the laws against grass.

The spectacular Woodstock Festival in Bethel, New York, in August, 1969, during which more than 90 percent of the 400,000 participants openly smoked marijuana and grooved on rock, may have been the greatest occasion of all. It was chilled and muddy, but there were only peace and good will, and many people—not all of them hippies—thought that a new "age of love" had truly dawned. That illusion was broken brutally four months later, in December, 1969, when the Rolling Stones brought their "message of peace" to 300,000 young people at Altamont, near San Francisco. Marijuana, LSD and other drugs were sold freely in the name of "freedom from taboos" and "hatred of war." But by the end of the festival, three people were dead and many more had been injured.

3

Hustling Hippies, Guru Hippies, Mystic Hippies, Plastic Hippies

It has been estimated that there is a floating population of 500,000 hippies in the United States. There are probably no more than 100,000 full-time hippies, but during sunny weekends, the influx of weekend hippies may swell their number up to a million. The hippie Mecca, San Francisco, shelters around 30,000 full-time hippies, about 100,000 occasional hippies, and for the major festivals and celebrations of love, San Francisco can call upon up to 200,000 of them. (Information and Documents, January, 1969, American Embassy, Paris.)

The hippies can be broadly classified into several different groups. The most amiable, the people who began the movement, are the flower-children. They distribute smiles and flowers to passersby, and are always gracious, even to the police who arrest them. I have visited some of their "families," as they like to call the people they live with, and as I left there would always be a sweet "Come back soon," even though I belonged to that straight world that they had dropped out of. They dream of a totally free society, inspired by universal love and the complete sharing of all resources, but they have no concrete ideas on how to realize such an ideal world, and are not particularly interested in developing any. They don't even have the intellectual curiosity to discuss, just for fun among themselves, possible solutions to the problems they see. They just yawn and go to put on a record that "wipes them out." In the face of difficulties they react anxiously, with no will to fight. They are carefree utopians, easily influenced, and they still believe in fairy tales. They are indolent, allergic to all sorts of work whether intellectual or physical, contemplative without interest in doctrines of any kind. They aspire to serenity and to sensual pleasure, that's

all. They can afford to be gay and sweet because they are troubled by no personal ambition or by no sense of moral duty. Marijuana makes every day a holiday, and they play and laugh together.

The mystic hippies take more powerful drugs—opium or LSD—to better open the way to eternal truth, and in the hope of seeing God face-to-face. They love to proselytize and to talk about their ecstasies or about the new world they are creating. They are pantheists, meta-naturists, animists. The staunchest among them march proudly in clothes that recall the robes of the apostles. With their long hair, their naked feet, and their smooth high foreheads, they resemble Christ. The beauty of some of these heads of Apollo was striking, as well as the extreme ugliness of some of the others, emaciated, toothless, wrinkled, already old before they were thirty. These are the impenitent addicts—whether emotional or physical—for whom the ultimate mystery lies in their drugs, and in whose veins runs inexorable death.

The flower-children and the mystic hippies belong to the “full-time hippie” class, as opposed to the part-time, or “plastic” hippies about whom we shall speak further on. And among these full-time hippies, we can distinguish between the street hippies and the stay-at-homes.

The street hippies, or “street people” as they are often called, who have no fixed place of residence, no particular end in mind, no particular attachments, are the most pitiful. They quickly become real bums, derelicts, who sleep on door stoops when the weather is nice, and crouch in a corner of an abandoned building when it’s bad. This kind of person is utterly immature now, and probably always will be. He is an eternal babe-in-the-woods, who stays untaught because he can’t stand to learn. He is game for any sort of tomfoolery with drugs, no matter how dangerous, out of ignorance, stupidity, depravity, or bravado. He will shoot one drug into his veins and gulp another into his stomach at the same time, when their effects are contrary—one, say, a depressant and the other a stimulant—and completely disorient his already feeble judgment. He will deal in hard drugs (heroin and other opium derivatives), steal, become a homosexual prostitute, anything for some “bread.” In a wild moment he will strike out physically, or even kill. He can keep neither woman, love, friend, or job. He doesn’t know what he wants, but he will protect himself fiercely from what he doesn’t

want: any authority of any kind, whether from his parents, his teachers, the government, employers, or even from his peers. That's why he can't tolerate life within a hippie community. Incapable of gathering himself together sufficiently to achieve anything, he will bend his violent energies toward the destruction of others like himself.

Among the street people, the most poignant spectacle is the "teenyboppers": children from twelve to fifteen who have escaped from the shelter of their parental homes, and from any other hippie or straight shelter that might have taken them in. It should be pointed out that over the years that the hippie movement has been in existence, the median age has fallen lower and lower. At first it was young people in their early twenties, college students mostly, and they attracted teenagers—kids from about sixteen to nineteen. This example from their immediate elders magnetized these very young children. It was mostly kids of this age that I met at that police station in Hollywood. It has been estimated that, during the summer, there are some 25,000 teenyboppers in San Francisco alone (Haight Ashbury Research Project, San Francisco). These young runaways, to whom the police devote their major efforts in an attempt to return them to their home, want to be like their elders but, being so young, they have absolutely no prudence when it comes to using drugs. They exceed the drug limit guidelines published in the hippie press, and it is among these children that the most tragic incidents occur. Some of them are exploited by the drug dealers, who use them as shills: the kids will approach people in the streets and sell them drugs at retail. And indeed, the kids are apt pupils; it's surprising how quickly these persons of tender age catch on to the tricks. When they are arrested, they are often more stoic than their elders, and it is considerably more difficult to get them to divulge information about their sources.

The girls are a pitiful sight. They are ugly, with their sunken cheeks and greasy hair. They give up a little of their youth with each sleepless night that they pass in those discotheques of hell, with each sunny day that they spend sleeping off the preceding night, with each LSD trip that destroys their vital cells, with each skipped meal, with each junky concoction they throw into their stomachs, with each bug they pick up from a casual sexual encounter.

But these street girls go practically unnoticed next to their more

flourishing sisters, the weekend hippies or plastic hippies. These are Daddy's girls from the Bronx or New Jersey who come downtown to play at hippiedom on weekends. These "plastic" (in every sense of the term) hippies are pretty, because during the rest of the week they dine on good steaks, and wash their hair in fragrant shampoos while they bathe in sweet-smelling oils.

The plastic hippies of both sexes have plenty of money to spend—Daddy's money—in the stores of psychedelia. On week days they go home to swim in the backyard pool, and they put on shoes for driving around in one of the family cars. For better or worse, they keep going to school—and more for the worse than for the better. During the summer vacation they fly off, without telling their parents where, to San Francisco or Greenwich Village to taste the charms of adventure and easy love. They take drugs without any particular enthusiasm, just to "make the scene."

Unfortunately, alas, these idyllic adventures have their dark side. Instead of meeting the prince charming or the flower-girl their underground magazines have promised, the weekend hippies find themselves face to face, without defense, with all the flotsam that drifts the streets of great cities: sexual deviants, swindlers, perverts, drug addicts, gangsters, the deranged, and criminals who prey upon the innocence of the flower-children. And they find an infernal sub-world underneath the flowers where they can be mugged, raped, or killed.

Stay-at-home Hippies

These crimes throw the world of the hippies into turmoil, and lead many of them into the protection of their own communities—or rather, as it pleases them to term themselves, into hippie "families." These hippies who settle into their own kind of homes are more emotionally mature than the wanderers, as proved by the fact that they can rouse themselves to earn the money required to support a permanent roof over their heads. Among these stay-at-home hippies, there are two main branches: those who set up communities within the cities, and those who establish "communes"—a kind of tribal community in the country.

The tribal, or commune, hippies must be taken seriously. They

aspire to create a new civilization, and they have had the energy to act on their theories. Many of them have been to college, though they usually left school before they qualified for any profession. Within their tribes, they share all the domestic, artisan, and field work. Other groups have come together on the basis of one particular enterprise: to bring out a newspaper, some sort of theatrical activity, music, creation of a new church, launching some sort of craft works. They are alert and intelligent, and they formulate their philosophy with assurance. Some individuals, living as they profess to believe, have renounced all thought of personal success "in the world," choosing to act with and for their "families." But others, having once tasted some success, don't have the strength of character to stay in the shade, and they begin to act like movie stars, relishing the admiring gaze of the crowd. Personal ambition does not always stay renounced.

And then there are the "yeah-yeah" hippies, the dandies of the movement. They love hippie clothes, as long as they are elegantly tailored in fine fabrics. They have inserted themselves into hippie culture because it offers them numerous occasions to savor the delights of narcissism. The "yeah-yeah" males have a tendency to dye their hair platinum. I saw one glorious creature display himself on Sunset Strip draped in a cape of mauve silk studded with sea-green disks, booted in black lacquered boots that went up to his knees. Their heads are empty, but their material needs are great. Sooner or later they will go back to the straight world, to which they are bound by the umbilical cord of money.

The hippie hustlers are the least numerous among the movement, but they have the largest influence. They have glued themselves onto the movement like oysters onto a rock. They imitate the hippies, mimic them, take on all the accoutrements—long hair, beads, argot. But they only play at hippiedom for what it's worth to them. The hippie businessmen are found among this group. They own the hippie boutiques and the psychedelic discotheques à go go, they run the enormous underground press (the journalists themselves being true hippies), and the large-scale drug dealers are found among their number.

But not all professional hippies are potentates. There are low-caste ones as well: the confirmed "heads" who do the hippie thing to provide themselves with easier access to drugs and also, should they be arrested,

to profit from the free legal aid available to hippies.

The "political hippie" class—as they are designated with contempt by the flower-children, who are afraid that this group is trying to exploit them for partisan political ends—should also be classified with the hustlers. These political hippies invariably belong to the extreme left: communists, especially pro-Chinese and Castroites, anarchists, terrorists, New Left. They are very mature, activist, clever, capable. Their feet are on the ground, and there's an organizational plan in their heads. They display all the hippie attributes, but they wash in private and, while they make a show of strong support for drug use, they don't take it themselves.

Beatles and Hell's Angels

I have already spoken of the terrible motorcycle gang Hell's Angels. In fact, they stem more from the family of "beatles" than from the hippies proper. On this point, it seems appropriate to analyze the ties among and the distinctions between these two groups.

Beatles and hippies demonstrate the same contempt for the sexual mores and general bourgeois systems that dominate the straight world, the same predilection for vagabondage, Oriental mysticism, drugs. Both groups wear unconventional clothes and long hair. Here the resemblance stops.

The beatles stem, in general, from the lower-middle and working classes, whereas the hippies are mostly middle- and upper-middle. The beatles are thinkers who have launched ringing manifestos; the hippies are anti-intellectuals who have formulated no genuine statement of principle. Their sole professions of faith are contained in the kind of Hindu chants, hippie poems, and button slogans that pervaded the great Golden Gate picnic in January, 1967. The jazz of the beatles is cerebral and cold, the hippies' rock music visceral and burning. The dominant color in beatle painting is black, while the hippies live in an orgy of polychrome. The beatles deny the existence of God, and the hippies worship him in the person of his avatars. The beatles, raised in relative poverty, condemn physical deprivation, while the hippies have contempt for the "good life," and preach renunciation. The beatles are prone to use force and the Hell's Angels, with their roaring motorcy-

cles, sow terror the length of the Pacific coast. The hippies, who are tender as lambs, preach nonviolence and love for mankind.

For the most part, the Hell's Angels are older than the hippies. They are superior to them in muscular development, as well as intellectual development, and a special kind of aura surrounds them. Very reticent, they snap at anyone who annoys them with questions. Their women, who wear leather gear, are tough and hard. When they stop off together for hamburgers, they park their cycles in battle formation —ready to take off for action at a moment's notice. They go to the big hippie festivals looking for trouble and, according to the flower-children, it's the Hell's Angels that have given the movement such a bad name.

The political hippies, on the other hand, have forged an alliance with these shock troops. According to the *Congressional Record* of November 6, 1967, the political activists called in the Hell's Angels as a line of defense against the police. This is why the political hippies have tried to effect a rapprochement between the main body of hippies and the Angels. On August 11, 1967, *Open City* published the following:

A little band of cyclists outlawed in Los Angeles, but active there nonetheless, came to the aid of hippies molested by the police. A melee ensued during the course of which the police arrested forty demonstrators. So an alliance was forged between the two groups which is the way it should be, since both groups smoke pot, drop acid, take meth, and they have a common enemy: the fuzz. Up till now, the hippies have been afraid of the Hell's Angels because of their violence, but from now on it is up to our press to make them understand that they need the Angels for defense against the cops.

The chief of the Oakland branch of the Hell's Angels, Ralph Barger, with eyes like laser beams, runs the "Galloping Geese," the most fearsome band on the Pacific Coast. Ralph and the editor of *Open City* got together to discuss ways of bringing the hippies and the cyclists together "to make common cause in the street warfare that the establishment is waging against its dissenters" (sic). Barger reproached the hippies for their naiveté in the face of the brutal nature of the human condition, and he put down their gaudy, effeminate showiness:

You don't have to wear kooky clothes to be an outlaw. I'm one. I'm always ready to battle the fuzz. And for that I don't need to be a raunchy dirty motherfucker. I've done everything I can to keep my "Galloping Geese" physically and mentally clean.

And he concluded, addressing himself to the venerators of love: "We don't love you, but we don't need to love you to hang together with you."

The credit for the rapprochement between these two antithetic movements must be laid at the door of the political hippies.

Hippie Gurus

We have left for last the high caste—the Brahmins among the hippies—the "gurus." They are not, properly speaking, "leaders," for the egalitarian hippie philosophy recognizes no such. The term "guru," in its original sense, designates a Brahmin versed in the great Indian religious books, the Vedas, and now, in India, has come to mean the philosophical master or religious chief of a community.

The hippie gurus, like their Indian examples, owe their standing, first, to their spiritual illuminations, with the important difference that the Hindu gurus attain this state of grace through prolonged fasts, while their "now" followers come to grace through drugs; and second, they gain prestige from their denunciation of the materialist society that surrounds them, and to their exhortations to renunciation. But our hippie gurus are quite some way from the asceticism of their Hindu brothers, who roam the banks of the Ganges, almost nude, with no other possession than a little blanket. With a few exceptions, the guru hippies lead the soft life of the consumer society that they denounce, but at least their life of ease is carried out in a properly psychedelic manner; that is to say, filled with color and magical objects. I've visited some guru lodgings, and they all have a large meditation room illuminated by a soft light filtered through windows covered with rice paper. The walls are covered with Hindu tapestries and vivid paintings. Their rugs are crazy-quilts of brightly colored fabrics, and there is hardly any furniture, as in a Japanese house. Instead, soft puffy cushions are strewn on the floor, along with statues of Buddha, huge vases filled with artificial flowers, and perpetual-motion mobiles whose wiry arms bear

little featherweight disks that shine in the light like wavelets on a sunny sea. An agreeable odor of incense fills their rooms, with a background of soft music that floats like a light breeze through a mountain valley. These guru hippies have cars, telephones, the newest gadgets. "When I trip into the magic world of LSD," one of them told me, "I like to look at my color TV." They travel on planes, going to lectures where straight people pay high prices for the pleasure of hearing themselves called mental retardates and "sexual impotents." In brief, the gurus avail themselves of all the commodities and inventions of the established order in order to discredit and demolish all the commodities and inventions of the established order.

The erotic poet Allen Ginsberg, who is nearly fifty now, as is Timothy Leary, is one of the most famous gurus. Ginsberg's head, face and chest are entangled in mats of dense black hair. He prides himself that his beard has not seen a razor, nor his head a scissors, for many, many years. He loves to spend his time in the company of young people and, say his admirers, call upon their sense of mysticism; upon their gullibility, say his critics. Among his hippie flock, Ginsberg puts on mystic ceremonies like this Hindu "mela":

It began by chanting a special mantra. It is an incantation designed to avert catastrophes. Then we made a purificatory procession around the Polo Grounds to exorcise the demons and the Evil Eye.

Are these sincere convictions, or an exploitation of the naiveté of his young disciples?

Then there is Allen Cohen, editor of the elegant psychedelic review *Oracle*, who has lived in San Francisco since the arrival of the first flower-children. And there is also the famous troubadour Bob Dylan, whose every performance earns him his weight in gold. The writers in the hippie pantheon are Jack Kerouac, Norman Mailer, Alan Watts, author of *The Way of Zen* and *The Book*, and William Burroughs, who wrote *Naked Lunch*, which was banned at one time. Burroughs writes that he sought hallucinatory visions by "chemical manipulations of the senses," but that he found himself caught in a trap, and abandoned drugs altogether. But he still fights the good fight for sexual freedom.

And finally there is the novelist Ken Kesey, author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. He was arrested twice on drug charges, and fled into Mexico. From there he sends paranoid letters back to the United States, writing about his wild flights, his hiding places, his disguises, his hashish dreams, his women, his drug experiences. One of his letters, written in the third person, parodies "straight world" comments on his doings:

Thus, this young and beautiful boy—think of it, he was 33—happily married to a pretty woman and the father of three magnificent children—was a drug fiend. He ran away to escape arrest, having committed three felonies and God knows how many misdemeanors. . . . Not too long ago this handsome athlete was a sportsman of national renown. Today, he wouldn't be able to do six pushups. Not too long ago he had a handsome balance in the bank. Now it's all his poor wife can do to scrape eight dollars together to send him in Mexico. He, who was listed in *Who's Who* and had been invited to give lectures before such select audiences as the Wellesley Club, can't even organize meetings now against the war in Vietnam. What could have brought a man so full of promise so low in such a short time? . . . "Dope," he answered.

There is also the very mysterious Stanley Owsley, the grandson of a Kentucky Senator, who struck it rich from the manufacture and distribution of LSD. Before the drug was declared illegal in 1966, Owsley decided "to light up the world" by acid and by psychedelic rock. He is known to have financed the successful San Francisco rock group The Grateful Dead, whose leader, Jerry Garcia, is so hung up on LSD that he's called "Captain Trip." At thirty-two, Owsley had acquired a million dollars, and was called the "Henry Ford of psychedelia." The hippies tell so many stories about him that it is hard to tell where reality ends and legend begins. He is reputed to manufacture the purest LSD with the best equipment and the best chemists in the United States, and there is a rumor that he is going to put out a super-hallucinogen that he will call FDA; a barb at the Food and Drug Administration.

These gurus are at the top of the heap, but there are inferior castes as well. For example, there is a strange person called Galahad who came to Greenwich Village from New Orleans in 1966, bringing nothing with him but his own twenty years and his powers of seduction. He

learned quickly that life in a big city without a roof over one's head and without money is hell. He rented, for \$35 a month, a decrepit apartment in a disintegrating East Village building, and later took over two more apartments in the same deplorable condition as the first one. He converted all three into dormitories, covering the entire floor surface with mattresses for 70 sleepers. On weekends, he could squeeze in some 100 people who had nowhere else to go. His people would roam Broadway, bringing back the leavings the restaurants threw out. Galahad and his friend Groovy themselves begged in the streets to pay the rent on the three apartments.

The High Priest of LSD: Timothy Leary

The arch-guru of the hippie brotherhood, Timothy Leary, calls for a special section all his own. The credit—or the discredit—for the incredible blossoming of hallucinogens must, in large part, be laid at the door of this long-haired, robed, sandaled former university professor. He was discharged from Harvard for giving LSD to his students, but far from being shaken, the professor loudly justified his actions on metaphysical grounds, which brought him considerable publicity, and whipped up public curiosity about his discoveries. For some people Leary became the devil, for others a demi-god, and the Leary cult began.

The weekly *Avatar* published an issue with a picture of Leary-as-Christ on its cover, wearing a crown of thorns, a white robe over his shoulders, and a long-chained cross on his chest. Another magazine showed him as Buddha, his body, ornamented with an Indian pendant, radiating a supernatural red light, his navel proudly prominent. In the *New York World Journal Tribune* (January 20, 1967), he appeared worshiping at an altar where a flame burned, with his hands clasped in a saintly fashion. Other pictures had him as a prophet holding his eyelids open with two fingers; then as a tightrope walker in a skintight leotard that displayed his muscles from the front, from behind, from a three-quarter angle, and obliquely, no doubt providing many women with a psychedelic turn-on. *Cavalier* (July, 1968) reported on one of his lectures at Town Hall in New York with huge close-ups, first of the upper part of his face, then of the lower part; then there were intimate

views of his mouth and teeth, and lastly a picture of one eye upside down, suggesting that he was in a state of stoned bliss. One of his disciples, testifying before a Senate committee, affirmed that Leary was the Messiah. *Look*, in 1967, showed him dressed as a Brahmin, preaching from a platform overlooking an audience so vast that their heads seemed to be as close and tiny as beans on a plate. Underneath the photo, this caption: "The high priest of LSD, Dr. Timothy Leary, spreading the word before a huge assembly of young apostles." It was to this assembly, fallen under the spell of his charisma, that he formulated the creed of the new religion:

All the followers of my path must, in order to reach spiritual discovery, make one hallucinogenic trip per week with LSD, and every day with marijuana. They must search for inner ecstasy at every opportunity. . . . They must abandon their families and society as soon as possible.

Another song of this male siren:

I am not disturbed that great numbers of young people are setting out to explore their consciousness [Understand that this exploration is under drugs]. Buddha, after all, also searched for a way to expand his consciousness, he also fled away from, dropped out of, his society. True, there are statistics that say that 20 percent of American students take marijuana and LSD. But there's another statistic that really ought to make the "straight" world tremble: That is that 51 percent of all Americans are less than 25. I consider that an even greater menace for the middle-aged whisky drinkers who are going through an intellectual, as well as physical, menopause. . . . I am convinced that the present generation of young, under 25, Americans is the most sophisticated, the most intelligent, the wisest and holiest generation since mankind began.

Flatteries more appropriate to a candidate for office than to an educator. For these young people, after all, have not yet contributed anything to the society that has given them so much, materially and spiritually. And society's gifts have been offered to them with a generosity never seen in other cultures or in other times. The tender loving care lavished on these young people is something *truly* new in the history of humanity. And I am glad. But in return, rarely have young people carried ingratitude and contempt for their elders to such a pitch. And

I am sad. They forget that their ancestors, who did quite well in a world where they had to expand their consciousnesses all by themselves, include Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Archimedes, Phidias, Galileo, Copernicus, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Molière, Rembrandt, Newton, Mozart, Lavoisier, Bach, Kant, Beethoven, Pasteur, Chekhov, Tolstoy, Proust, Rodin, etc. There are legions of artists and thinkers who have enlarged humanity's consciousness without LSD, not to mention the scientists who invented the steam engine, penicillin, anesthetics, electricity (without which there would be no psychedelic light shows), and, indeed, LSD. Today's hippies could never have discovered their wonder drug, since they are not spending much time these days in research laboratories.

Timothy Leary also wrote in his address to parents:

I am the father of two young children, and I am concerned with their education like all parents. And I have never dictated to my children what they should or should not do to their nervous systems; but I have told them what I have learned myself during my researches with the hallucinogenic drugs . . . I have made it clear to them that I prefer that they smoke marijuana rather than cigarettes, or drink alcohol, both of which are toxic and addictive substances. . . . I say to all parents who are disturbed that their school-age children take psychedelic drugs: there is nothing you can do to prevent it, neither by coercion or threat. If you would like to persuade them, to teach them, then first learn more about the drugs than they know themselves. . . . Why don't you make this agreement with them: "Let's read books together that deal with drugs. Let us speak with people who use them and, after two or three months of preparation, let us make a decision together based on our knowledge of the facts." And, if your knowledge of the facts suggests it, go on a "trip" with your children. I am an old-fashioned father. I much prefer that my children go through strange experiences in my company than behind my back. . . . And instead of finding your children cause for lamentation and trying to imprison them, listen to them, support them, and share the drug experience together.

Demagogic and intellectual naiveté pierce every one of the sentences of this text. It is evidently not true, could not possibly be true, that Leary has never dictated to his children "what they should or should not do to their nervous systems." He has molded 90 percent of this system when, like all parents, he taught his children to keep away from fire, taught them not to defecate in the living room, not to bite

and scratch their playmates, not to roll in the mud; and when, later, he trained them not to count on their fingers, made them go to bed, or had them read a certain book. Also, Leary contradicts himself in the next phrase, when he states that he would rather that his children indulge in marijuana rather than tobacco or alcohol. To pretend that he is more "liberal" than other parents because he is content to make his preference "clear to them" is pure hypocrisy, because he knows perfectly well that the minds of young children are not yet formed enough to reason maturely, and that their behavior is based above all on the example of their parents; so that, when parents adopt a certain mode of conduct, they influence their children more strongly than through a hundred lectures.

Most likely Timothy Leary has pondered more, not less, than the average person over the training of his children, for he lives an intellectualized life.

Going on with Leary's text, the "scientific" counsels that Leary gives to parents to guide them in the matter of drugs sound like the spiel of a snake-oil salesman among the yokels: "Read about drugs, talk about drugs, experiment with drugs. . . ." By setting parents to thinking about drugs, the temptation to use them will, Leary hopes, become irresistible, and once parents have tasted the forbidden fruit, their authority will dwindle, their judgment grow dim, and their will evaporate . . . to be replaced by Leary's influence over the minds of their children. This would be betrayal indeed! Is it not sensible, rather, to follow the counsels of reputable physicians who urge that young people be kept away from drugs? This is, is it not, one of the functions of science—To research and experiment so that those who follow can start where the last researcher left off, and not have to go through the same experiments again? Does each father personally have to circumnavigate the globe to prove to his child that the earth is round? Or take strychnine in order to announce that it is a poison?

After his siren songs, Dr. Leary takes on the role of visionary prophet to break down any lingering defenses: "We have entered the psychedelic age. A psychedelic revolution is under way. Nothing can stop the march of the hallucinogens."

Who is this Messiah to whom we owe, in good part, the epidemic of drugging and flight that swirls through the young?

Timothy Leary is the only son of a strict Catholic family. His

father, a sea captain of Irish origin, intended his son for the sea. "I am, in any case, still in navigation," he said, holding up his capsules of LSD. Tim went to West Point, and must have done something dreadful there because for nine months his fellow cadets kept him in a kind of social quarantine: no one could talk to him, and no one would sit next to him at meals (*New York World Journal Tribune*, January 29, 1967). This cruel exclusion must certainly have marked him profoundly, and may well be at the root of his eagerness to "drop out" and preach the same to others.

In any case, as early as his West Point period—perhaps as a way of avenging himself on a society that had rejected him—Leary threw himself into esoteric readings and mystical introspection. He concentrated on Oriental philosophy and Yoga, and left West Point for the University of Alabama where he took his degree in psychology. In 1942 he entered the army as a psychologist.

Sixteen years later, fate tapped Leary again. In 1958, while on vacation in Spain, he had an "extraordinary experience."

One day I got an atrocious itching on my scalp. Something incredible. I couldn't stop scratching till I bled. It was total insanity. My mind blotted everything else out but the itch. Then my face swelled until I couldn't see. Huge red blotches covered my skin, and then the whole thing went down to my ankles and I couldn't walk. I wasn't sick, I had no fever, it was a wave of something mysterious in my body, a psychosomatic experience—corporeal and spiritual at the same time—like a snake that moults its skin and moults its soul at the same time. I knew then that I would not go back to the United States.

Anybody else would have gone to a doctor and no doubt learned that there was a perfectly ordinary name for Leary's attack, and that there was a cure for it, but Leary's mystic spirit preferred to see the mark of destiny. In fact, he did go back to the United States, which should have proved to him that his interior voice was not in touch with the cosmos, but he never seemed to make the connection.

At thirty-eight he joined Harvard's Center of Personality Research, and he would probably be there now if he hadn't gone to Mexico. In August, 1960, at a friend's villa in Cuernavaca, he was lounging around the swimming pool when someone offered him a bite

from a "sacred mushroom"—so-called for the fantastic colorful visions they induce. Having nothing better to do Leary accepted and

I had never taken a drug before, and I was carried into a state of unimaginable euphoria, but I already knew that I would devote the rest of my life to the study of drugs. . . . Suppose that three hundred years earlier I had been a doctor who diagnosed diseases by examining my patients' tongues. And suppose that one day someone brought me a microscope and said, "Look at that blood cell." It would have seemed gigantic, and astonishing. In a very similar way, those sacred mushrooms showed me that everything I had perceived before was just a superficial construct of my tribal mind, and that everything was actually infinitely more grand, more wise and incredibly more beautiful than it seemed to our crude senses. The hallucinogenic drugs create nothing, they don't impose. They simply reveal the things that exist, but that have been up till now invisible.

Back in the United States, Leary set up and directed the International Foundation for Internal Liberty, and he began to experiment with small doses of LSD on prisoners in a Massachusetts penitentiary. His idea was to substitute a spiritual liberty for the physical liberty that the prisoners had lost. It was a stunning failure. The prisoners threw his drugs at him; they preferred to have their bodies outside the prison gates than have their minds outside their bodies.

But Leary was not discouraged for long, and went on with his experiments. From May to October, 1961, he gave psilocybin to student volunteers at Harvard. The "old crabs" at the university—as he called them—cracked down on him and made him promise to give up experiments on humans, but he could not resist the temptation and began them again in secret. In 1963, Leary crossed the line. After two years, having fed some 400 of his students with 3500 doses of psilocybin, he began to give them LSD, a much more dangerous drug. He and his disciple Professor Richard Alpert—who has since written a book called *Be Here Now* in which he outlines his eventual break with Leary, his abandonment of drugs, and the new, rich path his life has taken—were censured by their colleagues at Harvard, and dismissed from the teaching staff. It was the second time in Leary's life that an "establishment" institution had expelled an irritating foreign body from its ranks. He swore to bring down this society that he detested.

He went to Mexico, where he set up a "Center of Psychedelic Training." He charged \$200 a month for this "training," which con-

sisted of drugging his clients on LSD. But Mexico expelled him, so he set up shop in Antigua and then Dominica, two British possessions from which Her Majesty quickly deported him. Stripped of flock and altar, Leary would no doubt have disappeared into oblivion had rescue not arrived in the form of a twenty-seven-year-old millionaire, William Hitchcock. This banker, who liked to take LSD because it made his green dollars look red, gave Leary an estate in Millbrook, New York. So Leary became a potentate in a vast palace of sixty-four rooms, equipped with every convenience, set in the midst of acres of fields, forests, hills, plains, brooks, lakes, ponds, bridges, trails, a river, chalets, camping grounds, and a trailer.

The trailer served as residence for the Hindu community of Shri Ram Ashram, while the Gate House was headquarters for Arthur Kleps, High Priest of the New American Church. And the main house of sixty-four rooms—"Leary's Lair," as they called it in Millbrook—was home for thirty or so people and their six children, and the seat of Leary's Castalia Foundation for psychedelic research. Theory didn't get very far, but "practical application" bubbled on merrily, especially on weekends when the hosts and their guests carried out their "disinterested research" on the wings of LSD.

The community practiced a mélange of communism, vegetarianism, macrobioticism, and Christianized Hinduism. Oriental spiritualism floated in the air mingling with juniper incense and hashish smoke. The women, dressed in vivid saris, sailed like queens among disheveled men and their drugged dogs. Apparently LSD was given to seven-year-old children at Leary's Lair, and to a ginger-colored French poodle. On certain nights, Leary would wear a long white robe and would proceed, like a Druid, to consecrate marriages. I was fortunate enough to run into a hippie who had spent a season at Millbrook and who described to me the ceremony he attended: The couple, dressed in the Oriental manner, knelt near a fireplace and Leary sat down facing them. A turbaned Indian recited a poem in Hindi or Urdu. Then, after a pause, Leary took a candle, brought it close to the face of the bride, and asked, "Why do you want to get married?" "To have a child," she answered (nothing very psychedelic about that). Another pious pause, and then Leary brought the candle close to the face of the groom and asked, "Why do you want to get married?" "To turn on, tune in, and drop out."

In December, 1965, Leary was arrested in Laredo, Texas, for having illegally brought marijuana from Mexico into the United States, and in March, 1966, he was sentenced to ten years in prison, which he appealed. In April, 1966, his Millbrook castle was searched by the police, who found drugs in the bedrooms. Leary was arrested once again, and this time he could have received, as a previous offender, a maximum sentence of thirty years in prison and a \$30,000 fine. Astonishingly enough, the high priest of LSD was prosecuted only for infraction of the marijuana laws, with no mention of the fact that he had given LSD to more than a thousand persons—a figure he proudly offered himself—including some 69 ministers of various persuasions, and for having taken it more than 300 times himself. But at that time LSD was a comparatively unknown chemical discovery, and it had not yet entered the register of forbidden drugs. It wasn't until February, 1966, that Congress passed a law declaring its manufacture, possession and sale illegal.

In April, 1966, a drop-out medical student was arrested in Brooklyn for cutting his mother-in-law's throat with a kitchen knife. He explained that "I've been flying high for three days on LSD." But this didn't stop Leary, in June, 1966, from singing the drug's praises to a colloquium on LSD in San Francisco. The prophet announced that two million doses would be distributed in California during June, 1966. He compared the LSD trip to a religious pilgrimage, the LSD upheavals to religious ecstasy, and the LSD panic to a spiritual crisis.

On September 19, 1966, Leary announced with great fanfare that he had founded a new religion: the League for Spiritual Discovery (LSD, for short). Leary hoped, with his League, that his legal appeal would succeed on the grounds that he was no longer a simple drug-pusher, but the high priest of a religion that incorporated the drug into its sacred rites. The next day, September 20, he celebrated the first public service of his new religion in a large New York theater. On September 23, the charges against Leary stemming from his second arrest the preceding April were dropped. American justice was caught in the trap of drug-as-sacrament. The announcement that the charges had been dropped raised a storm of indignation, but it was a triumph for his followers.

Leary was arrested a third time, on October 12, 1966, for having carried drugs from Canada, but he was released once again. The hippie

press had so successfully created an aura of sainthood around this new Messiah, that the police simply didn't dare to lay hands on this man who, feeding on his own madness, described himself as a mystic, an alchemist, a guru, and the great prophet of the century.

Leary was in no way chastened by his various brushes with the law. He continued to conduct the rites of his church, which incorporated Indian ragas, Papuan laments, guitars, trumpets, tom-toms, jazz, blues, rock, and Wagnerian choirs. Converts in San Francisco had 20,000 membership cards for the League printed up, and proposed to distribute them throughout the country, but Leary was afraid that this kind of publicity would attract damage suits by people who had been injured physically or mentally by LSD. He stuck to his single church in New York, recommending, however, that his followers set up their own churches all over the country. On this advice, Leary's disciple Arthur Kleps founded the New American Church in Florida. The "host" of the cult, Leary has written, has both its legal and psychedelic justifications. Psychedelically speaking, an LSD trip is more enriching when you concentrate on something beautiful, like God. And legally, when a police officer arrests a member of a religious community for taking LSD, he can plead that he was practicing the organized rituals of his religion (*Los Angeles Free Press*, December 16, 1966). Leary counsels each hippie community to retain a lawyer, and to file a request to create such a church.

But the winds have turned. On March 16, 1967, Dr. Marmon Cohen and two other physicians demonstrated irrefutably that LSD causes the brain cells to deteriorate and damages the chromosomes. There is a definite danger that regular use will induce schizophrenia or that a woman will bear deformed children. Dr. Cohen has demanded that the authorities take urgent measures against this poison. It was a lightning bolt. Public opinion waxed furiously against the least step, gesture, or word of Leary. The winds of panic blew through families, who ran to seek out their runaway children in the hippie ghettos of New York, San Francisco, or Los Angeles. Even Leary's partisans were shaken. Only Leary himself, imperturbable, continued his proselytism for acid. He declared at a press conference, not without a certain deliberate provocativeness, that "the only truly dangerous drugs are nicotine, alcohol, and tranquilizers." Some allies in strange quarters came to his aid. A Dr. Ditman, a professor at the University of Cali-

fornia, affirmed in the *New York Times* of March 17, 1967, that LSD "is a very valuable tool in the fight against alcoholism, with no dangerous side effects." A biochemist, Alfred Prince, maintained that Dr. Cohen had made his accusations without proof, whereas he in turn was accused of having done no research. Passions were unleashed. Throughout the land no one talked of anything but hippies, marijuana and LSD.

Dr. Cohen's assertions were, alas, only too true. Full page micro-photos of LSD-damaged chromosomes broke all over the country. It was Leary's fall from grace, helped by Dr. Donald Louria's revelations in the *Washington Post* that, in the last 18 months, 130 LSD trippers had been brought to Bellevue Hospital in a sorry state. Dr. Duke Fisher stated that the majority of LSD users were college and high school students. It was learned that children fourteen years old, under the drug, believing they could fly, had thrown themselves from windows to crash on the ground below. These bewitched children, enchanted by a poisonous potion, had to be saved.

On April 8, 1967, a survey conducted at Princeton gave substance to Dr. Fisher's statements: 15 percent of the students at that university acknowledged having taken the drug. But how many did not acknowledge it? In the state colleges in the San Francisco area, more than 35 percent of the students openly admitted to having experimented with the drug, and meanwhile, the number of runaways kept mounting. The police marshalled their resources to find these young fugitives, first doubling, then tripling, then quadrupling their forces. The Beatles, who by singing the praises of LSD, had done much to popularize it, decided to abandon drugs and seek ecstasy through Yoga. Meanwhile, every day more and more hippies turned their backs on their erstwhile high priest; they had become afraid. There had been too many bad trips, too many voyages to hell.

Leary's back was to the wall, and he could only repeat his contention—a cliché by now—that no legal institution could control a person's right to his own nervous system, any more than the state could regulate virginity. But in vain. By the beginning of 1968, Leary's star had faded. He stood accused, through his own words, of frivolity, irresponsibility, and megalomania. People remembered that even though the hippie press had suggested doses limited to 250 micrograms per trip, Leary early on counseled doses of 500 micrograms. Leary casually said one day to a reporter, "I hope no one has taken me too

seriously." "Well no, I haven't," the journalist replied, "but I don't know what the thousands of boys and girls who have left everything behind for you would say to that, Uncle Tim."

And some of them are dead.

In March, 1970, a Federal court upheld Leary's initial conviction for carrying marijuana from Mexico to Texas, and sustained as well the ten-year sentence he had received. He had hidden the grass, by the way, in a snuffbox tucked into his daughter's underclothes. The Federal judge in Houston declared that Leary was a "menace to society." Handcuffs around his wrists, he was brought to a prison in Santa Ana, California, to await sentencing on another drug charge, and the sky has neither fallen on his judges' heads, nor has Texas erupted into civil disorder. Leary's day was over.

But perhaps Leary's madness had a method in't. Richard Goldstein, the young *Village Voice* critic, expressed strong distaste for the spectacle of Leary-as-merchandise:

Timothy Leary's prose comes out in mass-circulation magazines about two times a week on average. His records are sold all over the country. He has written introductions to books on drugs the way the Japanese produce tin Statues of Liberty. His press conferences were held in the best clubs. Now he runs a church in the second largest theatre in New York. On Tuesdays, he organizes nighttime fun and games. His shows, with lines that any promoter would be proud of, tour the country at \$5 a ticket. The networks spend half their time interviewing him—pure gold in his pocket. His "testimonials" are everywhere, he organizes his "acid culture weeks," and his books sell like there's no tomorrow. Madison Avenue has capitalized on the hippie style. Acid art has edged out pop art. All of which means that, up to and including "psychedelicious candy stores," Leary's enterprises have attracted massive publicity. His Castalia Foundation at Millbrook had been registered as a nonprofit organization and paid not one penny of taxes on all its revenues and donations. Leary is a tax-free rich man. The time has come for this guru to draw the line between revelation and commercialization.

So, treason was in the air, the fall was imminent. The psychedelic religion of Timothy Leary would die, like so many others before it, because the moneychangers were not driven from the temple of the Castalia Foundation.

4

A Kaleidoscope of Drugs

From earliest times men have known of, and absorbed, substances that induce strange, captivating, or fearful psychic states that transcend the senses' normal limits. These substances, called "drugs," can be divided into three major classes: the hallucinogens, which will evoke visions that may or may not be based on reality; the stimulants, which, though they may also provoke hallucinations at very high doses, mainly serve to spur physical and mental energies; and the calmatives, whose essential function is to relieve the anguish of the human condition and slip the user into a state of waking dream. (This is an especially important chapter for parents.)

THE HALLUCINOGENS

Hashish and Marijuana

Marijuana, called "grass" or "pot" in the argot, is the ground-up leaf and flower of a hemp plant that grows in hot countries, whereas hashish is the resin, and therefore more concentrated, of that same plant. The active substance in both marijuana and hashish is an alcohol called cannabinol (from *cannabis*, the Latin name for the hemp plant). Today this substance is produced synthetically, under the name "Delta 9." Hashish contains two to three times more cannabinol than marijuana, and the intensity of its effects is therefore two or three times stronger.

Hashish and marijuana reach the wholesaler in the form of flat, brownish cakes with a penetrating odor of leather, earth, and musk. The wholesaler breaks up the cakes and mixes them with ordinary tobacco, ready for smoking in cigarette or pipe. They can also be dissolved in drinks or baked into cookies or, very popularly, brownies.

Four or five "tokes" on a "joint" will send the smoker off into a euphoric paradise.

The hemp plants cultivated in very hot countries—India, Mexico, Morocco, etc.—are the richest in cannabinol. Nothing easier than to cultivate this hemp and, beginning with the raw resin exuded from the female flowers, to extract the "poison of delight." Even fans in the cities can grow the plant on their balconies or in kitchen gardens. There are clandestine plantations in France. This ease of cultivation and extraction explain the low price of marijuana, the "poor man's opium." In France, one joint, which can "send off" a half dozen people, costs no more than 60¢, and many hosts now offer marijuana to their guests along with the peanuts and potato chips.

Hashish is the most ancient drug still in current use. In 2130 B.C. the Chinese emperor Shen Nung described in detail, in a pharmaceutical treatise, the culture of the plant and its effects. In the true spirit of science, however, he *proscribed* its usage "to induce false happiness," while he *prescribed* it in minute doses to combat rheumatism, malaria, constipation, and "women's troubles." The Chinese by and large followed the wise counsels of their emperor, but the Hindus absorbed the "poison of delight" in great quantities.

Cannabis consumption spread quickly throughout the Orient, and the *Thousand and One Nights* is filled with references to "hashish eaters." The famous Hassan-Ibn-Sabbah, whom the first Crusaders called "The Old Man of the Mountains," fed it in enormous amounts to the young men he employed to secretly kill all his enemies. The appellation "hashishin," or "taker of hashish," that was applied to these young killers is the origin of our word "assassin." The Crusaders introduced the drug into Europe, along with the word "assassin." The Indians of Mexico, where the plant also grows profusely, discovered the drug independently and smoked it well before the arrival of Christopher Columbus. It was the invading Spaniards who gave it the name "marijuana."

What are the effects of hashish on the body and the mind? It is important, in this case as in all the other drugs we shall discuss, to distinguish between short-term and long-term effects.

The short-term effects have two phases: first a period of euphoria, and then the somnolent stage. During the euphoric stage, which can

last two hours, the smoker is exalted, gay, talkative, though his words may be, but are not always, disjointed. He laughs for no reason, his pupils dilate, and later he becomes very hungry and very thirsty, but he often cannot work up the ambition actually to go get himself something to eat or drink. For, differently from alcohol, cannabis infuses the mind with an energy that cannot be translated into action. The smoker rapidly loses his sense of time, but he has the impression that his senses have become sharply acute, and that he can perceive things with extraordinary sensitivity. "The eyes," Baudelaire has written in his *Paradis Artificiel*s,

can see into infinity. The ear can perceive sounds, in the midst of however great a tumult, that are ordinarily almost indistinguishable. The objects around one slowly, successively, take on singular appearances. Then come the transpositions. Sounds turn to colors, and colors contain music. A very common sensation to the hashish-smoker is to *identify himself with the objects*. You are the tree, the bird, the wall. By a curious kind of substitution, you will feel yourself evaporating and it seems as if the pipe, in which you are gathered together and packed down like tobacco, is *smoking you*.

After two hours or so, the mental excitation dies down and the drugged person enters into a vague, troubled, often sad state of consciousness, marked by the abdication of all will and the confusion of forms and distances. In the United States, more and more motor accidents are due to people driving in this latter stage of the drug process. "But the day after," Baudelaire writes,

the terrible day after! All muscles weak, tired, the nerves stretched almost to breaking, a nervous wish to cry, the impossibility of applying oneself to any concentrated work; you learn cruelly that you have played a forbidden game. Your hideous surroundings, stripped of the illuminations of the night before, have the look of the melancholy debris from a party.

But above all, there are the terrible effects of the day after the next day—the long-term effects. It is true, as its defenders affirm, that hashish leaves no demonstrable organic changes. But what becomes of the regular smoker after several years? Alcohol also wreaks no visible change in the body after ten or twenty bouts of drunkenness. Yet, drop by drop, in secret, the way water forms stalactites in caves, after years,

alcohol ends by ravaging the body and annihilating the mental faculties. In this long-term sense, cannabis can be even more destructive than alcohol. Several years of *regular* use will suffice to dissolve the will into a state of permanent lethargy. And, Baudelaire remarks, "can it be said that a man who is totally unsuited to action is 'well,' even though his body shows no apparent damage?" And who can say that the brain remains intact? There have hardly been any microcellular autopsies done on long-term hashish smokers, but it is common knowledge that their memories fade.

Prolonged use of marijuana and, particularly, hashish, destroys the ability to take action and, besides that, it renders the person asocial, irritable, violent, and sometimes murderous. Hassan-Ibn-Sabbah's "assassins" became assassins under the repeated influence of the drug. And the band of hippies, mesmerized by Charles Manson, who carried out the absurd and hellish butchery of Sharon Tate and six of her guests in her Beverly Hills villa, were hashish smokers. The outbursts of rage, assault, rape, suicide, and other crimes committed by beings who had once seemed reasonably stable can no longer be reckoned up.

The abuse of cannabis also causes chronic bronchitis, asthma, and hypoglycemia, an abnormal lowering of the blood sugar level. The drug is not addictive—or, as the specialists say, it does not give rise to physical dependence—in the sense that the body of a marijuana smoker suffers no ill effects if he stops using the drug. But it is difficult to stop because he is caught in the psychic need that he feels. One can say, therefore, that he falls into "psychic dependence." And besides that, once the door has been opened, the user may be led to experiment with other, stronger, more dangerous toxic substances.

Peyote and Mescaline

Peyote is a small Mexican cactus whose seeds, dried and ground to powder, form a hallucinogenic drug used for centuries by the Indians to bring on religious ecstasies. Some Indian religious groups use it as part of their rituals. The active substance in peyote is mescaline, a powerful alkaloid that can now be synthesized. It is sold as a powder, as pills, or in solution. As it is very bitter, it is taken with highly sugared tea or coffee, or fruit juice, or gulped down in pill form. The peyote

trip to ecstasy costs considerably more than hashish or marijuana: somewhere between \$4 and \$6 a trip.

Mescaline is the "intellectual" drug. It had especially seduced the English novelist Aldous Huxley whose descriptions of its effects, in his book *The Doors of Perception*, played a crucial role in infatuating artists and writers with this drug. According to Huxley, peyote's short-term effect is a trip of four to eight hours to the beyond of consciousness, during which, in his words, "I was seeing what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation—the miracle—moment by moment—of naked existence." There is some hallucination; one sees geometric forms, draperies, and magical architectures evolve in fairyland colors on one's interior screen. But this is not the essential thing. The essential thing is that one discovers that the objects that surround him have a texture, a weight, a coloration, a vibration, that so-called "normal" perception hardly suspects, and which give the universe "the glory of absolute beauty and the beauty of absolute glory." (I must say that I experienced this glory myself, without hallucinogens, when I faced the Himalayas and the Andes.) "Above all," Huxley wrote, "the colors hold you in fascinated silence for long minutes." If your companions speak to you, you can answer coherently, but you prefer to be silent and regard the nail of your big toe, which becomes the jewel and the emblem of "surreality." Huxley recognized that the mind, in the case of mescaline as well as cannabis, becomes incapable of any positive concrete activity. And the spatial senses (distance, volume, sequence, etc.) become disturbed and are in some sense displaced by the enormous weight of the "naked existence" of each object.

The "coming down" is less distressing than with cannabis, and the return to normal sensations is akin to coming out of a sedative. The long-term effects are still little known, because peyote is in considerably less common use than the other drugs, and its adherents talk less about it. There seems, however, to be little doubt that here too systematic and prolonged usage will lead to a lowering of vital tone, and to grave psychic troubles, which may have something to do with the impassive mask of the American Indian.

Let us recall that peyote has played an important strategic role in the diffusion of hallucinogens in the United States, because the Supreme Court has authorized its usage among the Indian tribes, on the

basis that peyote formed part of the traditional religious rites of these tribes. The hippies claim that what is allowed to one group cannot be withheld from another, and hence the startling growth of religious sects that we have discussed earlier.

The Sacred Mushroom and Psilocybin

Psilocybin is the active substance in a "sacred" mushroom indigenous to Mexico that produces effects analogous to those of peyote. This mushroom is eaten almost nowhere else but in Mexico, but its historic importance is secured through the fact that one of this species converted Professor Timothy Leary to his life of hallucination.

LSD

In 1935, a Dr. Hoffmann, a biochemist at the Sandoz Laboratories in Basle, Switzerland, was experimenting with ergot, a dark-red mushroom that lived as a parasite on rye, and had almost decimated the rye crop during one particularly humid summer. He extracted a substance from that mushroom which he recognized as lysergic acid and, to study its polymerization, he mixed it with another substance, diethylamine. He gave the name Lyserg Saure ("acid" in German) Diethylamine to this combination, or LSD for short. Then other work claimed him, he pushed his mixture into a cupboard, and came upon it again five years later. Not remembering precisely what the liquid was, he tasted a drop on his finger, as chemists will do. A half hour later, bicycling back home, he fell into extraordinary visions, "mad and sublime." "Any sound, that of a passing automobile for example, induced images and colors in me that corresponded to it, while they changed ceaselessly like a kaleidoscope." Thus was born the most astonishing and most dangerous hallucinogen of our time.

Now LSD—which is absolutely odorless, colorless, and tasteless—is manufactured in pills or capsules that sell for \$4 to \$5 each. Each pill or capsule contains on the average 250 micrograms of lysergic acid, a sufficient quantity for a twelve- to fourteen-hour trip. Even though the price for one dose is low enough to permit very widespread use, LSD is, in relation to its weight, the most expensive substance in the world; one gram, containing 4000 doses of 250 micrograms each, is

worth \$12,000 to \$16,000. The underground manufacturers of LSD do not sell in quantities of less than 500 doses at a time, with a 200 percent markup, and the retailers distribute the drug with another markup of 200 percent.

Since "acid" is undetectable to the senses, one person can administer it to an unsuspecting victim in, say, a glass of water. Or some hippies, as a little graciousness to a friend, will send an "acid letter;" that is, they will put a little on the stamp and say at some point in the letter, "lick the stamp." The word "acid," once innocent enough, has taken on a new and formidable resonance in the United States.

The LSD trip can produce a limitless range of types of fantasy, but the most characteristic effect, on a "good" trip at any rate, is an incredible intensification of sensations. Not only do sounds take on color, but it feels as if a blindfold has been lifted from your eyes. Everything becomes more brilliant, more precise, weighted with infinite details of infinite significance. Translucent substances become gems that revolve while reflecting the most vivid, unexpected colors. One can discern each note, each chord, each vibration in a piece of music, whether it be Bach or the Beatles; one becomes Bach himself, one surpasses that, *one is oneself the music*. Pure energy itself seems perceptible, vibrant, and filled with color. The sense of touch becomes acutely sensitive, each pore of the skin senses each cold or hot droplet of the shower as if it were a sensual bullet. Hallucinations can even be tasted. The user's face is pale, going from calm to terrified in turn, happy or strained, at peace or anxious. The pupils are dilated, temperature and tension level high, and he trembles with cold or sweats with heat. Sometimes he feels that he is no longer in his body at all, and keeps his limbs in the same position for hours.

LSD brings subconscious states or drives to the surface, with a richness and intensity that are held to be more revealing than a hundred sessions of psychoanalysis. The user grasps the vanity of rules, the absurdity of constraints, the hypocrisy of the attitudes that the "straight world" adopts. The most mystic among them insist that they have seen God. Others tell of the incomparable ecstasies experienced during sexual intercourse under acid: "Every cell of your body," writes Timothy Leary, "makes love with every cell of your partner's body,

during a whole night without intermission. . . ." LSD is clearly a virtual psychic atom bomb.

One of the characteristics of acid, unlike marijuana or peyote, is that its visions are unpredictable. Its devotees affirm that these trips are marvelous, indescribable, but all too often the tripper voyages into a land of horror filled with Dantesque hallucinations of hideous dead, spurts of blood, monsters, howls. The terrified "head" may, bursting with hysterical screams, run out into the street to save himself. LSD has provoked even more terrible events than hashish, including the dreadful affair of eighteen-year-old Linda Fitzpatrick, a rich little girl from Greenwich, Connecticut, who was found nude, with her hippie friend "Groovy," their heads savagely broken, on the cement floor of an East Village boiler room. The crime was committed during an LSD party by a man on a bad trip.

But the good trips can end tragically too. There are numerous cases of young people who, believing themselves to be great-winged birds, take off into the air from a building's upper story, only to crash down onto the pavement. Others disrobe and run nude through the streets. Still others, believing that their bodies have become spirit, have run out on to highways, and been crushed.

But, above all, it is the "morning after" that is devastating. Its long-term effects appear to be in direct proportion to the intensity of the hallucinations during the period of intoxication. There is no more "psychic dependence" than under mescaline or cannabis, but as noted before, it has been definitely established that LSD can damage the chromosomes. Timothy Leary himself has counseled pregnant women not to take the drug. The mental faculties can disintegrate to the point of incurable insanity, and the regular user can almost certainly look forward to chronic anxiety, instability, and schizoid tendencies.

The gurus, trying to temper the avidity of some of their young followers, recommend that no one set off on LSD without the constant support of a "guide." These guides are mostly hippies, experienced in handling drug reactions, who, like modern-day Florence Nightingales, generously and patiently stay with and help the tripper for twenty-four hours. Nonetheless, tragic accidents have multiplied to the point that the magazines that had most enthusiastically praised the marvels of the LSD paradise are beginning to change their tune, some even counseling

that LSD be avoided completely. But four years of irresponsible publicity have already made their ravages among the credulous young.

Let us add that the dangers of LSD can directly menace the entire social fabric. About a quart of LSD poured into the water reservoirs of a city the size of Paris would throw the whole city out of commission for twelve hours, making the city easy prey for any kind of invader.

STIMULANTS

Amphetamines

The amphetamines, chemical products whose principal immediate effect is to whip up the physical and mental energies while deadening the appetite, are well known in their relatively benign common forms as euphorants, stimulants, "pick-me-ups," etc. This is the pill, available at any drugstore, that a student will take before an exam to enable him to study all night and then perform at top level the next day, or an athlete will take one for an extra lift before the big game. In fact, these stimulants do not so much increase energy as they suppress fatigue, which is very dangerous for the body in that brain or muscle fatigue is the body's alarm signal indicating that rest is necessary, if the cells are not to become, in a sense, poisoned. To systematically suppress this defense is to poison the organism irremediably. Indeed, in experiments, dogs that have been kept from sleep for four consecutive days die. Under amphetamines, the unconsciousness of fatigue together with the loss of appetite lead the subject to exhaust himself for days without sleep or nourishment. He wastes away rapidly and will die unless sleep—the body's final line of defense—just overcomes him like lead after about the third or fourth sleepless day.

With a stronger dose than ordinary of the drug, one crosses the line from "stimulation" to "drug-taking" strictly speaking. Among the amphetamines, the current favorite is "methedrine," called "speed" in the argot, or "meth," or "crystal," from its crystalline appearance. Benzedrine and Dexedrine are also in favor, along with other variants of the amphetamine family. Methedrine is called "speed" because it acts so much faster than the relatively slow-acting hallucinogens. Also, the amphetamines are extremely cheap, one dose costing perhaps 40

cents. This is the drug-of-choice for the "plastic hippies"—the ones who play at liberation on weekends—and also for musicians who have to perform every night. Most true hippies, who confine themselves to hashish or LSD, refer to the amphetamine-takers, derogatorily, as "speed freaks." But even some of the real hippies will "pop" an amphetamine pill as a kind of appetizer to the main course, the true hallucinogens. By priming themselves with "speed," which does indeed speed up all reactions, they can enter into hallucinogenic glory immediately after taking the LSD or whatever, without marking time through the ordinary half-hour to hour waiting period. But even the hippiest journals counsel against this dangerous recipe.

Amphetamines at very high doses provoke strange, fleeting, un-coordinated—but always violent—visions connected to the user's physical and mental state at that moment. These are not true hallucinogenic trips. Usually one form will impose itself arbitrarily over another without rhyme or reason. The user can't stop talking, like certain drunkards. He feels invigorated with unexpected power—above all, sexual power. Indeed, some drugs, in high doses, will induce orgasm without sexual contact. These several hours of super-intensity and super-power are usually followed by long hours of depression during which the user will say, write, or hear the same things a hundred times. Ordinarily an amphetamine trip has more to do with violent sensation than with visions, leading quickly to physical exhaustion, though only rarely does the trip become filled with terror in the LSD manner.

The immediate effect—which can last two or three days—is, in the great majority of cases, euphoric—"groovy," as the hippies say—especially in the high that immediately follows absorption. The long-term effects can be even graver than with LSD. The amphetamines are not physically addictive, but they can provoke an irrepressible desire for a constant flow of new experiences. One great danger is that the subject, becoming very "nervy," seeks to calm himself through narcotics, and turns toward heroin. Prolonged usage of "speed" provokes delusions of persecution which lead to permanent paranoia, and weaken the muscles to a state that can be treated only in a hospital. Brain cell damage occurs, and the metabolism breaks down. The amphetamines, particularly if absorbed by direct injection into the blood-

stream, are the serpent's apple in the psychedelic Eden. Even hippies sometimes wear buttons saying "Speed Kills."

One hippie guru wrote in the *Oracle*: "For the last two years, meth has carried my spirit up to paradise, while it destroyed my body." Yes, speed kills, even faster than heroin.

THE MAXI-DRUGS

During the last few years, new and more and more powerful drugs, of unknown composition, have been reaching the drug public. Only recently did analysts discover that they are, for the most part, an explosive mixture of hallucinogens and stimulants.

One of them, DMT (dimethyltryptamine), which exists in a natural state in certain West Indian plants, was easily synthesized. It produces, grossly magnified, the effects of LSD and methedrine *combined*, but with a fantastic blinding intensity that lasts no longer than half an hour.

STP, or DOM (methyl 34 dimethoxy-phenyl-alpha-methyl-ethylamine) combines mescaline with an amphetamine. It is called STP in homage to a commercial gasoline additive; like the original STP, the drug "puts a tiger in your tank." Under its real name, DOM, the drug has been used to treat certain mental illnesses, but somehow it seeped out from the secret vaults of respectable pharmaceutical houses into the underground. Five to ten thousand capsules were distributed free during a great San Francisco "love-in." DOM trips—some of which are "super-Biblical," but most of which are hellish, filled with death and agonies, though always in living color and always marked by "the direct communion of the person with things"—can last several days. I have read descriptions of DOM trips that made my hair stand on end.

Ten DOM trips are quite enough to send a person to a hospital forever, a human wreck. The first few cases to come to a hospital were treated with chloropromazine, a common antidote to regular LSD bad trips, since the doctors did not know they were dealing with something different, and the results were ghastly. The chloropromazine aggravated, sometimes mortally, the "explosions" in the brain. The hippie gurus have publicly rejected the use of DMT and DOM.

THE MINI-DRUGS

As there are maxi-drugs, so there are mini-drugs, with which the very young initiates generally take their first steps into the hazy world. The formulas for numerous mini-drugs circulate in their more-or-less clandestine press.

They very often begin with belladonna, which can be bought at any drugstore. The Italian ladies of the Renaissance—that is, the “donna”—used to put some of this substance in their eyes so as to make their eyes more beautiful—“bella”—by dilating the pupils. The hippies have discovered that this ancestral elixir, taken on an empty stomach, produces the sensations of which they are so fond. However, if the drug is used regularly with constantly increasing dose, it will lead eventually to madness and death.

Dried and ground banana skin is totally inoffensive, for the good reason that it contains no drugs. But it also produces no ecstasy, except perhaps through autosuggestion. This has not stopped the hippie press from working up a whole publicity campaign about it to make the kids believe that they have entered the precious and forbidden kingdom of drugs, and to inspire them to penetrate it more deeply.

Freon gas, used to fill up balloons, procures a very satisfactory range of drunken vertigo, followed by an agreeable kind of swooning. The hippie press recommends it for children from ten to fifteen years. During the great hippie gatherings, balloon sellers distributed free bottles of pressurized gas to people standing in line. They would take several sniffs, lie on the grass for a few minutes until the delicious swoon had passed, and then go back to stand in line. One child, eight years old, died in Central Park from the excessive expansion and chilling this gas caused in his small lungs.

Other delights can be found by sniffing some brands of model airplane glue, insecticides, lighter fluid, ether, household products like naphtha, and amyl nitrite, found in every drugstore as an asthma remedy, no prescription needed, about 20 cents a tube. You break the tube, breathe deeply, and take off on a ten-minute trip filled with undulating iridescent forms, and even accompanying music. After which, your head starts to spin, and you slump to the ground to recuperate.

NARCOTICS

Narcotic drugs include the barbiturates, the opiates, and cocaine.

Barbiturates

The barbiturates, hypnotics and calmatives of the nervous system, are the active ingredient in sleeping pills. They are made up in yellow or red capsules, from whence the name "yellow jackets" or "red jackets." At the medical dose, they can be found in all drugstores at a very low price, sometimes without a prescription. But even if a prescription is needed, most people who want barbiturates can find a prescription somewhere, even if they have to write it up themselves. Barbiturates are often used, to ill effect, in combination with amphetamines or with alcohol to achieve a "high"—though I think "low" is actually the more appropriate term. Once a person has started taking barbiturates regularly, he can never stop; a physical addiction is created. Many fatal accidents or suicides have followed the consumption of these dangerous drugs.

The Opiates

These drugs, of which the principal ones are opium, heroin, and morphine, have been so well known for centuries that there is no point in discussing them at great length.

Opium, an extract from the opium poppy, is smoked, while its derivatives, heroin and morphine, are powders that are dissolved and then injected into the bloodstream. These drugs are very expensive, though the price has gone down in recent years, ever since China and Turkey threw massive amounts onto the world black market. Even so, one dose costs anywhere from \$10 to \$16. The opiates induce such a grave physical dependence that, if the user does try to go off the drug, he suffers atrociously and goes into convulsions that can even lead to death. So disintoxication generally proceeds by reducing the doses little by little, under medical surveillance, like the "drying out" of an alcoholic. In general, a heroin addict can break the habit only by isolation and forced withdrawal. And of those who accept such a treatment, only around 15 percent are really cured.

At the beginning of the 19th century, the Englishman Thomas

de Quincy, a writer of great talent who had been addicted to opium for some twenty years, wrote his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, an admirable description of the effects of opium, rich in human perception and almost scientific in its observations. One does not "trip" with opium. Its principal "virtue" is to dissipate all sense of anxiety, of guilt, or of inferiority, and to plunge the smoker into a "divine" calm of the mind and of the senses, a long delicious reverie in which one sees the beings and the places that one knows in a new light, haloed with wisdom, with charity, with sweetness. Certain reveries are sad, filled with funereal scenes, nostalgic returns to the past, but this never degenerates into scenes of horror. The opium addict, over the long term, retains his ability to think, but only in a poetic and contemplative fashion. He can do no creative work, he becomes incapable of analytic or deductive thought, he totally loses the power and the taste to undertake whatever might be. Most historians agree that widespread use of opium is at the root of the centuries-long slumber of Chinese civilization.

Cocaine

Cocaine is an alkaloid extract from the coca leaf, a shrub that grows in the Andes. It is essentially a local anesthetic, an analgesic, and a calmative. Cocaine addicts, who are becoming more and more rare, rarely take "coke" by injection. Its immediate effect is a sensation of great well-being, but over the long term its dangers are even greater than those of opium: insomnia, tachycardia, loss of appetite, delirium, disappearance of the moral sense, dementia, suicidal, and homicidal drives. It is the pitiless betrayer-drug par excellence; you pay for the short sweetness it grants by the blackness that it leaves behind.

The hippies are afraid of cocaine, by and large, as they are of all the opiates. For the most part, these drugs are out of bounds for the hippie world, though there are a few people who can't break the terrible escalation into the addictive drugs; especially for those in search of a few moments of interior peace from the terrifying eruptions of the hallucinogens and stimulants. That is why, for the first time in history, use of these soporific drugs—heretofore reserved to adult fringe groups—is spreading out more and more widely among our educated youth.

A DRUG IS A DRUG IS A DRUG

We still don't know the exact physiological mechanisms that provoke these strange sensory and spiritual exaltations. The chances are that they modify the chemical makeup of the neurons of the brain, which we know are extraordinarily complex, subtle and sensitive, as well as the levels of sugar, carbonic gas, and other constituents of the blood. These distortions of the extremely delicate physiological equilibrium are sufficient to induce the bizarre hallucinations discussed in the preceding sections. But, without going further into the complex biology of it, one can disengage, by statistical observation alone, several traits that all the drugs have in common that justify classing them as more or less violent poisons.

First, the euphoria that they produce, the famous "artificial paradise," is always short and always has its price, in the long run, with the corrosion and disorganization of the body.

Next, the regular user almost always grows dependent on his drug—whether physically or emotionally—to a point of tyrannical passion that dominates the individual in every area of his life.

Above all, all the drugs, in the long run, sap the will and the power to reason—the two principal pillars of all civilization—to the point of destroying them. If there is no power positively to reflect upon the universe, and then will to act upon that reflection, there is no more creation, there is no more true culture; and if, as the hippies claim, drug use should become universal, there will be no more civilization.

5

The Hashish Trail

Ever since the Western countries have begun cracking down on hashish and its users, the hippies have started to emigrate en masse toward the countries that accept their curious ways with more equanimity. The Americans and Canadians take the highway to Mexico where marijuana appears on every street corner. Then, since they are affluent—even though hippies—they cross the Atlantic and join their European counterparts who have themselves begun to follow the golden way of cannabis. There are two principal paths: one takes the traveler across the Mediterranean to North Africa, especially to Morocco, where marijuana is called “kif,” and the other goes through Eastern Europe to Turkey—a difficult passage—and then on to Afghanistan, the haven of felicity for the lovers of “ganja,” cannabis’ name in the Near East. But their guiding star, the source of all well-being, is India, where “Indian hemp” has been known as the source of happiness under the name “bhang” for centuries. Recently, however, when the Indian authorities began to block this emigration of longhairs, the star swerved on its path toward the little kingdom of Nepal, the only country in the world where restaurants offer cannabis on their menus.

The Guiding Star: India

More than 100,000 American hippies have wandered into India so far, supplemented by their fellows from all over Europe, and from as far away as Australia and New Zealand. It has become a true diaspora.

Why do they gather at Benares on the banks of the Ganges, or at Delhi, or at Goa? Because India, for centuries, has been a land of hippiedom without even knowing it. This country, with its frozen caste system, has been the crucible par excellence of irrationality, the blessed land of indolence, of long manes blowing in the breeze, of mysticism, of prophets, anchorites, and other ascetics who, through their fasts, their

self-lacerations, yoga and drugs, have made a guiding principle out of the release of the soul from the prison of the body—at least, that's what they've always said, and the hippies believe it. India is the fabulous world of the psychedelic jewels—emeralds and rubies—of the sandaled brahmins, of the gurus wrapped in sheets, and of the untouchables dressed in dirt thick as an elephant's hide. Each hippie has no trouble aligning himself with the caste of his choice, from the most verminous, if poverty is where his heart lies, to the most religious if he chooses mysticism.

In this universe where the profane mingles with the sacred, and where the sacred swims in fairyland, the hippies have unearthed an obscure sect, the Tantrics, in whom, with wonderment and pleasure, they see themselves mirrored best of all. The Tantrics were, in effect, the hippies of their day: they protested against the “materialism” of the 6th-century Hindu “establishment,” they claimed complete sexual liberty for themselves, and recommended drugs as the way toward the heights of being. They “dropped out” of their “straight” world, seeking refuge in the Himalayas to live the life of their choice. This is why so many hippies run to Nepal to see the Tantrics’ descendants, of whom they believe themselves to be the reincarnation.

The hippies go to India ostensibly in search of “Eternal Truth,” but they do not, in reality, carry these particular researches very far. I have not very often seen them seated drinking in lessons at the feet of the wandering gurus or the Brahmin philosophers, or meditating at their sides. But I've seen a lot of them, on the other hand, sitting on the terrace of some café on Janpath Avenue watching the people go by, or stretched out on park lawns, dressed like coolies in costumes of a heavy yellowish cotton that was once white, drinking in the sun like lizards. In fact, the real hippie Grail is the sun, the star of indolence, the Supreme Philosopher, always inspiring, helpful and hospitable. Thanks to the sun, one can live on love and cool water, without shoes or coats, with a loincloth around the hips and a few handfuls of grains or fruit. The most recent wave of hippies has headed for Goa, the old Portuguese colony, with its beach of Calanguta, one of the most exquisite and peaceful in all India. The other beaches are battered by monumental, and often dangerous, waves. At Goa, one can sleep for nothing in the soft, downy mattress of golden sand, in the dappled shade of the palm trees, and live on fruit plucked from the trees.

But this enchanting beach has also been the scene for hippie

tragedies. I saw one myself: a tragicomedy. Two long-haired Swiss had lent \$150 to two French flower-children, on their statement that money from home would be arriving any day. The French boys quickly ran through the money, lavishing it on food and "grass," and, the money from home never showing up, they had decamped without notice. The Swiss boys ran into them by accident and thrashed them so vigorously that the police had to intervene. On this occasion, the police discovered that the Swiss were carrying revolvers, heroin, and hypodermic needles, and they promptly found themselves behind bars, while the French boys, back on the sand in the sun, drank their health.

The hippies come to India also because it is a very appealing country in spite of, or perhaps because of, its poverty and squalor. It is so easy to share when one has nothing. It is easier to spend a sleeping-bag night on the floor of a poor Sikh's overcrowded room, than in the apartment left vacant by a rich Londoner on vacation. Consider also this major point: India is the only country in the world where one can live without paying for any lodging. This is always the most onerous expense for an impecunious traveler. One can, in effect, sleep for free in the Hindu temples, or in the Moslem mosques, in the public gardens, or in doorways, or even, like everyone else, on the sidewalks. In Calcutta, there are one million Hindus who are born, live and die in the streets, even during the torrential rains of the monsoon. What's a few thousand hippies more or less?

In certain areas in the south, the hippies live in caves like troglodytes, or like the Buddhist monks of the Middle Ages who transformed the grottos of Ajunta and Allora into little museums, with frescos, colonnades, statues, and rooms carved right out of the rock. But the hippies have not marked their passage with works of art to delight their posterity. I am afraid that tin cans will remain the sign that "hippies were here."

Finally, the hippies can spend the night in free shelters that are available to the religious pilgrims, shelters without water or electricity, where men and women lie side by side on the floor, but at least protected from the frost.

The Great Turkish Waterloo

However, comparatively few of those who launch themselves along the hashish trail actually reach India. They drop off or get mislaid

en route. The way is long and full of pitfalls for these child-men who set out for unknown lands, paying heed neither to the season of the year, nor to stopping-off places, nor to their wallets.

In November, 1969, preparing to set off for a trip around the world, I spent considerable time at the Institut Pasteur for vaccinations, and at various embassies applying for visas. At all of these places I ran into a considerably larger number of hippies than in preceding years. I spoke to them in English, since all the hippies I had known of had been American. But when their faces turned blankly toward me, I realized that they were French, and not just from Paris, but from the provinces. Everyone was pilgrimaging to India by thumb.

One young man from Corsica had set out all alone on his great adventure with his entire worldly goods—\$160—in his pocket, a beautiful brown head of Louis XIV-style hair, and dreams of ecstasy in his pipe. He had no map, was completely unfamiliar with the route, and winter was beginning. Another traveler, waiting, along with the hippies and me, for his visa to Afghanistan, remarked that the Turkish highways would be filled with snow, often impassable, that the boy would be in grave danger from cold and hunger, and that he would do better to wait until spring. But no, our Corsican, strongheaded as his fellow-countryman Napoleon, would leave right away should hell (not to mention himself) freeze over, magnetized like an ancient Crusader by the call of an irrepressible faith. His shepherd's star was Benares and its gurus who sit, immobile, on the banks of the Ganges, lost in an interior floating that they call "meditation." But the Indian government—socialist though it may be—had tried to stem the tide of penniless tourists by ordering that no one be granted a visa unless he possessed a round-trip airplane ticket. So the young Corsican had come to ask for a visa to Afghanistan, a more open country, from where he planned to cross over into India in some illegal way.

So the new pilgrims of hashish leave from San Francisco, from Quebec, London, Paris, Munich, Amsterdam, Stockholm, etc., for the country of the wise men. They cross through Yugoslavia and through Greece, but 70 percent of them never get through Turkey, their Waterloo. The hippies arrive in Istanbul at the end of their resources; their little nest egg dribbled away faster than they could have imagined on little nothings, "parties," and drugs, which are still expensive in Europe. So they collect their remaining pennies and blow it all on a

cablegram begging money from their parents. But often the money doesn't come right away, they get into debt, and go to ask help from their consulate which offers to send them back home. These are the cases where all's well that ends well. But the other hippies, the ones who still have money, are swindled, robbed, even killed by the Turkish thieves; the girls too, but not until they have been raped. The classic strategy is to graciously offer the hippie a drug, and then while he's stoned, to relieve him of everything he has.

One flower-child from the south of France, whom I met in Kabul, Afghanistan, recollected his trip through Turkey as if it were a nightmare. He had hitchhiked there, as elsewhere; and as fewer and fewer respectable travelers were willing to pick up someone in filthy clothes and hangdog look—a look that wandering hippies acquire quickly—he had managed to flag down an occasional truck. The truckdrivers, by and large, welcomed him as a diversion from the weary monotone of miles, and he only had to stand them to a round of drinks to be even. But in Turkey, things didn't take such a sociable turn. The truck drivers demanded that he pay them a fare but the French boy, so nearsighted that you could hardly see his eyes through his glasses, answered that he didn't have a cent. So the two Turks seized him, beat him up, searched him and finding, indeed, no money, had to be satisfied with his knapsack and wristwatch. But it was his knapsack he missed—hippies aren't interested in what time it is. "Six Eyes" (six instead of four, because his glasses were so thick)—as he was called, applied for help at the French Embassy but they replied, harassed by thousands of hippies in dire straits in Turkey, that they were neither a charitable institution, nor a tourist agency, nor a placement office, nor a bank. Six Eyes swore that he would never set foot in Turkey again, but would head home through Iran, Iraq, and Syria, and from there he would ship on board some vessel as a cabin boy to get to Greece. But somehow he ended up in Kabul and there he stayed, waiting for a money order from France that never came. . . .

Afghanistan: First Stop on the Hashish Trail

Out of the 25 percent or so of hippies who make it through the Turkish ordeal of fire, only about a third of those actually arrive in the promised land. These are the happy members of the British Common-

wealth—Britons, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders—who need no visa to enter India. On foot, hitchhiking, by bus, they cross the immense deserts of Persia and Pakistan and, during that long march, a new contingent falls by the wayside, felled by fatigue, hunger, sickness, or drug overdose. When at last they reach the Temple of Gold in Amritsar or the tower of Kutb Minar in Delhi, supposed to be the most perfect in the world, all the germs they have been pleased to pick up en route have had plenty of time to ripen and multiply into magnificent hepatitises or dysenteries or syphilises. Some of the travelers, at the end of their long journey, ask to be repatriated; for some others, the grinding trip is just too much and they die; none of them take care of themselves. Barely half of the Commonwealth hippies who make it to India arrive safe, much less sound. As for the other drug pilgrims who cannot find the precious visa, they go back toward the snowy mountains of Afghanistan where they finally find a place to rest.

The capital of Afghanistan, Kabul, is their haven of peace, first of all because at last they have stopped traveling; next because, in spite of the cold—Kabul is 1800 meters above sea level—it is easier to live there than in Turkey or Iran because lodgings and food are cheaper, and drugs more plentiful. Let us not forget that drugs and long hair are the two badges of hippies, just as the cross and the sword were the Crusaders' badges. Now, in Afghanistan, hashish is semi-open. Contrary to the statement of the *New York Times*, which said that "Afghanistan has no law against the use or sale of the drug," this country is a party to the 1961 UN International Convention against drugs. Because of this, it cannot authorize either commerce in or consumption of hashish. To prove that the two cultures do not mix, I shall tell an incident that happened in the famous Keyber restaurant in Kabul—a huge cafeteria, where Afghans and hippies sit side by side.

My eye was drawn by an especially eccentric group of hippies wearing round felt hats that looked for all the world like chamberpots, and clad in the rags worn by all derelicts since the time of Hammurabi. I presented myself to them, saying that a hippie I had met in Katmandu had asked me to look for an English boy named X, to return some money to him that he owed. Right away they invited me to sit at their table, all of them saying amiably that they were the moneylender but none of them really expecting me to believe it, and offering me sections of oranges. The hippies never eat anything without sharing it with their

neighbors, even if they don't know each other. I went up to the counter and came back with a plate of little cakes, which I put at the disposition of the community. Our friendship was sealed. It was at this table that I met "Six Eyes," the victim of the Turks. He practically exploded with the joy of being able to speak French at last. He did not have one more penny and had just joined the ranks of the fly-by-night hippies, picking up a grapefruit quarter here, a cake there, elsewhere a morsel of cheese or a piece of bread, and this kind of catch-as-catch-can arrangement had provided him with his necessities for the past three weeks.

A Canadian boy with a lively eye, dressed like a pirate fallen on evil days, with a large cutlass that gave him a grim air dangling from his hip, asked me if I "had already smoked"; he was talking about hashish, of course, since he could not possibly mean anything else. When I answered no, he took a little chestnut-colored ball, resembling glazed glass, out of his pocket; he held the flame from his pocket lighter under it and pressed it with his fingers until the little ball crumbled into something like the consistency of large grains of dry sand. He mixed this "hash tobacco" up with regular tobacco, and rolled it all up into a cigarette. During this whole operation—I should say, this rite—all diversion ceased while the others regarded the whole thing with a religious attention. A whisper of communion passed around the table.

The Canadian lit up the cigarette, sucked in two large drags, and then began to circulate the "joint," beginning with me. I declined, explaining that I don't smoke anything, even regular cigarettes. He insisted, "Then at least just sniff up the smoke. Suck in hard." As a politeness to these people who had been gracious to me I did so, and then passed the cigarette to Six Eyes who inhaled, as fast as he could, four enormous draws; it wasn't until later that I understood that this was much more for the joy of packing in as much as he could of something that was free, than from the wish to get high. Six Eyes passed the cigarette on to a giant English boy, a sort of super-tramp, who gave it in his turn to a smaller English mini-tramp, and then on to an American affluent-tramp, who gave it to a Hollander with a beard and a beat-up guitar. So the joint came back again to the Canadian pirate, and then he handed it to me once again. This time, out of some mysterious premonition, I shipped it directly on to Six Eyes instead of fiddling with it and inhaling the smoke as before. No sooner had he brought the joint to his mouth than two waiters in the *café* threw

themselves upon him, ripped the cigarette out of his hands, smelled it and shouted, "It's hashish! We're going to call the police!" They hauled him up by his shoulders, lifting him out of his chair, and pushed him out the door, without even giving him a chance to collect his goatskin jacket. Decidedly Six Eyes had been born under an unlucky star. He had been beaten by the Turks, and it was upon him that the Afghan wrath fell, when it wasn't even he who had made the cigarette!

I was surprised, and told these new-style vagabonds that I had just come back from Nepal, where hashish was open and, on the basis of articles I had read in the French and American press, I had believed that the same was true in Afghanistan. The Canadian pirate retorted mischievously, "If the waiters had come over a second earlier, it's you who would have been shipped off to jail; the joint was in your hands. . . ."

I broke out into a cold sweat. On the comfort scale, Afghan prisons hovered around absolute zero.

Forbidden Without Being Exactly Forbidden by the Grace of Allah

During the next few days, while meeting with members of the Afghan Ministry of Foreign Affairs and with the Minister of Information, I carefully avoided the Keyber incident, asking only whether hashish was in fact legal in Afghanistan. Both replied with a categorical "No."

However, I must admit that Afghans have a tendency to make flexible accommodations with the will of Allah. It is not permitted to take a drug in a public place, but vigilance is really so casual that I once saw, at another table at this same Keyber, a girl "shooting up"; that is, injecting something into her veins. And Six Eyes, who had been *definitively* barred from the Keyber forever, was back with a group of friends two days later. I noted especially that hashish and opium are consumed with complete freedom in all the rooms of all the little fleabag hotels where the police never come and there are no controls whatever. No matter who you are, no matter what time it is, anyone can walk into any one of these rooms during the twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four that the party goes on, just by turning the doorknob. The owner of the hotel, in order to check on how many beds have been taken and how much space there is left on the floor, will drop in from time to time, and

each occupant will bring a crew of friends with him or receive visitors. There's a continual coming-and-going that considerably facilitated my investigations. I asked one hippie if he would show me his room, he pleasantly agreed, and we entered a room smothered in smoke and stuffed with people eating watermelons, sitting on the floor, playing guitars, and passing around a pipe whose bowl was swathed in a damp cloth.

Six Eyes took me to the room in the Hotel Fez where he had his little corner. It was so small that nothing else would fit in it but its three jammed-together beds. On two of the beds, two young Germans with long straight blond hair were stretched out languidly. They wore Oriental robes with three loops of beads around their necks, amulets and bracelets, and smoked a concoction of their own devising: a mixture of hashish, opium and aspirin, at the end of a tube two meters long which plunged into a retort half filled with perfumed water. It was the famous water pipe, or hookah. Their beardless, blue-eyed faces and their flamboyant attire contrasted oddly with something grave and asexual in their faces that made them look like hermaphrodites. They spoke very slowly and courteously, and seemed not at all disturbed by my intrusion. The room was filled with thick smoke for, in addition to their hookah, they were burning incense. It was metaphysical and unbreathable. I told them I had just come from Nepal, and one of them asked me if there were beautiful bazaars. "Oh, it's not the bazaars that make Nepal fascinating," I answered, "but its pagodas, its animal sacrifice, its population, so nonchalantly pagan, carrying out their business—like in the Middle Ages—on the temple steps." But this didn't seem to hold the attention of our languid hermaphrodites, who returned to their pipe, sucking in, at the same time, ecstasy and a small, dry tubercular cough. They explained to me that the smoke was passed through the water to rid it of irritants to the lungs. They very politely let me take a photo of them as they smoked. I will never forget their voices from beyond the tomb, their dragging speech, their beauty carved-in-stone, and their perfect civility.

In Afghanistan, then, drug consumption is for all practical purposes open in the hotel rooms, even the communal ones. As some rumors have it, the hotels are owned by important people whose profits are not to be disturbed. According to other rumors, the authorities' tolerance stems from the fact that, for centuries, the dervishes—one

type of holy man—were hashish eaters, so that the Afghans, who are very much practicing Moslems, could hardly make a crime out of something that their own men found sacred.

I was told that there is a lucrative sideline attached to the drug traffic. Certain hippies had been approached on the streets by peddlers who would whisper that they could buy a large quantity of the drug at a nearby tavern for a very low price. The hippie would run there and buy enough to resell later when he had come to a country where hashish is much more expensive. But the peddler would keep the Customs Bureau up to date on his transactions, so that when his hippie customers tried to leave Afghanistan, the customs people would confiscate the drug and expel the offender from the country. So that way the peddler made a double profit: the money from the original sale, and an informer's fee from customs. It is clear that the juridical and moral drug situation in Afghanistan is a tangled web indeed.

The hashish available there is of excellent quality, which is to say that it is black and "breaks up right away." One gram costs about 2 cents, while in France the average charge is 50 cents—ten to twenty-five times more. A smoker doesn't need more than around five grams per day to keep himself perpetually stoned, a state that can be achieved in Afghanistan for the modest sum of 10 cents! The drug is readily available in the markets, grocery stores, and drug stores. Some druggists also carry on a lucrative sideline trade, without prescription, in opium, heroin, and fairly low quality brand-name amphetamines. So it's clear why the hippies have been flocking to Afghanistan as opposed, say, to surrounding countries like Lebanon, which has begun to punish drug traffickers more and more severely. In Turkey, one can be sentenced to thirty years in prison, or even be subject to capital punishment. While I was in Iran, a country that already counts some 200,000 drug users of various kinds among its population, the press announced that one drug dealer had been executed. So Afghanistan remains, along with Nepal, one of the rare drug sanctuaries.

Also, in 1968, a new law brought an end to the old system whereby all strangers had to be registered—a system that had effectively made Afghanistan as closed to the outside world as old Japan. Afghanistan decided to open its doors to attract tourists to this picturesque but little-known country with its Greco-Buddhist art, the two giant Budhas sculptured out of rock, the Oriental bazaars, the feminine forms

behind the midnight blue veils floating in the wind, the deserts on which Biblical camel caravans file ringed with overhanging mountains, the great Mosque so blue that one could almost believe it is heaven itself congealed in mosaics and arabesques. . . . And then, to the chagrin of the Tourist Office, the people who flocked through these newly opened doors were indigent hippies. A bed in a communal room costs them 30 cents a day; 20 cents to sleep on the floor, 15 cents if the hotel furnishes neither mattress nor cover. In a tavern, a meal of rice and mutton, not bad, costs 20 cents, a cup of tea included. Adding up all expenses, including drug money, a hippie can live in Kabul in reasonable comfort for \$1 to \$1.40 per day (a regular hotel room, in excellent accommodations, costs around \$8 to \$14 a day). But even so, this indigent tourism adds its bit to the Afghan Treasury, for no one knows how the hippies manage to do it, but they always find money to live. In fact, they do it so well that these enemies of the consumer society, in fact, consume more per capita than the average native. In comparison with the almost rocklike sobriety of the rather poor Afghans, the hippies must seem like lavish playboys.

Many Afghans are disturbed by the dangerous example these Western youths offer to their own young people. "The West," a director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who spoke an elegant French, told me, "has always been the symbol of culture, of enterprise, of civility, of power, of artistic splendor for us. And now we have the children of this West in the streets of Kabul: dressed like tramps, stretched out on tables, begging in the streets, scornful of learning, spending full-time on drugs or, at best, guitars. We have the impression that the marrow of your civilization is rotting. Excuse me for speaking so frankly. The sons of our more prominent families have traditionally had only one aspiration: to go study in the brilliant West. Now they don't want to go any more, and besides, their families—in whom the traditions of good breeding, of order, and of respect for the traditional ways are still very much alive—agree that their children should not go off into your world of perdition. The hippies have turned our youth away from the West."

Beyond Misery: The Hotel Noor

One does not need much imagination to grasp the ambiance of a low-class hotel in a country so underdeveloped that there is neither

railroad, nor public restrooms. I went to a neighboring hotel, the Bamyan, to visit the room of the Canadian pirate group I had met the evening before at the Keyber. There were five unmade beds covered in dirty sheets and, in the middle, a stove whose chimney pipe exited through a hole in the window. Wood has to be brought in from outside. The Canadian, he of the piercing eye, blew on the fire to get it started. the hippies from next door, who had no stove, came in to warm up. This made ten people in a room of sixty-five square feet. The two Britons—the maxi and the mini—were seated on their respective beds in their coats and tramp-style hats. The others hung around dreamily, leaving any initiative to the Canadian. After taking care of the fire, he prepared and passed around a pipe of hashish. I needed steel in my spine to refuse it: first, my urge finally to try it, to see what all the fuss was about, had begun to get the upper hand; and second, I wanted to seal the bonds of friendship by joining my friends in their ritual. But I held fast, and excused myself by saying that I had a cold. The two English boys coughed without stopping, but they didn't miss their turns on the pipe.

A hippie's first impulse is to proselytize for his drug. It is perhaps in this respect that the movement differs basically from classic drug use. In the old days, the drug takers, at least in the West, hid their vice out of shame, and besides, opium and heroin are expensive. But for today's hippies drugs are not a vice, but the doors of initiation into an enlarged interior life, and a badge of independence from "narrow-minded" laws. So drugs satisfy, at the same time, their metaphysical yearnings and their sense of rebellion. And since marijuana, LSD, and the amphetamines don't cost much, they can freely share these drugs among one another.

The Canadian brought me a grayish powder that he said was hashish. "Put it between your lower lip and your gum," he told me, "and let it melt. Come on, try it." I pulled back, he insisted, put a good quantity in the palm of my hand and said, "Okay then, just keep it in your hand, play with it, look at it, sniff it. You'll see, it's a groove." I was dubious, but I did study the powder, intrigued. It didn't look like hashish. Then the Canadian gave a quantity to the maxi-Briton who, as amenable as he was corpulent, set it right away in between his lower lip and his gum as ordered. I asked him what it was, but he shrugged his shoulders in ignorance.

I asked whether they were long-time friends, supposing, since they shared a room, that they had been traveling together for months. "For

four days," he answered. And here he had just taken in a substance into his body offered by someone he hardly knew, coming from God-knew-where, containing God-knew-what, and hadn't even asked what it was! But I had found that this was one consistent characteristic of the hippies: they would offer themselves up for any experience, whatever effect it might have on the nervous system, the most delicate part of the body, and do it existentially, on the basis of a casual encounter with someone they did not know. The intimate entanglements between them gave them confidence, and they were credulous and curious as little children. The drug dealers profited from this openness by offering their roommates powdered heroin until they had been hooked. So they manufactured their own, very lucrative, clientele.

Suddenly someone knocked on the door and came in before anyone answered. It was the hotel manager, who asked how many empty beds were left. One, the hippies answered. Upon which a little Japanese prince charming, hardly sixteen years old, came in behind him. He had the smooth white skin of a young girl, his face framed by a mane of jet-black hair. He was thin in his skin-tight bluejeans, underneath his big cowboy hat ornamented with a lanyard that dangled under his chin. He sat down gently on the empty bed and smiled a circuit around the room with little mouse's teeth. They asked him the regular questions: Where did he come from? Where was he going? What did he do? He came from Tokyo, and was on his way to Switzerland by bus. That was sufficient information; now they could go back to the real matter at hand, their drug. The delicate Japanese boy undid the large leather belt that encircled his slender waist, and drew out a little wallet slipped in between his pants and his belly. Then he went out and came back an hour later with provisions, grapefruit, candy, bread, putting them on the ground at the disposition of everyone. He knew the customs.

Six Eyes threw himself on the food. Then the "ganja" cigarette made its circuit again, while the Canadian—who, someone whispered to me, was really an American AWOL traveling under a Canadian passport—offered to trade I don't know what in exchange for the ivories the little Japanese prince was carrying with him to sell in Switzerland.

On my return from a trip to Mazar-i-Sharif, I wanted to visit the Hotel Noor, which I had been told was an earthly Purgatory but, too nervous to go alone, I went to look for Six Eyes. I knocked on the door,

a voice from beyond the tomb bade me enter, and I saw the two hermaphrodite Germans stretched out—perhaps they hadn't moved in the last two days? They explained to me, in voices somewhat more fogged than before, that the French boy had disappeared two days ago, and that the hotel manager had confiscated his possessions as he hadn't paid for the room (20 cents per day). While they were, as always, courteous, they seemed somewhat impatient this time. I understood that their opium/aspirin mixture had carried them into an advanced state of reverie, and I left. These two did not leave their rooms again; they had definitively drawn down the curtain between the world and themselves.

I found Six Eyes at the Keyber. He had—with the intention of scrounging something to eat—harpooned an Adonis with wavy brown hair, feet bare in spite of the cold weather except for light sandals, and an embroidered goatskin jacket. He was practically a neighbor, a French boy from Cannes, but as beautiful as Six Eyes—from Marseilles—was sickly. He came from a well-to-do home, whereas Six Eyes was the son of a laborer and a domestic. Six Eyes sought no other goal in life than fun with his buddies, whereas the boy from Cannes had some sense of the artist. I asked them both if they would go with me to the Noor. The hippies, who never have anything to do, always jump eagerly at any new little adventure. A taxi carried us to the Noor, while I thought about our approach. Should we ask for a room? My "straight" look would not give much support to our request. A hairy young man going back to his room at the hotel rescued us. I asked him to let us visit his room. Something new was happening in his life too . . . he agreed at once.

And they had spoken to me of Purgatory! As far as I could see, this was Hell itself. An absolutely bare room, no mattress, no blanket, no water, no dresser, no curtains, was occupied by six boys who kept going in and out. One of them, wearing a bright red felt hat that hid his face, crouched in front of a cylindrical stove, whose flames he stared at steadily through the open grate. A French boy, tall and strong, wearing a long mauve scarf that fell to his knees and a vicious look, played the flute while standing up against the wall. There was also an American from San Francisco, a Swedish boy with little bells around his wrists and ankles, a Chinese boy, and a Japanese from Tokyo. We chatted standing up since there was nothing to sit on, and in English. The room's only ornaments were the obscene frescos and drugged

murals painted on the walls by hippies passing through.

I was going to take a photo when the big French boy in the mauve scarf stopped me. He had just come from nine months in a French prison for some drug affair, and didn't want anyone to recognize him. The Adonis from Cannes, in a confiding mood, let us know that he too had just come from two months in prison on the same charge.

I said to Mauve Scarf, "Your fairy godmother marijuana must have carried you into unnameable ecstasies, for you to have gone to prison for her. I would like you to describe for me as concretely as you can your experiences under the drug."

"It's impossible," he replied.

The Adonis, more intellectual, added, "The only way to convey the sense of it is through philosophic or poetic analogy. Can you describe concretely the experience of orgasm, or even the taste of a ripe and fragrant peach, or the quenching of a great thirst, or the delight it is to feel your naked body penetrated by the rays of the sun, to someone who has never known these things? The same goes for drugs."

Outsiders, on the other hand, have told me that they have tried this or that wondrous substance at one time or another, and just got sick for their trouble, or else were overwhelmed by sleep. For "ecstasy," practice is required.

None of these young people have any sort of project for the future, any kind of ambition. They live for each hour as it comes, and consider themselves the wiser for it. I would ask what they plan to do later, how they will make out when their families aren't around to help them, and they would invariably reply, "How do you expect us to know what we're going to be doing in ten years, when we don't know where we're going to be a month from now. And besides, we don't give a damn. . . ." "As for me," said the American from San Francisco, "the only thing that bothers me is how to get enough money to have a good Christmas next week."

Six Eyes told me that he had wanted to get to New Caledonia, but that he had been stuck in Kabul for lack of money. He was looking around for handouts from various French organizations, but so far in vain. I asked him what he was qualified to do. Nothing! He had never followed any course of study, no kind of apprenticeship, but he had been told that well-paying work was easy to come by in New Caledonia. He despaired now of ever getting there.

During all this time, the hashish pipe made its tour, and the figure under the red hat still hadn't moved. It seemed unconnected to everything going on around it, it wasn't even curious enough to toss a glance at the visitors. It seemed as if it didn't even hear us. The Adonis was the only one to have some aim in his life. He was going to Indonesia because there was still a form of truly "authentic" wood sculpture there, and there still existed, on Bali, a folk art not yet "corrupted by civilization." He wanted to "soak himself in a pure and true artistic atmosphere. . . ."

"I know Indonesia," I told him. "I've visited sculpture workshops in Djakarta and Djojakarta, where the most famous Hindu temples are. I bought a beautiful piece in the port of Surayaba—filled with rats, by the way (the port, not the piece.) I've browsed among the art stores on the island of Bali, famous for its pretty sinuous-armed dancers, its naked-breasted village girls, and its monkey dances. Every tourist takes home some Indonesian sculpture. Believe me, in Bali you'll find as commercial an art colony as ever existed in Greenwich Village." I thought of Baudelaire's line, "Children who find beauty in everything that comes from far." Or, more prosaically, "Just because the names are Oriental—New Caledonia, Bali, Java—you think you are returning to the pure sources of art. You don't realize that our civilization has left no virgin place on earth." Nonetheless, I encouraged the young boy from Cannes to go to Bali because at last I had found, before my very eyes, a hippie who aspired to do something with his brain and with his hands.

The red-hatted form finally got up, but still without saying a word. It wandered through the room without seeing anyone. Suddenly, I saw its face and realized that it was a girl. She lived here with these six boys. "Is she sick?" I asked. Mauve Scarf answered no, and then I asked whether she was tripping on LSD. "No, no, she's thinking. . . ." I could draw out nothing more, but this girl was visibly under the spell of some evil drug, or else she had already lost her mind. One of them told me that she would sleep with each boy on demand, absent in this occupation too as in all others.

Mauve Scarf asked me if I could get him a blanket. The hotel manager refused to lend him one, saying that the hippies would sell it for drugs. The Swedish boy asked me if I could get him a little flask of perfume. These were so many disguised forms of begging. Whatever they got, they would sell.

I asked the Japanese boy to tell me about the hippie movement in Japan. He told me that there are several "underground" periodicals, like the *Shinjuku Sutra*, distributed clandestinely in the university and sold in the street by students.

The editor of the paper is a Chinese who lives in Japan, and his associate is an American who calls himself a "natural wanderer, with no permanent residence." He came to Tokyo to found this branch of *Sutra*, which is already popular in the U.S. But the most popular thing in Japan is the amphetamines. People became used to them during World War II, when the military authorities would give them to fliers and soldiers who might have to go several days without sleep. After the war, the surplus stocks were sold on the black market, and the civilian population began to dope themselves up. There was violence, murder, and the powers that be got more worked up than over Hiroshima. Our hippies prefer opium to hashish. Opium comes to us at a good price from Communist China, by way of Hong Kong or North Korea. Peking distributes as well throughout Malaysia. I have learned that there are 35,000 opium addicts in Kuala Lumpur.

There is also the Zero Dimension group, to which I belonged, that provokes one incident after another. Its leader, Kato, wears an American Indian kind of headband. According to him, man can reach the true essence of things through pornography. The philosophy of the Zeros is worked out in a manual of 5000 pages [I wondered idly how many pages would have been required if the group had had a hundred, or a thousand, dimensions]. The basic idea is that the profound nature of things cannot be perceived except by those who fix their attention on things that most people think are filthy, vulgar, and disgusting. We militant Zeros hardly let an hour go by without thinking a dirty thought or doing something crude. When we take the subway, we carry some pornographic book and consult it solemnly as if it were a prayer book. One of my Zero friends, who is slight, clean and well groomed as if he were a bank employee, pastes vicious, obscene and disgusting handbills on public walls. A whole squad of police does nothing else but tear them off. He says that art that pleases most people is sabotage, because it reinforces the confidence of the society in itself. Another Zero, Hijikata, organizes "happenings" of naked dancers cavorting on the streets of downtown Tokyo. He has them pretend to make love, and bombards them with lights of swooping zeros. The cops come in jeeps and throw tear gas, which turns the whole scene into a riot.

A third Zero, Adachi, has made a film whose heroine has no vagina. A boy, who knows nothing about her deformity, is in love with her. In her urgent desire to make love like everyone else you see the nude girl, slender as a doll, writhe painfully around her suitor's useless member. That's porno-tragedy. It is that same Adachi who threw Coke bottles from the roof of

a skyscraper to express his hostility toward "voyeurs." In consequence of which, a crowd gathered right away at the foot of the building, only increasing the number of voyeurs.

Everyone burst out laughing. "I have to put Tokyo on my itinerary," Mauve Scarf said.

Unlike the majority of hippies, the Chinese boy from Honolulu possessed intellectual pretensions, political convictions, and an extraordinary gift of gab. His hair was respectable length, and I never saw him draw on the pipe. He was a relentless debater, and he started up with me right away, guessing correctly that I would give him more response than the drugged mollusks that haunted the naked room. His eyes sparkling, his little heart-shaped mouth asmirk, he lit right into me:

They say that Asia's problems are caused by overpopulation. Nothing could be less true. It's the Western monster that devours all the fruits of the land. With his cars, his newspapers, his advertising, he sucks up all the resources —oil, forests, coal, minerals—from all the rest of humanity. It's not that the Indians and Chinese have too many children, it's that the United States steals their natural birthright from them. Take the case of automobiles: they pollute the air we breathe, they devour the combustibles that we must have to keep ourselves warm, there are more people killed on the road than were ever soldiers killed in all wars combined, they aggress against all the world all the time. That's the enemy of man!

"How did you get to Kabul?" I asked.

"Hitchhiking."

"Well then, you have done your little bit to pollute our precious oxygen, and to run down passersby."

He smiled his doll's smile and answered:

"If there hadn't been so many cars in America, I wouldn't have had to leave my country to come breathe the comparatively pure air of Kabul."

Point one for him. He carried on, with a voice loud enough for the others to hear:

"The West has destroyed humanity with its incessant wars. There are hundreds of millions of casualties that can be laid at the doorstep of the white man's instinct toward aggression."

"Haven't you read the history of your own China? Don't you know that some of the Han kingdoms spent centuries slaughtering each

other? And Genghis Khan . . . he wasn't Western! And besides, you can kill millions of people even without war: just by police repression and concentration camps. . . .”

“Oh yes, I know what you're talking about. But Communism itself is an evil that springs from the West . . . Karl Marx, Lenin. . . .”

He was talky and sparkling as a Latin. I've never seen such a voluble Chinese, who are ordinarily circumspect and discreet. However, he had played devil's advocate for nothing. The other hippies in the room had not felt called upon to interject one word into our conversation. They hadn't even listened. The subject didn't interest them. What subject, O heavens! What subject interests them?

The Art of Survival

Of all the hippies who wander the hashish trail, the Americans are most numerous, followed by the Germans, and then by the English, French, Dutch, and Scandinavians. There were also a few Australians, New Zealanders, Swiss, and an occasional Italian, Finn, and Asiatic. I saw no Latin Americans. All these hippies had come to the Orient to escape their bondage from the “code” of the “straight” world, and its concern for money. And *voilà*, there they were caught in new bondages, new codes, new concerns: the first one being the need to scrounge enough pennies to see them through the next day.

To this end, they devised every conceivable strategy. The American hippies would gather in front of the American Embassy in New Delhi and call out “bakshish, bakshish,” the Hindu beggar's term for alms. They would forget their war to the death against the Establishment long enough to penetrate into the embassy's cafeteria and munch on its decadent delicacies. So many American hippies would find their way into that well-stocked, air-conditioned chamber, that the ambassador had to close the premises to them during regular meal hours so that his own staff would have somewhere to sit down (*San Francisco Examiner*, January 20, 1970).

Most of the Americans would send SOS telegrams to their parents, but once aid had been received, the parents would hear no more until the next time. There were positively lines of hippies waiting at American Express to see if their checks had come. Some of them played a clever little trick that could double their take. First they had the check

changed into traveler's checks whose numbers they would note down right away. They would sell these in the black market, at a higher exchange rate than the official one. The next step was to go back to American Express, claim that the checks had been lost, and—since the hippie had made a neat list of the check's numbers—American Express would give him a new batch. Then, when the black market purchaser of the original checks would go to change his money, the checks would not be honored. Usually nothing more was done about it, as the check buyer was just a petty black marketeer, but even if anybody had wanted to do anything, our hippie con man was already far away, probably in some Himalayan smoking den.

The European hippie is no less bereft of imagination. In Kabul, one flower-child from the Mediterranean area falsified student identification cards, selling them to fellow hippies, which gave them access to canteens and other services reserved to university students. He was caught, though, and had to pay a \$200 fine. Quite a few hippies sell their passports to a front office for one of the Asian Communist countries always on the lookout for identity papers their secret agents can use. A hippie can get \$100 on this little deal, and then go to his consulate to claim the loss. Others would sell their blood. One pretty girl, whose picture I saw, sold blood so frequently, under several different identities, that she died. A lot of the kids sold the return airplane tickets that their parents had sent them.

One young Swedish girl managed, telling one wild story after another, to borrow 5000 afghans—that is, \$70. Her father had to fly in from Sweden to pay back the money, without which his little girl would have gone to jail. Some hippie crooks sell fabricated antiques. Practically everyone will prostitute themselves at one time or another, whether homosexually or heterosexually, without a second thought, but basically they hang on to their amateur status. But most of the kids make their bread by begging. To preserve their image, they try to imitate the malings, the afghan religious men who, for centuries, have, in beards and long hair, asked for charity. But in return, *they* pray for your soul. The malings have great professional integrity, and they really do pray. The hippies have become international malings, but your soul holds their attention only for the time it takes them to turn the corner.

The hard-shelled ones deal in drugs or in the contraband arms traffic. They are often stopped at the frontiers, and the customs people

know all the hiding places, all the little tricks. While I was in Kabul, there was a great to-do about a hippie who had hidden his hash under the enormous plaster cast of his "broken leg." Photos of the guilty leg were published throughout the Afghan press. One American hippie, who was kind enough to offer me a selection between the hashish and opium he had stashed in his pocket—both similar in their brown, pasty form, but with distinct odors—did business in Oriental rugs. His only problem was obtaining false certificates of antiquity so they could be brought into the United States duty free.

The heroin habit is ruinous and imperious, and addicts are capable of anything. They need up to \$60 a day, and they do not hesitate at violence and theft to get it. Some local pharmacies serve as "drops" for the hard drugs. I was told to keep my eye on my handbag and my photographic equipment. But in fairness it must be said that many of the flower-children would never steal or beg. The boy from Cannes said to me, "Those are two things that, try as I may to free myself from all bourgeois prejudice, I could never do." But a certain percentage of the classic kind of international thief was let their hair grow and donned some beads, becoming indistinguishable from the mass of hippies. And among the real hippies, alas, there is a growing group of what I call "amoralists"—I do not say "immoralists," but "amoralists"—who have lost all sense of good and evil. This group, unlike the rebels we have been discussing, could not care less about a new morality. They have no morality. It is undoubtedly true that each generation, in all times and all countries and all social levels, has had its small percentage of such amoralists. Remember *Manon Lescaut*, that lovely girl who did evil as she breathed, with a perfect grace and total innocence? Today she would be an accomplished member of this recent breed of flower-child.

In Switzerland, where I spent the holidays in Valais on my return from Iran, I met a young apprentice workman with hair down to his shoulders. I invited him to come talk with me after his day's work. His case is typical of this kind of hippie amorality. His father, a mason, and his mother, a housekeeper, made life difficult for him because he refused to cut his hair. At dances, the "straight" boys would provoke him into fights out of jealousy that the girls were drawn to him with his Tarzan hair. Most of his buddies couldn't hold out, and had given in, but he would not. And yet, he didn't seem to be a hard-nosed person. He didn't like trouble. He had no political ideas to speak of

either. He read neither books nor newspapers; he didn't like reading, and he hated school. He didn't ski either, no sports were fun for him. There were only two points on which he seemed to be more or less firm: first, he did not want to go into the army, and had decided to skip out shortly before they would call him. Where? No idea. With what? He didn't know. And wouldn't his parents be upset? So what. They'd get over it. Secondly, he did not want to work, and he said so straightforwardly. He did not want to learn a trade. His father had forced him but just wait, he'd soon call his own tune. He had a holy horror of being bound by the work day: in the shop from eight to twelve, then two hours for lunch, then work again from two to six. So what did he like to do? Nothing much, except hang around with his friends and play the guitar.

"How did you hear about the hippies up here in your mountains?" I asked.

"From hippie musicians and other Americans here on vacation."

I told him about the hippies in the United States or in the Orient that beg and steal. He laughed, a little hesitantly.

"Do you think you could beg or steal?" I asked, expecting a firm rejection of the idea.

He smiled. No, it wouldn't bother him at all. Just last summer he and some friends had begged their way around Spain. And they were picked up for stealing. He was even in prison for three days. He had to borrow money from the Swiss consul to get out, telling him that he had lost his wallet. The consul had believed him. He was a sucker. Well, that's life.

I have related this little slice of contemporary life first, to show how the epidemic has spread everywhere; and secondly, to clarify the flower-child mentality a little. All the ingenuity that a regular person will devote to succeeding in life and supporting a family, the hippies put to the service of surviving from one day to the next: who to "touch" for this evening's dinner? What con game to get a visa against the rules? How to slip through society's repressive nets? What game to get your residence permit renewed? If you don't have one, how to hide? Where to pick up a few cents for a night's room? Where to find drugs? How to shake off someone you owe money to? Where to scrounge a pair of shoes when it's cold? How to con a "square" into lending you his bathroom so that, at least once, you can take a bath in hot water?

... A hippie's day—when he's not stoned—is spent insuring his survival for another day without working or studying. Some people call it a life free from enslavement, responsibilities, rules; I call it the life of a dog.

The Fairytale Kingdom: Nepal

The lucky ones who manage to get a visa for India—false, if need be—or the even luckier ones from the British Commonwealth who don't need one only stay in Kabul for a few days. They cross through Pakistan then, and on into the Promised Land. According to the *Revue de Médecine de France* (December, 1969), 100,000 hippies had entered India by that date.

India is humanity at its most basic, an ocean of misery, of pageantry, and of free movement where everyone strolls at his own pace, lies down where he wishes—including, of course, on the sidewalk—dresses as his mood takes him, or doesn't dress at all—like the naked holy men I saw leading demonstrations against the slaughtering of cows. Each citizen practices the religion that pleases him, wears his hair as long as he feels, paints his favorite cabalistic signs on his face, walks barefoot as long as his callouses hold out, only works when it suits him, floats through hours, days or years in a void of meditation, and begs as naturally as he breathes. In this world, the hippies are just fish come back to the water. They shock no one, no one insults them, or even looks at them oddly. The Hindus incorporate them effortlessly as they would any other act of nature: the trees, rocks, gods, the monsoon—all things that can be tied by no rules, so must just be accepted.

Though the masses may accept every mode of being and of non-being, the government has enough to do with its own rootless populace to shoulder responsibility for these new ones who fall on them out of the sky and create a thousand new insoluble problems on top of their usual hundred-thousand-old insoluble problems per day. There are not enough hospitals for the natives, not enough housing, not enough prisons, and there is an immense, an unfathomable excess of beggars. So, what to do with sick hippies, penniless hippies, drug-dealing hippies, or begging hippies? What to do with all the self-made outcasts when you have millions and millions of real ones to deal with? How to endure a situation in which facsimiles of the poor sponge off of the real poor? Are not these affluent slummers an insult to the truly miserable

beings dying around them? But above all, above all, the hippies carry with them the virus of drugs—a new affliction for the Hindu world on top of all the rest.

Until two years ago, hashish was open in India. Up till then, only a tiny fragment of the population had indulged in it, and they had done no proselytizing. Now, all of a sudden, the hippies invade and smoke their hash in public, offering it to their Hindu neighbors in restaurants and hotels, and to the well-brought-up young girls they meet. The risk of corrupting Hindu youth—already so close to the abyss as to hardly matter—seemed so imminent, that the Delhi government declared hashish illegal. From that time on, any hippie so foolhardy as to let himself be caught with the drug faced two years in an Indian prison, compared to which a prison in America, or even France, was positively a Sing Sing Hilton. This past year, there were some 100 hippies in the jails of Mrs. Indira Gandhi. Moreover, once a hippie's visa had expired, out he went.

So the Holy Land rejected its children. Where to go from there? The word passed from ear to ear: to Nepal, of course! To that kingdom of legends where there are more temples than houses, more holidays than work days, and more mountain peaks than inhabitants. To Nepal, where you can stay forever without a visa. To Nepal, whose ways of life are even more inviting than in India. To Nepal, where the sun shines every day, but its heat does not enervate. To Nepal, where drugs are totally open. To Nepal, where adults enjoy eternal childhood.

So it was in December, 1966, that the fairytale capital of Katmandu which, like Sleeping Beauty, had slept tranquilly with its 200,000 people in the green cradle of the Himalayas, was surprised awake by 200 hippies, come from the ends of the earth, to respond to the call, "Christmas in Katmandu!" The visitors were dressed for carnival, with flowers in their hair and guitars in their hands. And their Holy Grail was nothing more than to find a place to talk and laugh and play music and smoke ganja and talk and laugh. The Nepalese were enchanted.

The most marvelous thing about Nepal was the ridiculously low cost of drugs. One ounce of hashish—that is, 28 grams—cost \$1.40, or 5 cents a gram. For 20 cents a day, one could, like a grand lord, invite all comers to ecstatic parties right in any public place, which did much to cement the friendships among the followers of the grand drug crusade.

Hash Coming Up!

I went one evening, accompanied by an Air France stewardess, to the Cabin Restaurant. Not here the standard restaurant scene of flowered tablecloths and candles on the tables. The Cabin is a hole in the wall, all wood, with no other ventilation than the entrance door, studded with raw wood tables on the beaten earth floor, surrounded by benches piled with uncombed youth. The waitress, who was carrying a baby in her arms—her own baby—seemed about fifteen years old. She was a pretty little Nepalese girl who smiled at everyone, even if they didn't order anything. About a quarter of the hippies just rooted themselves there for the evening, without ordering, just for the pleasure of drawing now and again on the hashish pipe that circulated round and round, never stopping. And they coughed, coughed as if to cough up their souls.

The menu at the Cabin was unique. My mouth open, I read the dessert list: hashish cakes, ganja candy, marijuana pudding, etc. I asked the waitress, who jabbered a pidgin English, whether this was just pretend. No indeed, these delicacies were the real thing. Wouldn't I like one?

My neighbor at the table, an Englishman, lit up a huge pipe whose short stem he had wrapped with a damp rag. He took in three draws, and passed the pipe on to a girl with a shock of golden hair, who sent it in her turn to a young Nepalese, and so it went for the rest of the evening. I read a notice from an English-language Nepalese newspaper, placed so all could see it, "Anyone possessing an export license for cannabis, ganja, hashish, telephone . . . etc." This was the promised land indeed.

The golden-shocked girl was a tall, slender American. She had put her embroidered goatskin vest—a gift from a Kabul merchant in gratitude for an hour of love in the "French style"—on the back of her chair. French love, at least, had not been devalued like the franc. Her gypsy blouse gave a clear view, on either side of the inevitable beads, of two very *there* and very well-set breasts. Her Andalusian dancer pants traced out buttocks that were firm, but thin from too many skipped meals. Her head reminded one of a goat, like her vest—a pretty goat, with large white teeth, and eyes enlarged by malnutrition and cannabis. Her braided, silky hair looked like the wool of golden merino sheep. She talked and talked under the euphoric beginnings of a hashish high. She told about a night when she made love high on mescaline.

Everything in the room went in waves, even the bed and the naked boy beside her. It was "groovy." She had felt like she was on a ship in a rolling sea: pitch and roll, roll and pitch. And at the top . . . it made her sick, and the boy tried in vain to bring her round. It wasn't "groovy" any more. The next time she tried it with LSD, it was supposed to be "out of sight." She had already tried opium, but that was as blurry as if she'd been wrapped in cotton wool.

"Try speed then," said the hippie at her side. "It's a blast."

"Hey, that's an idea. But what about the new super-high drug? The tiger-in-your-tank stuff?"

And the conversation would have gone on in this vein for hours if I hadn't interrupted to ask the goat-girl what had brought her to Nepal. She directed a look of universal love my way, offered me her pipe of ganja and a flower, and composed a vast open-heart smile. A hippie is a hippie wherever he, or she, may be. Then she answered, with no hesitations:

"I'm here because Nepal is far enough away from my folks that they won't come after me and drag me home. In the United States, I lived in Kansas City with my father, mother, and little brother. I ran away several times, first to Greenwich Village, then to Sunset Strip, and then to Haight Ashbury. But always my mom would be crying after me, begging me to come back. She would have me looked for for weeks, she would send information about me and my picture to the police all over the place, she would force my dad to take the car and come look for me, and in the end she always found out where I was. And then, oh God, what scenes!"

"Did she scream at you?"

"Oh, no. If she had insulted me, I would have had good reason to tell her to go to hell. She would cry, oh God, would she cry. She would cry and say she was dying, and Daddy would back her up. 'You wouldn't let your mother die! And your little brother, who calls for you every day.' And on and on like that. He couldn't care less about me, that brat. But in the end she would make me cry with that old family stuff, and I would go back. Then once back again, still carryings on. How to have peace and quiet for a twelve-hour LSD trip? Mom would come knocking at the door of my room at mealtimes, she'd ask if I was sick, call up some draggy doctor that I didn't want to tell anything to. . . . And my little brother would come banging on my door. At night,

I had to be back home by one o'clock. Talk about prison! Couldn't possibly sleep with anyone. And they wanted me to go to a psychoanalyst. If he had been young and groovy, maybe, but they landed on some old dumbo. He wanted me to tell him all the dirty little things I only tell my best friends. I wasn't going to talk to that square about anything but grass, LSD and mescaline. And he, he didn't know anything about drugs. But *nothing!* He was an ass. And he was supposed to be a doctor. Those shrink sessions bored me so that I thought I'd die. So I gathered up this and that, and everything my parents had deposited to my savings account for when I got married. And there again you see how the straights are! As if you have to be a certain age before you're old enough to know how to spend money. Mother, she's fifty, but without Daddy she wouldn't know to come in out of the rain. She couldn't even travel by herself. Or even buy a hotdog, for Christ's sake. She's a drag. Me, I know how to spend money."

"How much did you take?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars."

"But that's a fortune for a hippie!"

"Well, there's not much left now. I've been traveling around the world now for two years, and it goes. And there was a bastard in Istanbul who lifted my bag and a good piece of the bread with it. A good thing I had hidden the rest in my bra."

"I thought the hippies were against bras."

"That's true, and mostly I don't wear one either [and to prove it, she opened her blouse to let me see for myself]. But going through Turkey, where the men are like rams in heat, I thought I needed a little protection."

"Are you going to ask your parents for help?"

"Hardly. It's been two years now since I've written them. They don't know where I am. If they did, it would be just like them to fly over here and try again."

Then she turned to the young Nepalese boy, who had been puffing away all the time, and said, "Come on now, can't you pass the pipe? There are other people here too."

"When your money's gone, what will you do?"

"I'll worry about that then. I'm going to Goa. Because here in Katmandu, you have to pay for a place to sleep. Isn't that ridiculous? To have to pay to eat is bad enough, but to pay for sleeping is just

idiotic. Do you pay to breathe? A crappy room costs sixty cents a day, but you can sleep in the Globe dormitory for twenty cents and, when the cafés close, you can spend the night on one of the tables for ten cents. But that's still too much money to pay just to exist for eight hours. In Goa you can sleep for nothing."

A Dutchman had just sat down at the next table. His naturally ruddy countenance, lit up by a lantern, had faded into pallor, and his young cheeks were already furrowed by a hard life. His curly brown hair was brightened by a multicolored crested hat, and he held a guitar. I was enthralled, he was the reincarnation of Franz Hals "Joyful Lad with Guitar." He was dragging a straggle-haired, half asleep girl after him, wearing a disordered sari. I asked them questions, but only the boy replied. He told me that he had tried every drug, that he had been doped on methedrine for two years, but that he had felt the rats of death nibbling on his innards, and had had the strength of will to stop in time. If not, he would have died for sure (an experience, I thought, that was waiting around the corner for his already ruined companion).

The golden goat-girl interrupted.

"Like my buttons say, 'speed kills.' That's why, outside of marijuana, which isn't a drug, I just take the big one, acid. I look at myself in the mirror, and I'm weaving from the top of my head to my feet like a snake. My hair weaves too, I don't have to go to the hairdresser anymore."

And she exploded with laughter. She was stoned now, and anything could make her laugh. But the companion of the Dutch youth still hadn't said a word. She didn't have the strength to hold her head up; it fell down onto the empty table in front of her. She had ordered nothing. She must have been broke. I offered her something to eat. Finally she opened her mouth to say, in a gravelly voice, "I'd rather have a pipe."

The Dutch boy had met her just a few days before. She was trying to stick with him, but she wasn't very appetizing any more with her greasy hair that fell over dull cheeks. He got around by drawing pictures of Hindu gods on rice paper. He tried to sell me some. The Nepalese waitress came to announce, smiling, that they were going to close. A bitter odor of hashish bathed the little room. And the baby that she held in her arms breathed it in day after day. His little face already looked wizened and old—older than the face of his child-mother.

The "Lodges"

I was told that I shouldn't miss the "lodges"; that is, the flop-houses that housed the hippies and the most destitute Asian travelers. I decided to begin with a visit to the "Tibetan lodge," the Globe, where the ganja-smoking Tibetan muleteers stay. The Globe's walls bore photographs of the Dalai Lama, the exiled God-King of Tibet, and of Mahendra, the king of Nepal. The Globe was, so to speak, elegant, with its plastic tableclothes covering its eight rectangular wooden tables. Then I went to another little restaurant the size of a handkerchief, with four bare wooden tables. No portraits on the walls this time, but jackets and gourds of traveling Tibetans. I ordered a hot lemonade, a main dish, and a dessert. It was delicious, and cost 60 cents. The waiter was a tiny ten-year-old Tibetan boy, sharp at taking orders and negotiating the service. Between waiting on tables, he put his hands in his pockets and whistled with a superior air. But he kept a sharp eye out, and never let a hippie leave without paying. It was he who, in a high, clear voice, reeled off the drink orders to the owner who filled them, and no one had ever managed to sneak one behind his back. This Tibetan orphan, who spoke snatches of English, was so adorable that a British family had begun proceedings to adopt him.

I went in to another Tibetan bistro. There also, a nine-year-old boy served the customers until midnight. A muleteer from Lhasa invited me to buy something—supposedly from Tibet, but actually made in Nepal—from his knapsack. A hippie with tousled red hair, his shirt open to reveal his hairy chest on which a gold chain sparkled, was moved to ecstasies: "How beautiful it is! What a shame I have no money." He coveted worldly goods, just like his opposite number on the other side of the "straight" fence; he was just as much a consumer as they, but had deflected his desires away from cars and refrigerators to Oriental knickknacks, from mechanical gadgets to paste gimcracks.

I saw two hippies, not like the others, dressed in voluminous black monks' robes with very wide sleeves, sitting at a bench near the door. One of them pretended to doze, but spoke Italian in a low voice to his companion. Then he cast a rather furtive eye on the coatrack behind him, where the hippies' goatskin jackets and knapsacks hung. Both of them bore the faces of Calabrian bandits playing at being monks. I

watched them. The one who was supposed to be sleeping squinted at the group around him from underneath his eyelids. Something was afoot, no question, but then they left quickly. They were Mafia types wrapped up in hippie clothing. An hour later, just as the little café was closing, a hippie started looking in vain for his guitar, which had fled with the two monks.

I went out too and in the dark night (the streets are not lit in Katmandu) I heard shattering music, toward which I walked. It was a Nepalese lodge filled with hippies smoking hashish. There were some twelve tables. I have to admire once more the way our world can turn the forces that may one day overturn it into a source of profit—at least until the revolution. Trade has flourished along the hashish trail just as it once prospered along the old routes of pilgrimage. Its clientele is gaunt and marginal to be sure, but even so, these nomads can put a few pennies into the pockets of stay-at-home entrepreneurs; the flight of one group is a windfall for another or, looked at another way, the scorn one group has for money generates money for another. Far from having divorced themselves from the consumer society, the hippies have just added a new, if peripheral, dimension to it.

In among all the other hairy, scruffy, and beribboned hippies, I noticed a well-shaven young Chinese with short hair, wearing a good European-style overcoat, who took no turns on the circulating pipe. After a moment, he rose and sang the song of Mao:

“The young Americans don’t want to live in their own country any more. Their country is hell, that’s why they come to Nepal and to China. . . . Viva Mao!”

“It’s the eye of Peking,” someone whispered.

I asked a well-built Australian if there were many hippies in Australia. He took offense at my question:

“What do you mean by ‘hippies?’ We aren’t hippies.”

“Flower-children then?”

“Even less; we’re human beings. Why do you call us hippies?”

“I didn’t mean to deny that you are human beings, but it’s just that man has always had collective names for the different kinds of groups that evolve on the basis of a common race, or origin, or religion, or philosophy. Thus the whites, the blacks, the Jews, the surrealists, etc. Tell me the name that you want to be called, and that’s what I’ll call you.”

"Call us human beings," he repeated stubbornly, unable, no doubt, to think of a good name.

"But the 'bourgeois' you talk about all the time are human beings too. How do you distinguish yourselves from them?"

I had engaged before in two other discussions of this kind. They protest the term, but can't find another that suits them.

I saw a fine-featured, bearded little man wearing an enormous fur hat. He sat quietly amid the roar, saying nothing, ignoring the hashish pipe, and making mental notes. Was he, more clever than the Mao mouthpiece, the "eye of Moscow?"

I went out on to a large square bathed in night. I could make out the shadow of a large tent that the hippies had raised in the middle of the square, which was in the heart of town. A cow and a dog wandered about. I was alone, and a little frightened. A car whooshed by, sounding its horn. The cow, frightened, ran away, knocking against the tent. The dog barked. No one moved. Everything was black. And under their tent, the hippies took trips into the country of nowhere.

Himalayan Refuge

Responding to the increase in drug-caused incidents, the Nepalese authorities have begun to—I won't say become alarmed, that's too big a word for such an insouciant little country—but to make a few light regulations governing their visitors, like limiting the time of residence permits. Once again, a place that had seemed to be a final refuge was closing its doors just a mite, and who knew what might come next. But resourceful always, they realized that if they just moved out a little way from Katmandu, perhaps to the area around Patan, the city of a thousand pagodas, or to the large palace-and-temple village of Bagdhaon—I say village rather than city, because temples are set right amid farming land—the police would not bother to come after them. The Nepalese police had not yet acquired the manhunting reflex. If the hippies didn't cross their paths, they weren't going to cross the hippies'.

I took an excursion to the temple of Swayambunath, a half-hour's car trip from Katmandu, where a colony of Tibetan lamas passed their time in prayer and begging alms from tourists. Groups of hippies had attached themselves to the lama colony, and I couldn't take three steps around the temple before running into three hippies. One of them told

me that his little group made their home up in the mountain.

“May I come with you? My taxi will take us.”

Thrilled not to have to make the journey on foot with a pack of provisions on his back, he agreed, and the other two hippies came with us just for something to do. We followed a sandy path running along the foot of the mountain, and after twenty minutes, the hippie pointed out a small hut clinging to the top of a steep hill. That was it. The taxi could go no further, and the ascent on foot was hard. They pulled my arms, they pushed me. . . . I thought I would never get there! Fortunately, I didn't have to, because two thirds along the way, on the green-apple carpet of a mountain meadow, we came upon my escort's companions: four long-haired boys sitting facing the Himalayan peaks that were just being gilded by the fine gold of the setting sun. It was magnificent. One of the boys—a handsome Danish youth with hair of the same fine-spun gold—wore earrings and the saffron robe of a Buddhist monk, leaving one shoulder nobly bare like an ancient Roman. His three companions were Americans. They were eating oranges, and offered us some. There was no woman with them, neither here on the meadow or up at their little house. Did the beautiful golden-haired one take on that role? I asked questions, to which it was mostly this youth who replied, with a serious air, all the while rolling his long hair into a chignon. Was he afraid of catching it on the branches of a tree? Or did he fear to let his hair be caught by an indiscreet camera? . . . The discussion turned to religion. For him, God had neither name nor attribute. He believed in reincarnation.

“And if you were reincarnated as a banker?” I asked mischievously.

His face stayed grave.

“Do you read?”

“No.”

“Do you play a musical instrument?”

“No.”

“Do you watch television?”

He laughed finally, with his companions. “Our color TV is here” he said to me, waving his hand out toward the red-gold crown resting on the brown peak of the old mountain. “Every day we come down to watch this sight.”

"And what else do you do?"

"We take drugs, and contemplate our interior life."

"And don't you find this life monotonous?"

"Less than making cars on an assembly line. Or than taking the subway in New York, where no one laughs. Here we are calm and happy. We are never bored."

Several minutes later, I learned that they planned to go to Goa, the enchanting beach to the south of India. "People say it's groovy." They talked about their itinerary, the places they would visit en route.

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"But aren't these peaks, glowing like your most beautiful drug trips, enough for you? My friends, let me tell you that, despite your superhuman efforts, you'll never become true Orientals. You struggle in vain, you could never endure eternal and immobile contemplation, you will never be true gurus. Despite your most straining efforts, and despite the drug, the blood of American pioneers and the people of old Europe still flows in your veins. You were born with ants in your pants, gentlemen. . . . Are you going to Goa together?"

"Two of us are stopping at Benares."

"How long have you been together?"

"Six weeks."

So, once more, the basic instability of the hippie community. For a while I had believed that, finally, in these four pensive hermits, cradled by the winds of the Himalayas and welded by the forces of nature, I had found a solid, homogeneous, durable group. But no. They would separate like all the other groups, as quickly and for reasons as superficial as the ones that brought them together in the first place. There is no coherence behind the comings together and fallings apart of the hippie groups—it is chance. They go, they come like spring winds, the groups clump together and then fall apart like clouds; they share their solitudes with each other for a while, that's all. There are no "hippie communities" in the proper sense of the term, only temporary bivouacs raised in a flash and changed, as some pilgrims leave and new ones arrive, in a twinkling. At bottom, every hippie is alone. He and his fellow-travelers (literally) are only free electrons with no profound affinities, linked together for the moment by the pipe or by the bed. No true friends, no true lovers. Close relationships imply that each partner cultivate or seek something in common—even something quite

ordinary—but which attracts, and then endures. The hippies cultivate nothing, nor do they seek anything really; nothing to nourish the mind, nothing to warm the soul, nothing that will still be there tomorrow. The visions in their mind's eye are, in essence, fleeting and incommutable. If at least the hippies were truly persecuted, that suffering might weld them together. But the "straight" world is just an irritant really, nothing serious, and indeed they could hardly exist without it. Perhaps their drug helps them penetrate into the nature of stones, but it seems, apparently, to blind them to the nature of men.

Tragedy and Defeat

As one might expect, endless distresses fester in this life of drugs and squalor. Out of the many stories I was told throughout my travels in Nepal, Afghanistan, and India, here are just a few:

An American evangelist who has lived in Kabul for twenty years told me that the hippies there—or the "great unwashed" as the locals call them—kill themselves with startling regularity. Urgent middle-of-the-night calls to help a hippie who has swallowed an overdose of something are a commonplace. One hippie cut his throat with a razor during a trip that turned bad.

From consulate to consulate, from embassy to embassy, from hospital to hospital I heard the same chilling story. One nineteen-year-old boy, an asthmatic whose condition was exacerbated by hashish, suffocated during an attack while surrounded by fellow hippies—all of them stoned—none of whom gave him the least help, or even called a doctor. The great virtue of marijuana, as the hippies see it, is precisely that it plunges them into that total indifference to the external world and its problems. An indifference, alas, that quickly turns into an extreme dryness of the emotions. An American told me that, stoned, he watched the fires and horror of the Watts riot in Los Angeles with the same sense of floating awe for the spectacle that he felt at the fountains of Versailles. During a similar riot in Chicago, while houses burned, the word spread among the hippies to get stoned, the better to enjoy the beauty of it all. The hippies commune while Chicago burns—little Neros in bud.

In the hospitals, where there are not enough beds for the natives, hippies are not admitted except in very grave cases. I was told of

numerous cases of pneumonia, of chronic bronchitis, of hepatitis; the liver inflammation sometimes triggered off by LSD is invariably fatal. One hippie, who finally died of this liver condition, went berserk and attacked nine nurses and doctors. There are no psychiatric hospitals in the happy kingdom of Nepal, because madness is not recognized there as madness. A deranged individual is either possessed by spirits, or in an advanced state of religious exaltation, and is respected in proportion to the extent of his deviation from the norm. The normal hospitals, then, do not accept the mentally ill. So these hippies under the "bad trip" cloud just wander. I saw at least half a dozen confused girls in this state going through the temples. Since from time immemorial Nepal has had its home-grown equivalents to the traditional "village idiot," no one is shocked. One of these hippie girls wandered nude; another was wearing a man's shirt. One young American clad only in a loincloth set out to climb the icy peaks of the Himalayas, while a Canadian spent his time painting wild, whirling pictures. But in all justice, here it must be said that perhaps this was a case of supergenius rather than madness.

The ambassador from France to Nepal—indeed, M. François is his name—told me the story of a young French girl who roamed through Katmandu in rags with neither power to speak nor control of her sphincters. He sent someone from the consulate to fetch her. She was an animal crawling on all fours, who urinated on the embassy carpet. The girl is in a hospital now, for life. Another French girl strolled naked through a pagoda, but in this case it might have been the suggestive sculptures that turned her head rather than drugs. The sculptures include a man with a huge penis to whom two women render homage; three males rutting with a young virgin who won't be that way much longer; and a Hercules coupling with a mare. The ambassador had the girl looked for, gave her some clothes belonging to his wife, and put her on the plane for Paris. At the New Delhi stopover, she threw off these "petit bourgeois" clothes and tried to escape.

They are still talking in Katmandu about the English girl who lived in a hut with some twenty bearded, hairy and virile Sikhs. She alone gave nights of easeful delight to all these warriors, worshipers of Rama, who was himself a great lover of women. The Sikhs had no sense that they were taking advantage of a sick girl. They believed that she was a reincarnation of Sita, the woman whom the god Rama had delivered from captivity among the apes and who had come back to grace their

beds in the form of a blonde hippie. But this demi-goddess was causing an uproar among the Western community, which finally intervened and sent Sita's reincarnation back home to her parents. Then there was the case of the young girl under LSD who cut herself to feel the magic intensity of the redness of her blood. Her blood whispered under her door all night long, and in the morning she was dead.

Apparently women drug-takers tend to fall part physically and mentally considerably more quickly than their male counterparts. First of all, for a girl to engage in so risky an enterprise as hitchhiking along the hashish trail, where neither daily hygiene is available, nor sexual security, she would have to be a kind of female daredevil, or brainless altogether, or simply devoid of either decency or coquetry. The fragile beauty of a woman does not support hardship well, nor circles under the eyes, nor skin without attention, nor sleepless nights. The girls also slide more easily than the boys into the permanent proselytism for drugs that rings through all manifestations of hippie culture. To show they are involved, liberated, they indulge with even more incontinence than their companions. And since their more delicate organism endures the rigors less hardily, they go to pot (forgive the pun) more quickly. I have been speaking of girls who are basically alone. The girls who are protected by a lover keep a better hold on their health and their looks. But in general, the boys seem to enjoy the sight of stoned girls; the girls become—at first—funnier, more devil-may-care, and also more easy, even lascivious. So the males let their playmates destroy themselves while they watch with an indifference and an irresponsibility that is quite stunning. They offer many smiles around the circle, or oranges, or hashish . . . but let one of their girls lose her footing on the slippery drug path, and she has nothing more to offer them; she is left to go her way alone.

To round off these tales of tragedy among hippie girls, I want to tell one story that I heard while I stood on the banks of an Indian river and watched the body of a pretty girl, laid out on a funeral pyre surrounded by a circle of mourners, go up in flames. It was the sad end of a girl of sixteen, from a well-to-do family, who met a hippie boy on the Pont des Arts in Paris and was drawn by him on to the hashish trail. In her white dress and golden slippers, she announced one day to her father that she was going to spend her school vacation in Geneva. Her father, a wealthy industrialist, asking for no further details, gave her a

generous check. In Geneva, the young girl—whose nationality I prefer not to reveal in order not to further identify her—met two long-haired boys who taught her about love, took her on the big leap into a strange, boundless world without limits, initiated her into marijuana and amphetamines, and then took off with her for the East. They had no money and the girl paid all expenses until they reached Turkey, when they were left with not one cent between the three of them. They tried to beg then but competition was too fierce in Istanbul, so the pretty girl turned to prostitution to support the three of them. That is the hippie law: whoever brings in money, shares it with his “family.”

They fared well enough through Lebanon, a rich country where prostitution pays well. But then, when they ventured across Syria, Iraq, and the immense expanse of Iran, business fell off because people had less to spend on such luxuries. But as if to compensate for the missing money, she picked up instead a venereal disease which—as prescribed by hippie law—she shared at once with her companions. On the interminable trip across Pakistan, business got worse and worse because people kept getting poorer and poorer, and her disease caused sexual intercourse to become more and more painful, so she started doubling her drug doses. When finally they arrived in India, there was nothing left of her but a rag of flesh covered by rags of cloth. One of her two companions showed me some photos. The white dress of the first picture had been sold to an Arab old-clothes-man, and the golden slippers exchanged for an old washed-out sari. In the second photo, she walked barefoot, and the pretty, round, rosy cheeks of Geneva had become emaciated, discolored, and covered with dusty sores. Her dilated pupils, rimmed by red eyelids, obscured all the once-blue iris. Her lover told me:

She hurt all the time. Pains in her belly from her infection. She probably didn't even know that she had gotten a bad case of syphilis along with everything else. To ease her pain, she took more and more drugs—in India she made the jump to opium—and to pay for the habit she kept going out on the streets, but no one wanted her any more she looked so bad.

The young man spoke with a even voice, but he seemed sincerely moved while he watched the burning pyre devour a being who had been floating for so long in the half-mists of stupefaction.

In India, they had been arrested for stealing food. As they had

entered India without visas, they claimed to have lost all their papers. They were put on a sort of reservation near Bombay where "irregular" hippies were detained for a while in all their squalor, destitution, and drugs. And the girl died there, just because her last resources had been exhausted. Her two companions, up to that point indolence incarnate, finally bestirred themselves to find the necessary sum to fill the last sacred obligation that a hippie who treads Indian soil owes to his dead. They worked hard for several days as stevedores to pay for the wood for the funeral pyre. And while her body was being consumed, they and several other hippies there for the ceremony chanted "Hare Rana, Hare Krishna. . . ." At the end, I watched them sprinkle her ashes into the Ganges, as the rite demands.

That's all that was left of a lovely girl, a cherished doll for sixteen years, when her mother and father could at last retrace her steps and put together the pieces of her story. A simple story of a fall that was no less tragic because it was stupid. It recalls irresistibly the old French ballad of the brother and sister with "her white robe and golden girdle" who run away—hiding from their parents—to dance on the Pont du Nord and drown. With this difference: our children of today travel on their thumbs, not on boats; they drown, not in rivers, but in drugs. And the moral of the story, as true today as when the old tale was written, is "This is the fate of headstrong children."

Embassies Up Against the Wall

When an embassy receptionist sees a long-haired youth with distraught face and haggard eyes arrive at her doors—and such youths arrive every day at the Western embassies and consulates in the East—she knows right away that he is very sick, or has lost his passport, or that the flower-child with whom he shared his bit of floor the night before has run off with his wallet.

I interviewed a number of Western diplomats, all of whom were stunned by the enormity of the problem, distressed by the violence of its impact, and basically didn't know what to do. The United States ambassador at Kabul, Robert Neumann, said:

I do not object in principle to the hippies retiring from the world. I have been a teacher, and I know that the quest for your own identity can be

difficult. But I do not think this can be achieved by drugs. The best thing for all these hippies who live amongst rats in conditions that would fell the strongest, would be to go back home. But I simply cannot persuade them to go, and I have no authority to make them. Only the governments could do something [that is, both the government of the hippie's home country, and also the host government] and they apparently don't want to bother. The saddest thing is that the hippies are withdrawing from the world at the very moment when there is so much work to do for the still-impoverished people of the world. (*New York Times*, November 16, 1969.)

The French diplomats have also been shaken by their inability to help these young castaways. One of them told me:

They come to our embassy to ask for money when they are absolutely at the end of their ropes. First, no budgetary provision has been made for them. If we did put aside money for them, the word would pass in two days, and we'd have a mob here; and they wouldn't just buy food with the money either. Some of them, who, in desperate straits, were offered shelter in the embassy, stole curtains, art objects, or stealthily examined other people's letters to see if there was any money in them.

Our Western embassies—and that of France especially—do everything they can to repatriate young souls lost on the hashish trail. Every embassy gets six or seven long-distance phone calls a week from parents desperate to find their offspring. All the embassies have set up special teams, staffed by people who blend easily into the hippie scene, who haunt the hippie bars and hotels to get a line on the runaways. They make discreet enquiries here and there, show photos, elicit confidences, gather news from the grapevine. A new profession has been created: runaway-searcher. A hippie can be found while in residence in one of the larger cities, but it is impossible to locate one who is on the road.

In many cases, the finding of a runaway does not resolve the problem. They often refuse to go home, and even in the case of a minor, the embassies have no coercive powers on foreign soil. But even supposing that an adolescent does agree to be repatriated, the way isn't yet clear: the ambassador has to telegraph the foreign minister in his own country; he has to find and inform the parents; the parents have to scrape enough money together to pay for an airplane ticket from halfway around the world; and by the time the ticket comes, the hippie has changed his mind and disappeared again! This time, since he knows

he is being looked for, he takes pains to hide so that he knows he can't be found. "This has happened to me four times in the last month," the French ambassador, M. François, told me,

and I can't hold the hippies in the embassy while we wait for the plane ticket; it's not a prison. And besides, they tend to be very careless of embassy property. And when they finally set foot on that Katmandu-to-Paris plane, even that's not the end of it. Half the time they slip away at the first stop, in New Delhi. We don't have the money to pay for a guard, and even if we did, would his authority be recognized by the countries in which the plane stops? And what right do we have anyway to keep someone from leaving a plane if he wants to? What's more, we are reluctant to call in foreign police; that can get very unpleasant. So we're back where we started from.

The British embassy has developed a plan to put a brake on these hippie mood-changes; as soon as a hippie has agreed to be repatriated, the embassy advances the ticket money to him, but the Foreign Office holds on to his passport until the debt has been repaid. The countries that have no embassy in a country on the hashish trail as, for example, Belgium has no embassy in Nepal, find it even more difficult to help their children in distress. A Swiss woman, who has been with the Red Cross for twenty years, and is known and admired among the local people for her dedication, told me about a young Belgian girl who, tripping on LSD, danced the light fantastic in the streets of Katmandu completely nude. The Nepalese authorities, who do not recognize that irrational behavior is a sickness, threw her into a woman's prison. She became violent, tearing the clothes they had given her, and throwing bricks at her jailers, until they chained her. When she was finally released, she fluctuated between states of exaltation and apathy, collected crowds in the city, danced nude under the erotic statues of the temples, and was arrested again. My Swiss friend telegraphed to the parents, "Brigitte very ill," and the parents replied, "Do everything necessary, we will pay." And pay they did, for they had to hire a husky male nurse to accompany the girl all the way to Brussels. Had it not been for the Swiss woman, Brigitte's life would have ended in some Himalayan dungeon.

This story received confirmation from an unexpected quarter: the heroine herself, whose name is Brigitte Axel, wrote a book about her adventures. The details of the book, entitled *H* (*H* for "hippie" and

for "hashish") corresponded point for point with the story my Swiss friend had told. Brigitte, brought up with all the privileges that personal attractiveness and high social position could bestow, had "let it all hang out" one drugged summer on a beach in Crete, and then she set out on the hashish trail—Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, India, Nepal. Almost every page of the book told the same story as this one:

A long-haired American [or Frenchman or whatever] pulls up in a little used car. I get in. A., who is plucking a guitar, rises up on the back seat. We set out for X. We find a room together [or a tent], all smoky, where we lay down our sleeping bags and smoke shit [hashish]. During the night I hear a girl moan, B. must be making love with her. C. and D. are on a bad trip; they've dropped too much acid, and beg us not to let them die during the night. I go to sit with them. The next day, we look around the place. There is plenty of sh-. I meet E. He's got lovely eyes, we like each other, and we stay together three nights. Somebody sells something from our pack to get a few dollars. We make parties, we dance, I make cookies, I smoke sh-, my friend F. shoots up [with heroin]. Suddenly he tells me he's leaving for Goa. My girlfriend N., who I met in Istanbul, shows up all of a sudden in braids that she's painted all different colors. She makes herself at home in our tent, and she's got loads of shit, we pass joints around to all our friends. Then I leave for Kabul. On the highway, an Italian comes rolling up in a little Fiat and picks me up. In the back seat, a girl is stretched out tripping on mescaline. There's a guy picking a guitar. We go on to Y. . . .

And so it goes . . . little grains of life, all the same, ad infinitum. Rarely a mildly telling insight, never a bit of questioning.

Didier's girlfriend is Swedish. I call her "the madwoman of Chaillot." You can't tell how old she is, she's dressed in rags, she uncovers her genitals or her breasts without really realizing it. She has attacks of malaria often. She takes opium. She will talk and talk wildly about a whole flashing world, all disconnected like she is. She's traveled with Didier, for a year, always by train; they really look so awful, cars on the road won't pick them up.

Then, exhausted by this concentration on one single topic, Brigitte picks up her dot-dot-dash style again:

Sylvie, in love with an English boy, disappears from my life. I take up, as friends, with two Japanese, Kaso and Kasi. They have set up housekeeping in a strategic corner of the tent. . . . We smoke shit.

Brigitte's straightforward narrative tells us that the great Katmandu crisis was precipitated by her third LSD trip. Someone, a stranger, had given her a pill and she threw it into her mouth without even knowing the strength of the dose. Either it was very strong or she had become very sensitive to it, because this third trip of hers sent her into a "chain trip": she hallucinated almost without let-up for a month, without another drop of the drug.

The embassies and the consulates are hard-pressed to grapple with these whirlwinds that swirl around them. "We aren't equipped to handle the hippies," is the diplomats' constant refrain. "We are dealing with a phenomenon for which none of our traditional modes of action have prepared us. We have neither the resources, nor the authority, nor training about drugs." Also, it must be realized that travel to the ends of the earth for practically nothing has become easier and easier, which certainly spurs these children into flight. Some controls should be placed on cut-rate air traffic, like the charter flights on obsolete planes, or low-priced student tourism on airlines so dubious that half the time the airplane falls apart before the scheduled return flight. And a whole new batch of derelicts are thrust out onto the bosom of a strange country whose language they do not know, nor one person who could help them. These young people lose their equilibrium, the ones who aren't basically sound turn to drugs, get into trouble of various kinds, and sometimes kill themselves.

Every young person who plays at being emancipated leans toward hippiedom.

All the hippies dream of setting out along the hashish trail.

At the end of that road, they find a bare room for vacant souls. . . .

The same room and the same soul they could find for a dollar in a Bowery flophouse.

6

Here, There, and Everywhere

The Canadian Scene

The hippie phenomenon made its way through Montreal and Toronto with dizzying speed. The journal *Médecine de France* (December, 1969) estimated more than 20,000 flower-children in Canada, which is a lot for a cold country, since it takes a burning faith indeed to wander barefoot in a glacial climate. Their center of operations is Yorkville, a Toronto neighborhood well furnished now with wild and startling boutiques and deafening discotheques. Their local newspaper is called “Satyrday”—very clever. I noticed in Yorkville that the police roamed the neighborhood constantly, always in pairs, on motorcycles, in squad cars, and on horseback, with their paddy wagons never too far away. That’s because the Canadian hippies, in many of whose veins runs Latin blood, cause considerably more trouble than the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon hippies.

I stopped near a club called “The Cop.” Ragamuffin boys were squirting water pistols at the legs of fifteen-year-old girls. I threaded my way through a group of older youths, whose topics of conversation were, as always, sex, drugs, and dealing. These offspring of well-to-do parents, whose families would be quite willing to keep them in school until twenty-five, have no particular social purpose; unlike their American counterparts, many of whom who feel responsible for political action against the Vietnam war and for civil liberties, there’s nothing much to fight for, which forces them to fall back on silliness: the right to sit on the sidewalks, to take drugs, to close their streets to traffic. They kill time organizing sit-ins, love-ins, sleep-ins, smoke-ins, invade-ins, and even starve-ins, in the course of which they sit on the pavement, make love, sleep, smoke marijuana, invade City Hall, or go on hunger strikes. Many hippies wind up in police stations where they are held for twenty-

four hours, after which they return to their amusements in the streets. Some of the older and harder affiliates of the movement join extremist groups like the Québec Liberation Front or pro-Chinese terrorist groups which try to turn the naturally rebellious impulses of these youths to political account.

Their most celebrated guru is David de Poe, a political activist and twenty-seven-year-old eternal student, who was expelled from the University of Toronto. He is paid \$600 a year to lead the "Company of Young Canadians," a youth organization sponsored by the Canadian government. It is he, with full flowing beard and long locks sleeking out from under a black sombrero like snakes slithering from a ditch, who directed the historic campaign to close a Yorkville street to traffic. One Saturday evening in August, some 100 flower-children started a fire in a Yorkville trash can and danced around it like voodoo sorcerers. At three in the morning, six of them were arrested, including David de Poe. In his room, he has hung pictures of the hairy Ginsberg and that hippie-Buddha Mao Tse-tung. It goes without saying that the Canadian press—anyway, its straight representatives—is scandalized at the spectacle of Her Majesty's government subsidizing such a fomenter of disorder, such an enemy of hearth and home.

Another luminary in the Yorkville sky, who is perhaps more Grand Guignol than guru, is Pops Gilgour. This seventy-year-old hippie wears a pair of striped red pants that he claims to have stolen from a sleeping policeman, a Boy Scout shirt, and a yellow slicker that could stop traffic. He wears a chain hanging with little bells, bottle openers, can openers, voodoo charms and a dog tail. He carries the spokes of an old umbrella in his right hand, and in his left the lower parts of a life-size plastic mannikin wearing nylon stockings and black panties. He lives in a hut that has taken on the air of a psychedelic bazaar. Pops sometimes finds himself sharing a paddy wagon with harder-shelled demonstrators, and was recently tried in court with a group of sidewalk-sitters. At the age of seventy, Pops has finally acquired the renown to which he had aspired in vain his life long.

But all glory is shadowed. His son has declared, "It isn't good for children to see their grandfather carry on this spectacle and shame our name in the streets of Yorkville. I won't have anything more to do with him." Pops has his parental problems too, but the other way around from the other hippies.

In Canada, during 1962, there were 24 indictments for dealing in marijuana. In 1968, there were 2000. I visited the rooms of several of the drug-takers, which were not much better than the hell-holes I saw in the Near East. I remember a garret in Quebec City—a magnificent French town dominated by the St. Lawrence River—occupied by four kids from fifteen to eighteen. A nauseating odor composed of the bitter fumes of marijuana, the musky smell of unwashed bodies, and the stench of garbage and animal excrement decaying in a corner filled the room. Two dogs, a cat and a white rat slept in the middle of the room. Bob, a freckled redhead, told me that the cat, the white rat, and two of his friends had all gotten stoned together. He was proud of his experiment in creating universal love: thanks to the mescaline, he had succeeded in reconciling the cat and the rat, who went off together on a trip to paradise. Bob, fifteen years old, with the face of an angel, had left his parents because "he had had their fighting up to here." He brought out a packet of grass and rolled a joint that he passed to another hippie, a deserter from the U.S. Army, who ran to hide under the bed every time anyone knocked at the door.

Other Bobs sell pot and amphetamines—five capsules for a dollar—to each other, but they don't trust anyone over twenty. As for LSD, its ravages have made themselves felt in the august halls of old universities. According to Dr. Morton Schuman of Toronto, 10 percent of the students of a certain university have experimented with LSD, and 5 percent of these could not continue their studies. One Liberal deputy of the Canadian Parliament, Patrick McGeer, revealed that some hundred students of the University of British Columbia have experimented with acid. A doctor at the psychiatric hospital in Hamilton, Ontario, reports that the acid-trippers come to him "dazed, terrified, and suffering from visual hallucinations" (*L'Action de Quebec*, May 13, 1967). Little colonies of initiates have set up, as in the United States, little chapels where they claim their right to use LSD as a religious sacrament. The marijuana smokers are, of course, a hundred times more numerous than the "acid droppers," so it is no surprise to learn that the Minister of Education, Leslie Peterson, has declared that the drug situation among students is the most disturbing problem that his ministry has ever had to face.

In May, 1969, an officer in the Ministry of Health of the large and beautiful port city of Montreal "judged it his duty to draw the attention

of his superiors to the grave facts that he had himself witnessed." He had discovered that 13 percent of the young people between eight and seventeen years old that he had dealt with were regular sniffers of model airplane glue. Extending his investigation to the city as a whole, he was "horrified" to find that the "sniffers" inhaled all possible household solvents as well as insecticides and lighter fluid. They would do their sniffing in a plastic bag so as not to lose any of the fumes.

The runaway problem is as acute in Canada as in the United States. When I was in Toronto, I learned that during 1967 alone, 1650 young runaway girls had been found by the police, not to mention the hundreds of girls who were not found. And how many flights had never been reported to the authorities for fear of scandal? In Canada, more girls between fifteen and eighteen years old leave home than boys. My source of information, a chief of police, told me also that the number of thefts, breakings-of-the-law, assaults, and rapes in the single hippie village of Yorkville is greater than in the entire rest of Ontario. But the saddest thing, he said, is what happens to these girls who, by and large, have barely emerged from childhood. "These are goodhearted young girls from honorable homes who, in general, come to Yorkville healthy and idealistic. But their hippie guides take them in hand and, in no time they are ruined."

The Canadian winter is a terrible ordeal for the flower-children. The glacial winds force the apostles for the wandering life to dive into their coffee shops to stand pressed up against the walls all huddled together. The owners announce angrily that they can't stay all day without ordering something, so they stroll from a café to a store, from a store to a gallery, and from a gallery back to their café, trying to keep from freezing to death. The long, terrible white Canadian winter requires heavy overcoats, gloves and furred boots. But as the newcomer hippies sold all these articles from their previous lives for a few dollars at the beginning of spring, and as the places where they sleep are hardly heated at all, they catch pneumonia. I have seen them spend the nights in automatic laundries, in the vestibules of apartment buildings, and in the lobby of a provincial legislature. But, despite the efforts of the "Diggers," who distribute food and hot soup to the starvelings of Queen's Park, as well as information about places to sleep, Yorkville becomes depopulated in winter. Smoke-ins and other carryings-on are impractical when your feet are freezing in the snow. So some go back

home, whereas others trek to Victoria, the "in" Riviera of the Canadian Pacific Coast, where they have set up a second colony on the temperate island of Vancouver. The flower-children have learned that it is hard to war against a consumer society in a climate where only urbanized and well-equipped people can survive; that is, people who consume a great deal.

Hippies in Britain

In Europe, Great Britain was the first country to be invaded, in the spring of 1965, by the whirlpool of hippieism and drugs. This movement did not spring up spontaneously: it was propelled by a boisterous assemblage at the Royal Albert Hall where American gurus like Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti spoke exaltedly of the joys of psychedelia. The participants, some 5000 strong, were asked to come with a flower. "For us, this was the beginning of the Year One, a marvelous and mystic thing," says one Haynes, who prides himself on not having one friend that doesn't smoke marijuana.

We are now in the Year Five of British hippieism, and 100,000 young English people are estimated to have gone the drug route. Their most illustrious guru is Aldous Huxley who—an apt closing of the circle—played an important role in the psychedelic revolution in the United States. His books, along with those of Leary and Watts, have become the hippies' bibles. How could one resist the temptation to expand one's consciousness when it is formulated with lyricism like this:

One brilliant May morning, [he begins], I swallowed four decigrams of mescaline and sat down to see what would happen. A half-hour later, I had a sense of being bathed in a dancing aureole of golden lights. Then sumptuous red draperies appeared before me, swelling and undulating from centers of dazzling energy whose patterns changed continually. Then I saw blue spheres which took on an intense solidity and ascended without a sound. . . . My books became a ruby, lapis lazuli, emerald, and topaz so intense that they seemed on the point of leaving the shelves of my library. . . . A little afterwards, a cluster of yellow tritomes in full flower exploded into my visual field, so passionately alive that they seemed ready to speak. Looking at a bouquet of cream-colored roses and violet iris, I saw what Adam saw on the morning of creation: the miracle, rising from moment to moment, of creation in its nudity. . . . Then the experience, a vividly colored, plastic experience, became mystical and profoundly religious. I understood now what the Hindu vision of beatitude must have been, the felicity of the

interior light, the illuminating Dharma of Buddha. (*The Doors of Perception.*)

Thanks to certain drugs, Huxley avows, one can relive the illuminations of the great mystics of history: in the West, Saint John of the Cross, Saint Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, Father de Foucault; Shri Aurobindo, Ramakrishna, Sivananda for the East. And the great English writer concludes:

The experience of mescaline is that which the theologians call gratuitous grace; not necessarily a salvation, but useful in its power, which one must accept with gratitude.

No one can deny that Aldous Huxley is a great master of words, but whether his dithyrambic flights on hallucinogenic supra-visions correspond to reality remains to be seen. Professor Zaehner, in his *Mysticism, Sacred or Profane*, says that Huxley was carried away by his own lyricism, and that he did not truly experience all that he claimed to. Professor Zaehner also took mescaline, and the visions that he reported—noted as they occurred by reliable witnesses—are much more of this world. Michel Lancelot, the author of *Je veux regarder Dieu en face* [*I Want to See God Face to Face*], has also experimented with LSD under the care of guides. The accounts he gives of his hallucinations—even though he himself claims a mystic illumination for the hippie movement—are disenchanting.

Other magi of hallucination like Leary, Watts, etc., have added their voices to the chorus, as well as the small-time charlatans who always march in the furrows plowed by the great men. Such a one is Henry Moore, originally from Oklahoma, who now plies his vocation in Great Britain as Leary's representative and the local high priest of LSD. "Thanks to acid," he had declared, "the hippies have discovered that there is a satisfying answer to *all* the questions the world poses." This sentence, as pretentious as it is ignorant, is a fair barometer of the speaker's degree of irresponsibility. He is presently the editor-in-chief of *International Times*, the English hippie journal. One can imagine the number of young people he has coaxed into the madhouse, not to mention the grave. The newspaper, with an average print run of 50,000 copies per issue, specializes in the usual: "police brutality," exaltation

of drugs, and sexual exhibitionism. One issue, which was seized by the police, explained in exhaustive detail the workings of a mechanical penis. The founder of the newspaper, John Hopkins, called Hoppy, charged with possession of marijuana, runs a psychedelic discotheque called UFO—"unidentified flying objects."

Henry Moore turns the young people on, not only to drugs, but to revolt against their parents:

You have to burn the bridges between you and those bastards [that is, all the rest of us]. Don't buy anything from them. Don't hang out with them. . . . If you can't convert your parents, forget them. . . . Remember that your father thinks the police are right and you are wrong. And your mother would like to think you have no genitals. They won't help you when you're arrested, they'll say you asked for it. But that's exactly what you did ask for: to be arrested.

In London, Hyde Park is the center for the hippies' rambles. Girls and boys stroll nude along the paths during smoke-ins, to give them an added touch of spice. But the most famous event, on the Isle of Wight, which Bob Dylan and other great trans-Atlantic stars lent their luster to, was an event indeed, kicked off with the spectacle of a very beautiful couple making love in front of 500,000 people.

Drug incidents crop up all the time in England, though the press only draws attention to matters that involve the stars. For example, Brian Jones, one of the Rolling Stones, drowned while he was stoned in his luxurious swimming pool. He had already been sentenced in 1966 to nine months in prison for some drug affair. Marianne Faithful, Mick Jagger's long-time girlfriend, was in a drug coma for three days. And the great Mick himself, the demonic leader of the Rolling Stones, was sentenced to three months in prison for possession of benzedrine, a dangerous amphetamine, and Keith Richards got a year for turning his apartment into a smokery. In less than five years, the number of drug arrests had multiplied by sixty.

In 1967, with the hope of braking the surge, Parliament passed the "Dangerous Drugs Act," permitting the rigidly controlled prescription of heroin to addicts, but otherwise banning all other drugs. They might as well not have bothered. Not only did heroin addiction continue to rise, but amphetamine use became so widespread that the drugs were blocked from sale in drugstores.

Drug lobbying groups seem to be abundantly provided with money. The mail organization, a group called Soma, with headquarters in the United States and a London branch, has taken entire pages of advertising against the "immoral" law against marijuana. These ads have been signed by the Beatles, members of Parliament, professors, and even doctors. Each year, Soma representatives organize hundreds of teach-ins defending the legalization of marijuana, along with radio and television debates on the same subject. Soma organized as well the first mass demonstration in favor of this legislation.

Since this orgy of pro-drug publicity has had its fatal side effects—madness, suicides, deaths—the same groups have set up rescue centers for young people who had OD'd ("OD" for "overdose"), so that regular hospitals would not be flooded with such a wave of victims that the public would be aroused and provoke the authorities into disturbing investigations. Soma has also created a sub-agency, "Release," which provides twenty-four-hour-a-day legal assistance. A sumptuous young lady named Caroline Coone with golden hair and amethyst eyes is the guiding star of this agency. Widely distributed flyers invite hippies in distress to call her at 228-77-53, whether their troubles be with the police or with their own health. A charming voice replies with the necessary emergency advice. At the beginning, Caroline made her headquarters in a tiny maid's room; now she works from a private house not far from Nottinghall Gate complete with several telephone lines, secretaries, switchboard operators, and the services of some thirty lawyers who have volunteered their services to the hippies. Caroline finds them work, gives advice on abortions, the Pill, and freakouts—drug trips that turn bad. The hippies have cooking facilities on the third floor of the building, and there is always a cup of hot tea ready for them. This whole organization is well-oiled by the contributions of rich benefactors. George Harrison, the ex-Beatle, sent Caroline \$12,000.

But all of these efforts, well-meaning though they may be, don't prevent one string of tragedies after another. One mother told me of her ordeal—a story that is not very different from thousands of others:

My son was killed by drugs. He was big and husky, six feet tall, but in high school he began to take up with a drug dealer, and started cutting classes. Soon the police started arresting him, we would stand his bail, they would let him go, arrest him again, and on and on it went until he became

permanently classified as a drug user. He was seventeen. He left our house—how could we stop him?—and things went from bad to worse. But in his very darkest times he would come back to me for aid and comfort. We would spend an evening making plans for changing his life and then, without saying a word, he would take off again the next day, for months. His splendid constitution deteriorated, he became emaciated, vacant-eyed, dirty. A doctor who thought he was being clever prescribed large doses of heroin for him, in exchange for a substantial nest egg in fees. Within a month he was practically dead. He took hospital cures three times, but in the end he died, since there was no place for him to go for long term re-education. The fault lies not with our children, but with their pop idols, brazen “heads,” whom the press glorifies as if they were gods.

A thousand mothers like this woman are powerless against the “pop” hero image beamed out by television. And since 1954, the number of drug users has continued to increase by 50 percent per year. The Minister of the Interior proposed a very hard law—passed by the House of Commons in March, 1970—to replace the half-measures of the past: any person convicted of trafficking in any drug, including marijuana, was subject to a 14-year prison term and unlimited fines; the illegal possession of heroin could lead to seven years in prison, and that of marijuana, five years; physicians who prescribed excessive doses of heroin could receive up to fourteen years in prison.

Will the severity of these measures block the growth of the cancer? No one can be sure yet. But you can be sure that the British Labour government could never have passed measures so contrary to its traditional liberality were the danger not grave indeed.

Swedish Hippies

Next after England, the hippie style made its appearance on the Scandinavian peninsula and particularly in Sweden. In Stockholm the hippies, their once blue eyes now eaten up by mournful pupils, congregate around the central railroad station, and sit on the sidewalks at the foot of a nearby church not far from grass-covered graves. These are the blond Vikings—in the ninth century warriors and plunderers, drug-besotted and stagnant in the twentieth.

Strange “recipes,” which grant an, alas, temporary euphoria—temporary since they simply aggravate the deficiencies they are supposed to ease—run from hand to hand in the schools, and very few

adults know anything about them. Professor Cronholm, director of the university psychiatric service at Stockholm's Karolinska Hospital, revealed some of these recipes—very simple, but so dangerous that they have been kept from the press—behind closed doors. The professor emphasized the prodigies of imagination deployed by the adolescents in creating drugs so unpredictably out of the most extraordinary and casual substances. One suggestion, for example, is to evaporate paregoric and inject it into the veins. Abnormal, incredible, but true. Regular cocktails of old-fashioned alcohol have been replaced by an explosive mixture made from preludin (an appetite suppressant) and paregoric on an LSD base (Stockholm Drug Conference, June, 1969). And, while for a long time marijuana was hardly used in Sweden—whether because it was too hard to come by, or because the kids preferred to use their creative imaginations—it has begun now to make its inexorable way through the schools.

Whereas heroin has been the great ravisher in the United States and England, young people in Sweden and Japan mostly curdle their souls with the amphetamine stimulants. The danger is so great that, in March, 1969, Sweden asked the United Nations to include, along with the other drugs outlawed by the Convention of 1961, a series of stimulants. It succeeded in having six of these drugs, including the amphetamines, placed under controls as rigorous as those for narcotics. Dr. Bror Rexed, director of the Swedish Board of Health, revealed that 10,000 young people were known to have given themselves intravenous injections of these products in doses several hundred times stronger than levels prescribed for therapeutic use. "The massive doses and the way in which they are taken," he added, "produce effects as grave as any we have ever seen, including with heroin. Several thousand of our young people are on the way to destroying themselves intellectually, socially, and physically."

In the Netherlands: The Provos

In Holland, the hippie movement is grafted on to that of the "provos"—a shortened form of the word "provocateur." And, in truth, they belong less to the flower-child school than to the Hell's Angels type. These provos have lost ground today, but several years ago they were strong enough to sow terror and chaos wherever they passed. They

would distribute the recipes for Molotov cocktails; they threatened to pour LSD into Amsterdam's water reservoirs; they organized public smoke-ins, raped young girls, kidnapped minors, hid deserters. They placed themselves against all and everyone, with no other aim than to provoke the established society and make trouble. One of their leaders, Luud Schimmelpenninck, was elected to the Municipal Council of Amsterdam in February, 1966. This thirty-year-old provo arranged to have bicycles, painted white, put at the disposition of everyone. This share-the-wealth initiative provoked much discussion, but very few bicycles, since they vanished in record time underneath the second coat of nonwhite paint that any freeloader might take the trouble to apply.

The city authorities abandoned an old unused movie theater to the provos where they could unleash their instincts behind closed doors—with the hope that they would keep their instincts there, and not spill them out on the streets. They used their new headquarters for gambling and free love. They also bought an old river barge which they transformed into a combined gambling den, smokery, and brothel, until the day that a rival group of hippies set fire to it. This latter group of hippies, called "Central Station" after their main headquarters in Amsterdam's major railway station, also have their games: rioting and general provocation, which earned them beatings by sailors, who also cut their hair off.

It was in an Amsterdam hotel room that John Lennon, the former Beatle, and his wife, Japanese actress-writer-sculptress Yoko Ono, held a week's love-in for the edification of the press, assuming, on order, all the positions of the Kama Sutra for picture taking. The point was not, however, to provide a systematic photographic study of comparative skin/hair systems—reddish and frizzy against black and smooth. The performance was, it seems, a protest against the war in Vietnam.

The provos infiltrate hippie love-ins and, to liven things up, they turn them into riots. In one of them, all the sidewalk parking meters were torn out, display windows broken, cars set afire, and stores pillaged. The chief of police was relieved of his duties for not being able to contain them—a coup for the provos—and their next target was the mayor, whom they managed to unseat in the next election. That is why the municipal council, in fear and trembling, went so far as to subsidize two hippie groups, "Fantasio" and "Paradiso," whose members graciously

offer "ecstasy cigarettes." The sophisticated provos preach "permanent revolution" in two newspapers, *Paper Tiger* and *Provo*. Their guru, Poel Van Duyn, author of the book *The White Menace*, studies Trotsky, no doubt with the intention of raising a new Red Army. If Trotsky could rise from the grave he would be startled indeed to see these new "proletarian" troops wearing little bells, smoking hash, and making love for all to see on the barricades of the world revolution. . . .

German Hippies

In Germany, the Bohemian quarter of Munich, on the grand Leopoldstrasse, is the place where the hippies, called "gamblers," dream their strange dreams. Some of them put their pennies into a sort of German automat called the "Picnic," while others do not hesitate to dissolve one drug or another into their beer mugs—a dangerous mixture of alcohol and drugs that makes the gamblers become violent. They beg in a very aggressive way among the straight, who will give them twenty pfennigs rather than cause a scene. They frequent a clutch of squalid bars, more squalid than anything in England. The ones who have no money for drinking gather in a place called the PN Club, an old barn falling into ruin where amateur rock bands screech out their noises of hell. Joints of marijuana cost 80 cents there, and a capsule of LSD goes for \$2.

The gamblers travel a great deal. They are true wandering hippies, setting off for anywhere with a sleeping bag and a pair of shoes, which they don only when absolutely necessary. They can often be found in Hamburg, where drugs are easier than in Frankfurt or Stuttgart. Sailors come from the Orient in general, and Communist China in particular, bringing drugs into the port. The gamblers are even less preoccupied with ideology than the Anglo-Saxon hippies, who worry less about it than the French and Canadians. All the Germans that I met on the hashish trail truly have no other interest in life than drugs and vagabondage. Faithful, however, to the German traditions of thoroughness, they bury themselves in the hundred-volume treatise on drugs that exists in their imagination, and studiously experiment with each paragraph. A sociologist at the University of Munich, Hans Gruner, sees them as the descendants of the mendicant, itinerant monks of the Middle Ages.

The Hippies of France

All the different drug routes meet and cross paths in France: the drug traffic from the Orient to the West; a stage along the hitchhiking highway from America to India; the route of kif which extends from the Scandinavian countries to the sun of the Riviera and North Africa; the D.T.'s throughway that leads from the sky to the cemetery . . . which is to say that hippieism in France is no less cosmopolitan than in Afghanistan or Nepal. Several sections of Paris have been invaded by the movement—the Latin Quarter, Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Montmartre, and others—as well as Cannes and Nice on the Côte d'Azur.

French hippies have not yet reached the point of sitting down en masse on the sidewalk, making love in public, or taking drugs under the noses of the police as in the United States or England. But that will come. For everything—from automatic laundromats to long hair, from exotic drugstores to exotic drugs—comes to France, some five to ten years after the Anglo-Saxon countries. So France can expect within a fairly short time to be edified by the spectacle of coupling couples and demonstrations against this or that. . . . There was a foretaste in November, 1967, on that famous “psychedelic” night at the Palais des Sports in Paris, where the odor of cannabis penetrated the air while, for the audience's delight, a “sexydelic” follies unrolled on the stage.

The most freaked-out creator of freaky happenings “à la française” is Jean-Jacques Lebel, who organized a marathon of “monstrous happenings.” “It's total war,” he declared during a nude bacchanal in Paris in May, 1965, in which a young blonde girl crouched nude on the hood of a car, her face covered with a death's-head mask, while a young sculptor, obviously in the grip of inspiration, smeared her with noodles. A professor from the Sorbonne was there to study the conceptual interdependence between noodles and sex. The students shouldered their way in to touch . . . the noodles. The blonde girl seized handfuls from her belly and pounded her aggressors with them while they cried, “Here, to me, here.” Total war had become macaroni mayhem.

This far-out happening was overtaken, so to speak, by another one in Nice in which a group of longhairs, called the “Panic Group,” crucified a living chicken. They had woven a rug from chicken feathers dressed with blood and tomato pulps for maximum effectiveness. This happening ended with a film of childbirth run backward. The wailing

baby returned, head first, into the sweet, warm receptacle from whence he came, with a white-coated doctor pushing him back in with all his strength; the next sequence showed the mother walking out of the clinic with her belly huge once again.

Clearly the French hippies are, after all, the masters of the "French style."

Buying drugs at retail in France is often a rather complicated procedure: the would-be purchaser whispers his request into the ear of a hippie-type, who slips it into another long-haired ear, and so on along the chain until the drug is returned to the consumer by the same route . . . that is, unless by ill chance one falls upon a narcotics detective disguised as a hippie. In France, a one-gram ball of hashish costs 20 to 40 cents. A joint of marijuana is 50 to 60 cents, while a capsule of LSD —available in a wide range of colors—goes for \$6. In private apartments in Paris or on the Riviera, cocktail parties have been replaced by "hash parties." A group of close friends gathers, each person bringing another close friend, for a "hash-in." "With it" party-givers not only do not hesitate now to circulate a hash pipe at their gatherings, they season plates of rice and pastries with the drug, which produces a much more rapid "take-off." But, ever since Commissioner Carrère came on the scene, your flying-high party-goer is much more likely to be swooped right into jail.

If a person has a hippie look, the chances are that he will be stopped on the street by a shady-looking character who will whisper, "You want some shit?" And he'll flash before you, nestled secretly in the crease of his palm, a brown pasty substance that has very much the look, and even a bit of the smell, of that item. "You want some shit?" is a very French way of bypassing the middleman to get cannabis direct to the consumer.

As for the wholesale trade, it is controlled in part by Levantines (Syrians, Lebanese, Turks, etc.), which is why hashish of Afghan and Pakistani origin—the best—can be found in a fair number of Oriental cabarets in the Latin Quarter. The North Africans are also active in the trade. Certain Arab bistros along Pigalle, in Barbès, and Nanterre supply kif, and these bistros have become the main source of supply in Nanterre for the students from the nearby university. There is also a hashish "made in France," an extract from the hemp cultivated in the

South. In the past year, Commissioner Carrère has had 943 clandestine plants uprooted.

Opium is smuggled into France from Cambodia, India, Turkey, and also Communist China. With a richness of imagination equal to that deployed by nature in the proliferation of species, history has added one more strain to her long roll call of apostasies: the Chinese Communists, who claim to emancipate men through the potion of truth that they bring, in fact sell them the powder of illusion to stupefy. . . .

Heroin is distilled in underground laboratories in Marseilles from a morphine base that is smuggled in from Iran; Iran produces its morphine from the opium that comes from the Asian countries. French heroin is pure and white as innocence, and all the more dangerous for that. Until the drug epidemic began to make itself felt among the French citizenry, the Marseilles distilleries functioned peacefully at full capacity. The business is dominated mostly by Corsicans, who ship the immaculate powder out through the northern ports—Le Havre, Anvers—or through Spain, to the United States, because the Americans pay well and in cash. New York's Narcotics Bureau has confirmed that 80 percent of the white heroin entering the United States on the East Coast was refined in France. The brown heroin, less purified, comes from Latin America—an area that does not employ the same quality controls as France. The Corsicans employ one to two hundred South American delivery agents who travel by air and sea so that, if they are picked up, Marseilles is not pinpointed as the point of origin.

The increase in drug traffic has provoked a counter-reaction in France. In August, 1969, Commissioner Carrère increased the number of narcotics police from 50 to 200. Their director, Commissioner Carrère, whose ambition is as much to prevent the evil from spreading as it is to cut out the already existing infection, is a tireless and brilliant lecturer who crisscrosses France to illuminate the drug problem for audiences of policemen, administrators, and customs officials, as well as for members of the teaching profession, sociologists, and representatives from the medical world. To combat the *Hydra-headed* monster, this doughty officer has installed himself in a tiny room in Paris which he has transformed into a small museum on drugs well worth the attention of a visitor.

During one operation in 1969 along the Mediterranean cost from

Menton to Montpellier, the police arrested 11 dealers and seized 50 kilos of heroin in one day. At Fréjus, seven young pushers were hauled into court, and customs officers seized 100 kilos of heroin at Menton just as it was being transferred from the Italian car that had carried it over the border into a waiting auto with French plates. The driver of the French car got away, but not before running over a customs officer in his haste. At Besançon, six different drug deals were uncovered in less than a year, and an Algerian drug trafficker was arrested in Marseilles, etc.

American hippies abroad play an important part in the nonprofessional drug traffic. At Bayonne, three Americans were each sentenced to two months in prison and a \$10,000 fine for drug smuggling. They were picked up in Biarritz where their pretty little flower-studded mini-car was found to carry a heavy load of hashish, some medicines so toxic that their sale is forbidden in French pharmacies, and some 20 brand-new water pipes, or hookahs. In Paris, a pair of American students were arrested carrying five kilos of "chira." They had recently come back from Pakistan where they had bought a great deal of cannabis for a very low price, to sell in France for transportation money back home at ten times more than what they paid for it. Thus, a goodly number of American hippies, whom one could not consider professional drug traffickers, coolly calculate their vacation budgets on profits drawn from the sale of death.

The rising drug curve in France can be graphically illustrated by the progression of arrests and seizures of contraband. In all of 1965, there were 107 drug arrests in France. In 1969 there were 1200 people arrested (994 users and 206 dealers), eleven times more than five years ago. 86 percent of those arrested were younger than 34, 17 percent younger than 19.

The bulletin of the Paris Police Prefecture announced in February, 1968, that, from 1958 on, the quantities of drugs seized could be calculated in grams whereas in 1969, quantities had mounted to 180 kilos of cannabis, 613 kilos of opium, 107 kilos of pure heroin, and 219 kilos of the morphine base. As one kilo of morphine base is equivalent to one kilo of pure heroin, and as one kilo of pure heroin is worth in France, on the average, at the time of manufacture, \$4000, these 326 kilos of combined heroin/morphine represent more than a million

dollars. As heroin is sold at retail mixed with twenty times its own weight of lactose, these 326 kilos of pure heroin would have gone on the market as more than 7000 kilos of commercial heroin. And as this is sold in the United States at \$20,000 the kilo, this seized drug had a potential market value of \$134,400,000. You could build a steel mill for this.

Not since the twenties have drugs been seized in quantities above—startling for the period—50 kilos (of opium). Now, in 1969, twelve times more opium than that has been seized and, over and above that, a quantity of heroin sufficient to intoxicate 26,000 people for a year, since a heroin addict absorbs, on average, 15 grams of pure heroin a year.

In the 1930s, the drug-users were mostly adults of the esthetic/intellectual milieus who mostly indulged in morphine and cocaine. And there were also the old colonials who had become accustomed to opium in Indochina. During their long ship voyages home, which could last several months, they “kicked the habit” by the famous “two bottles” technique. One bottle was filled with opium, the other with cognac. Every day they were administered a lesser quantity of opium and a greater quantity of alcohol. By the time they reached the shores of the motherland, their drug addiction had indeed been conquered, to be replaced by a raging alcoholism.

There had been no known drug addicts in France since 1948, affirms Professor Deniker, director of the neuropsychiatric services at Sainte-Anne’s Hospital, until its brutal revival in the last few years. Commissioner Carrère thinks that the beatniks were the original contaminating agents. Their early rock parties degenerated into hash or LSD parties, to the point that these substances had to be entered on the list of banned drugs. The wave of drug use has, above all, swept over the young people, as illustrated by the fact that 60 percent of the cannabis seized has been found in the possession of students.

One painful story succeeds another. In the high school at Apt, seven boys were discovered to be smoking marijuana daily. In the Grenoble high school, five students were caught with drugs. At Eng-
hien, at Compiègne, high school kids fell prey to strange kinds of malaise, inquiries were made, and cannabis was found in all their classrooms. At Nîmes, a group of high school kids organized ‘hash

smokers" at one of their teacher's houses. He was sentenced to jail, his wife was charged too, and twenty-one of the students were prosecuted. And I could go on and on for pages.

Most unfortunately, large numbers of these young people escalate into heroin. Some students were caught at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, others in Belleville, selling the white powder. Some doctors have made some dramatic revelations, though often not for publication. A psychiatrist, Dr. Claude Olievenstein, charged that some fifty boys at one high school regularly give themselves heroin injections. A schoolteacher's son, sixteen years old, was found in a state of total delirium; he had begun with marijuana "to be like everyone else," and had escalated into the drugs that kill.

According to Dr. Pierre Bensoussan, it is not rare, incredible though it may sound, to find drug-takers as young as fifteen. Professor Deniker at Sainte-Anne's has noted that the increase in adolescent suicide has paralleled the increase in drug use. "In the United States there are little drug addicts as young as eight to twelve years old." In reporting this fact, the French radio commentator seemed to take comfort from the fact that in France there is no known heroin addiction . . . among children younger than fifteen! Truly, in the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed are kings. . . .

The French public has finally been forced through several dramatic incidents into awareness of this strange epidemic. A seventeen-year-old girl died in the Bandol casino after her boyfriend had given her a heroin injection of three times the normal dose. This strange "friend" had let her die alone on the seat of a casino toilet. This brute, whose long hair had drained out all his intelligence, was admired by the sub-men of his species and by several sixteen-year-old virgins over whom he had gained influence, more through his syringe than through his penis, preparing his infected mixture with water from the toilets. He propagated his vice among young girls in order to possess them, among boys to dispossess them (of their "bread").

And then the drama of La Ciotat: One Jean-Claude Lamoureux, to be "with it"—"with" his intellectually cretinous little world—sniffed up pure heroin. He died immediately from a lightninglike pulmonary edema. In one single sniff he had inhaled three grams, whereas a confirmed heroin addict will normally not take in more than 15 grams

of the pure drug over a whole year. The bells tolled over Christmas, 1969, for six adolescents killed by drugs in the preceding months; and they tolled as well for all of those who will never be known, who have departed incognito into the blue death.

Robert Boulin, the Minister of Public Health, has also expressed grave fears about the situation. He has given three examples of typical drug-provoked upheavals among the juvenile population of France:

1. A young boy, expelled from his high school at sixteen, went to Paris. He began to smoke marijuana, then escalated to LSD, then to heroin. Today he is eighteen, and in a chronic state of delirium. He threw himself out a window, and will be infirm for the rest of his life. His liver is permanently damaged, and his case is irreparable.
2. For those who believe that one try—just out of curiosity—won't hurt, M. Boulin cites the case of a medical student, twenty-four years old, who took only one dose of LSD. His trip was a "bummer," and he has tried to kill himself six times in the last six months.
3. A young girl, twenty-one, who tripped on combinations of hashish and amphetamines, became a prostitute in order to support her habit. Incapable, finally, of walking alone down the street, she had to be hospitalized, and she lies there today in a sort of "zombie" sleep.

One psychiatric hospital, Villejuif, counted twelve admissions in 1967 for drug-related reasons; in 1969, two years later, there were almost a hundred. The director of the Villejuif psychiatric service estimates that there are 20,000 drug-takers in France who are receiving serious medical treatment, and of these, some 8000 are already hospitalized. These figures should be multiplied by twenty, he says, for the great bulk of drug-induced mental illness never becomes known to us.

Three thousand addicts have been committed to hospitals for heroin addiction alone, not to mention all the patients on other drugs: opium, the hallucinogens, the amphetamines, hashish. There is every reason to believe that the number rises much higher than the above estimates. Dr. Pierre Bensoussan declared in *Le Monde* (July 1, 1969):

The official figures are absurd, bearing no relation to reality, because the means placed at the disposition of our drug services are scandalously insufficient. No matter what the ability of our personnel, they can't deal with every case. Our hospitals, clinics and dispensaries are hardly in a better

position to know the real extent of it, because the only cases they see are those that are so grave or acute that the individual is *forced* in. Many drug-takers, because of the illegal nature of their indulgences, have a tendency to flee from any official institution as if it were the plague, even if they are promised that they will not be exposed. Distrustful by temperament, they "take care of each other," with catastrophic consequences, or else they don't take care of each other at all, convinced that their behavior has nothing pathological about it.

The police have a different clientele than the physicians. However, the two professions agree in saying that the number of drug-takers in France has doubled between 1968 and 1969. Professor Delay, a member of the Faculty of Medicine and of the Académie Française, has declared that the most stunning thing about the situation is not so much the number of drug-users, but the dizzying fashion in which this number has mounted in recent years, and the fact that the contagion has spread to the youngest sectors of the population to the point that, among last-year high school and university students, it has amounted to a virtual psychic epidemic.

Denying the fairy tale of "innocent" marijuana, Professor Deniker declares that the hemp plant, under all its different pseudonyms, can precipitate psychoses and lead to incurable mental difficulties.

LSD, at last, has begun to inspire fear, and French youngsters take less and less of it. However, certain incidents—the arrest of two boys on Saint-Germain-des-Prés carrying 6000 doses of acid, and the seizure in 1969 of 3518 LSD capsules, as well as the private LSD "parties" that go on in Paris, prove that the danger still exists. One Frenchman—a man who had been to these private parties—told me that hallucinogenic trips, even when not directed toward sex particularly, set up strong attachments between fellow users sitting side by side, much as the sexual act attaches man to woman.

Michel Lancelot, in his book *Je veux regarder Dieu en face* [*I Want to See God Face to Face*], reports several characteristic cases of bad trips in France.

First case: A young woman of twenty-seven took a capsule of 200 micrograms. She went into an hysterical crisis accompanied by bouts of nausea. Her anxiety state persisted for several weeks despite sedatives.

Second case: A girl, twenty-three, took a mild dose to experience lovemaking under LSD. She had terrifying visions, and thought she was going to die. She tried to throw herself out the window, and her friends had to hold her back by force.

Third case: A student of twenty took one dose of 250 micrograms, and was thrown into a state of acute depersonalization plus hallucinations that persisted after the "trip" was over. He had to be hospitalized. Three months after this single ingestion of the drug, he was still under medical surveillance.

Fourth case: A student took LSD without the assistance of a guide, or knowledge of the proper dose. That trip turned so sour that he could no longer reason, he tried to run away, and suffered seizures of violence. His fourth trip was the killer. He had to be hospitalized, and six months later he was no better.

The younger schoolchildren, who haven't "grown up" yet to the big-time drugs, take whatever comes to hand, from ether and white glue to mixtures based on corydrane or shaving lotions like aquavelva, in complete unconsciousness of danger. Some of them inject beer or whisky into their veins. All these poisonous concoctions are laid out for them in publications—veritable manuals, behind their innocent covers, on how to poison yourself—that can be picked up on any newsstand. There are detailed recipes on how to cook up various drugs out of ingredients that can be found everywhere.

We can understand the cry from the heart of Joseph Comiti, the Secretary of State for Youth: "Although I favor the abolition of capital punishment in general, the one group to whom I think it should apply are the traffickers in drugs."

And all these young drug-takers pretend to be "liberated"! Liberated from what? Unless it is liberation from the basic sense of self-preservation that is common to and indispensable to all animals. Look how the cat sniffs at her saucer of milk for a long time before she starts to lap it. Every animal senses that the earth abounds in substances that are poisonous to him, and his instinct keeps him away from them. No insect rests on the hemp flowers that exude the cannabis substance. These drugs are nothing more than poisons at greater or lesser concentration. On the other hand, every poison can be a health-giving medicine at infinitesimal doses, but only a doctor can prescribe them them

after long years of study, and only a pharmacologist armed with high precision balances can prepare them. Alas, our adolescents, who have not yet, at any rate, decided to savor the delights of cyanide or arsenic, offer up their veins to the first vicious criminal marching in the street with his syringe and his poison in his dirty pocket, letting him pollute their blood, the most precious substance in the body. These young people clearly possess a sense that the cat lacks: the sense for liberation.

Italian Hippies

In March, 1970, the world was shocked by a huge scandal in the land of *la dolce vita*. Some forty hippies, who lived in an abandoned house in Turin, had taken up devil worship and practiced sexual orgies and macabre bacchanals in a setting of skeletons and skulls that had been disturbed from their rest in a nearby cemetery. A number of tombs had been profaned and pillaged of their objects of value. Thus, this Risorgimento of the avant garde has carried us far back indeed, to the Witches' Sabbaths of the Middle Ages.

The cannabis plant will grow anywhere in Italy. Useless, therefore, to smuggle in hashish. It is there. On the other hand, the smuggling trade in opium and its derivatives is so brisk as to be practically an industry in itself. The smokeries parade under the names of "cultural circles," "recreation associations," "cinema clubs," "academies of avant-garde music." One of these groups, sporting the inoffensive, even wholesome, name of the New Sports Club, settled in a barge on the healthful banks of the Tiber, nestles a smokery frequently by . . . two thousand students from some twenty secondary schools in Rome. A high-powered publicity campaign sponsored by certain "drug vampires" had attracted these young people, whose parents were nothing but pleased by all the fresh air, etc., their little ones would be exposed to through the "sports club." But, instead of hockey sticks, the kids played with sticks of hashish. Inquiries were finally made, and in March, 1970, the police rounded up a hundred boys and girls, and learned of six other such "sports clubs" in Rome. The public feeling ran high, and the Minister of Public Instruction declared:

We shall act with the greatest firmness. We are consulting with school principals, directors, and parents of students to establish ways of exercising

stricter control over absences. We must at any cost protect our youth, and the whole country, from this scourge.

In the country of bel canto, musicians—who carry drugs hidden in their instruments—have played an important role in drug distribution. In September, 1969, the police arrested a Norwegian guitarist who had hidden two and a half kilos of hashish in his instrument; his accomplice was a Dutch composer.

The drug traffic in Palermo and Naples is kept pretty much within the capable hands of the Mafia—one Napolitan was arrested carrying six hundred million lire worth of heroin—whereas drug dealing in Milan is the province of the young. According to the head of the Juvenile Court, each young person arrested was carrying, on the average, a hundred grams of heroin, hashish or marijuana. For 90 percent of these young, most of whom do not work, 100 grams of drugs represents a capital that they would otherwise never have access to, even though they are actually only small time go-betweens to whom the large-scale dealers give “goods” on consignment, with no payments made until the drugs have been sold to the consumer. These small retailers, in their turn, make sales on credit. In this way the dealers, risking a small loss today, try to create a kind of hippie “atmosphere” and a sense of being at ease with drugs that will repay itself many times over tomorrow.

The director of the Toxic Products Center at the University of Rome estimates that 30 percent of the city’s students have experimented with marijuana or LSD. After certain “sit-ins,” the narcotics police found numerous butt ends from marijuana cigarettes among the debris; they had been distributed free by the students.

Also in Milan, drugs have become the most “politicized.” They hold the same position of honor in the leftist movements that was once claimed by free love and atheism. One leftist publication is called *The Red Drug*. Narcotics are distributed along with political propaganda, mostly Maoist, in the state-run universities, in the Catholic universities, and in the “now” nighttime places. The supervisor of the Milan traffic is a Dutch former provo whom the French Sûreté expelled from France after the upheavals of May, 1968. There are many couriers who transport Chinese opium by way of Albania. At Ancona, a port on the

Adriatic, a hundred kilos of opium worth hundreds of millions of lira was intercepted. The best Turkish opium, which contains 12 percent morphine, comes in through Trieste by way of Yugoslavia.

In 1969, in Milan, two Spanish students were arrested along with a young Italian electrician, and later a girl—a flower-seller, who squandered the mite she made selling roses and violets in front of La Scala on drugs—was picked up too. All of them belonged to extremist movements. In Turin, one February evening in 1968, a young German girl performer fainted in a night club. A doctor there recognized the symptoms of drug overdose, and the police arrested the young man who accompanied her, who gave them the name of his supplier: a hippie painter. A raid on the rooms of this latter gentleman led the police to an arsenal stashed in his rooms and, in his car, a complete apparatus for the preparation of heroin. Interpol was notified, and found that this same person had run down a Turk in Istanbul. Meanwhile, in Marseille, the French intelligence organization the Deuxième Bureau identified him as the accomplice of two Arab painters who worked for the Moroccan Liberation Front.

An Englishman named Crew, who lived in a Naples pension and frequented groups connected with worldwide extremist movements, had daily contact with one Philippe Libori, the head of the Maoist movement that operated out of Naples. Crew traveled around in a Volkswagen fitted out with what any well-equipped drug dealer needs: paper envelopes filled with money, precision micro-balances, and several hectograms of drugs. One of his colleagues disposed of the merchandise in a place called the Blue Grotto, frequented by sailors in the American Sixth Fleet. According to the *Sûreté*, Crew had ties with Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the firebrand of the events of May, 1968, in France, and he, Crew, had distributed anarchist literature at the Sorbonne in May, 1968. "Men like Crew are multiplying rapidly throughout our country," declared *The Red Drug* (December, 1969).

Helene Einaudi, the daughter of Giulio Einaudi, a pro-Communist publisher, and niece of an ex-president of Italy, was sentenced to twenty days in prison. Her apartment had been turned into a "progressive" smokery in which, after discussions of the Maoist creed and Pop art, *la belle* Helene and her guests rolled joints of hashish.

On Rome's Avenue Aurelia one lovely morning, a pretty girl stripped herself nude and threw her clothes away with abandon, saying

that the saints had ordered her to atone for her sins by humiliating herself through this penitential strip tease. A persistent odor of grass emanated from that silky peach and well-cared for skin. Her name was Marina Dugovitch, but she was called "The Redhead." And indeed, any passerby could attest that she was indeed a redhead from top to toe, which was only fitting considering that she had belonged to the red clan of Ché Guevara, and had served as a courier between its Italian branches.

Hippies in Switzerland

Even the healthy, rich and happy land of Switzerland has its taints of the infection. At Montreux, eleven young longhairs were sent to prison for organizing hash parties in the twelve-room villa of a rich Swiss who owned several cars, including a Ferrari, while declaring a monthly income of \$240 on his income tax. "To our knowledge, there are a dozen apartments in Geneva where drug indulgers meet regularly," the journalist Rolf Zwicky wrote in *Vigilance* (September, 1969). I myself stumbled unexpectedly upon some hippies, in an out-of-the-way ski resort in the Alps, who had found a sheltered retreat in the basement of a big apartment house. To keep the curious away, they had had the wit to tack a sign on the door bearing a skull and crossbones and the legend "high voltage."

The Swiss press speaks now of "the growth of the scourge," "the urgent problem," etc., indicating that the drug problem there is already serious.

To conclude this chapter on hippies and drugs in the West, I can do no better than to give the floor to the most eminent English criminologist, director of the Criminal Division of the Council of Europe, Professor Bishop. He declared, at the Congress of the World Health Organization in Stockholm in 1969:

In five years, drugs will have become a crucial problem for European youth. It will not do for us to console ourselves that this situation is limited for the moment to the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian countries; we must recognize that these groups are spreading the word everywhere, and that it is high time to protect ourselves against catastrophe.

7

Hippies and the Sexual Revolution

The four cardinal points of the hippie philosophy are Oriental mysticism, indolence, love, and sensuality, and in this chapter we discuss the latter two phenomena.

When the hippies are not criticizing bourgeois materialism, they spend their time denouncing bourgeois sexual hypocrisy. "Many adults who have preached virginity before marriage and fidelity after it have practiced neither," said one hippie during an interview published in the *New York Times Magazine* on July 27, 1967. "And many who have practiced these have done so out of fear rather than love." Another hippie declared to the interviewer,

Bourgeois morality creates egotistical, greedy bloodsuckers who have no other purpose than to hoard up the altruistic energies of the being beloved for himself alone. They practice a form of biological capitalism.

One flower-girl said, in the same article, that virginity as a value is also hypocrisy. "What's the big deal when a girl hoards a bit of skin just so she can exchange it for a gold ring or a ranch house in the suburbs?"

And there are graver things to be said. According to the hippies, the sexual morality of our puritan society is monstrously against nature. It leads to the enslavement of the senses, to physiological debility, to a kind of shrinking of life. It creates repressions, guilt feelings, and inferiority complexes that engender grave neuroses. Humanity is sick, very sick, perverse, deceitful, aggressive, and cruel because the "establishment" forces man to permanently constrain his most natural sexual impulses. From whence brother against brother, violence, and wars.

A young American, dressed Indian-fashion, who had been orating on a street corner in Greenwich Village, said to me, "Until several years ago, in the State of Connecticut, sexual orgasm was only legal if it happened between a man and woman who were married, who had their relations face to face, and who used no contraceptives. Yes, all these details were explicit in the law. And if the husband rolled over on his side or put on a condom, his wife could call in the law. . . ."

"And why is there a double standard?" threw out a girl in a mini-skirt. "Why is it that things allowed to boys are supposed to be forbidden to girls? That Victorian interpretation of the Bible that makes it a mortal sin for a woman to disobey God's commandments, while for a man it's fine, is just ridiculous now in 1970 when women are taking their places beside men in so many other ways."

An urchin from Paris that I met along the hashish trail said:

In the days before the Pill, the bourgeois made a virtue out of necessity. Virginity had to be mandatory before marriage to keep girls from dropping kids right and left. But now that a girl doesn't have to worry about getting pregnant, why should the straights care if a girl makes it? You'd have to be nuts or nasty to try these days to keep a girl from playing the violin between her thighs, or changing the bow, as often as she wants to.

The *New York Times*, which published the interview, noted another factor that has precipitated common premarital relations:

A physical factor in this new equation, in addition to the Pill, is that the average age for the onset of menstruation is 12, whereas a hundred years ago it was 17; while our female forebears—who usually married young—had only a year or two between menstruation and marriage, a girl today may have, because of the length and expense of education, more than a decade.

That's why premarital liaisons continue to grow in number. And a study made at West Virginia University, published in *Look* (1967), provides other reasons as well:

A West Virginia University journalist, reporting on sex as a fact of life on campus, found students agreeing on reasons for premarital intercourse. The reasons: physical desire; to show adults you are going to do exactly what you want to do regardless of what they think; to release tension.

Still more and more student governments are demanding that their schools issue a policy on when and why the student health services will prescribe the Pill. Students at the University of California, Berkeley, voted 4 to 1 in favor of campus clinics distributing the Pill to unmarried students 18 and over.

The hippies claim their right to the total sexual liberation that the "straights" have either denied them through narrow-mindedness, or exploited through prostitution and the "pleasure industry." We can all agree that sex is not merchandise. It is as inalienable as the brain or the heart. Sex is neither good nor bad. IT IS. It is a condition of life. To deny sex is to deny life. From whence the cry wrenched from the guts of a young Canadian, Léandre Bergeron, who felt himself to be a walking corpse from the sexual frustrations society had forced on him:

After twenty years of this aberration, we say, No! this isn't working, I've been had, this isn't possible, stop, stop the music. You're mutilated, atrophied on one side, hypertrophied on the other, twisted, humpbacked, cracked. You crave to turn yourself inside out, to leave your skin, your bones, your polluted blood, you feel that you've been captured, caged, they've civilized us, put us in a box, channeled us, oriented us, so that the life down at the bottom of us can only be heard as a faint moan. Life has been caught in a trap. . . .

What have they done to us? And for whom? And in the name of what? I came into the world like an animal, pure, ready to live, ready to stretch my limbs in the world, to cry a little, to eat, to caress my mother first, then little girls, then big girls . . . to love a woman, to lose myself in her, to take life from her as I take life from the air, then to die. But no. That's not the way things are. My soul was found to be filthy, my soul was crushed from the ancestral sin, I was criminal, I was descended from the ones who ate the apple, who know good from evil. And right away, they imprisoned my penis and my anus. Sex and excrement in the same bag. They taught me that I was divided into two parts, the high and the low, the good and the evil, a part above the waist and that disgusting part below . . . I learned that my little organ belonged to my father, to the tribe, to the others, that it was nationalized, that I couldn't reintegrate it until I had signed a contract with the Church/State. . . . The words have covered the walls of the prison of my being like wallpaper. They have dammed the rivers of my being with words, and forced my currents into great, useless basins.

These imprecations against the "iron noose" of society eloquently summarize the hippie platform in the realm of love. But what is the real situation? When the libido emblazons itself on the skies, when the Pill is distributed in girls' schools, when every American schoolboy and school-girl has his own checkbook and car, when adolescents take off for weekends or for long vacations without saying where they are going or with whom—in brief, in 1970, this revolt rings false, it isn't working, we're being had, stop! Stop the music of manufactured, hypertrophied, boxed in, oriented protest. The revolution has been caught in a trap....

We may well have leave to doubt that anyone has ever dictated the cut of Léandre Bergeron's hair, his smiles, his clothes, his gestures, his thoughts, his moods. In trying to make us believe it's so, Léandre Bergeron—without even being aware of it—deforms the truth at least as much as the hypocrites he attacks. His liberal family, his friends, his university, his progressive television, have glorified, in all registers, the exactly opposite standards: judge for yourself, develop your personality, refuse standardization, protest anything you don't like. Léandre reminds me of that politician on television who cried that the opposition was trying to seal his lips, while opening his lips so wide that you could see his tonsils.

Lawrence Schiller, in his book *The Killers of Sharon Tate*, made some pertinent comments on this point:

These days children reach a certain maturity much earlier than in the past. Kids in high school now learn things that, in an earlier generation, were not taught until university. Sexuality has invaded advertising and the general press. Schoolchildren can read *Playboy*. The songs that play everywhere on the radio today would have been banned twenty years ago, and the people who made and distributed these records would have gotten into trouble with the law. If circumstances permit, sexual life begins much earlier. If Booth Tarkington had written his book *Seventeen* today, he would have had to call it *Twelve*, if not *Eleven*.

It is interesting, as an example, to consider the confession that Susan Atkins, one of the girls in Charles Mason's hippie community, made to Lawrence Schiller. She had left school at eighteen. Here, summarized, is what this ex-high-school girl had to say about her "sexual prison" to the first reporter she saw:

I believe that my father wanted to sleep with me, especially after my mother died [I must add here that this was pure supposition on her part, for nothing in her father's behavior was reprehensible in any legal sense. This was, perhaps, even a repressed desire of Susan's, as we shall see farther on] . . . I was the only girl on the block. I was very developed, very attractive. I don't think my father realized that I had guessed what he wanted. But it was pretty uncomfortable all the way around. More for him than for me since, to tell the truth, I wanted to sleep with him. Yes. . . . All little girls want to sleep with their father, and all fathers want to sleep with their little girls. The same thing is true for little boys and their mothers. It's natural, but people refuse to recognize it. . . . I was successful with boys because they figured they could have me easily. . . . From the age of sixteen on, my family thought I was a whore. That wasn't true, but I could see that they would think that because I was going out with boys all the time.

Let us note that, according to Susan, her family considered her a whore, but that she didn't let that stop her from running after the boys at the high school.

Then Susan described a high-school dance where there were "big glasses of booze" and where she got drunk for the first time. She went on:

We went out with a bunch of guys and girls, driving around in an old heap. One evening a boy got me drunk and I wanted to try the thing everyone had told me was so disgusting. It was good . . . I had been anxious like crazy to turn eighteen—since earlier than that, it's not legal—to leave school and my family. But a long time before that I had already started going out with men, not just boys. I went into bars, got drunk, let dirty old men take me to hotels and do whatever they wanted with me. . . . By the end of the school year, I had no more reputation to lose. Besides, who cared? I went on thinking of myself as a good girl. I got engaged to Robert, but left him to clear off with Al, a very sexy guy who'd been arrested lots of times. Because of him, I got in trouble for car stealing and carrying illegal weapons, but they let me out on probation. I wrote to Robert and persuaded him that I would marry him. He bought me an engagement ring and everything. I let him make love with me once, and then I dropped him. . . . I got a job as a topless go-go girl that I kept for eight months, and I began dropping acid and marijuana. When I left my topless job, I was living with three or four guys. One of these guys wanted to marry me, but all I had to do was look at him and I saw my father. And then I'd laugh just thinking about it. I cut out again because, once I'd gotten a man to fall in love with me I didn't want him anymore, that's the way it was.

Susan went back to San Francisco and moved into a Haight Ashbury pad with a clutch of boys and girls who banged LDS and grass and each other. That's when Charles Manson came on the scene; a bearded, very brown, little man carrying a guitar, whose voice and songs were an enchantment. They hardly said four words to each other. The next day he took her to a hotel room, told her to undress, and looked at her nude body in a mirror for a very long time. She obeyed. She was nineteen then. She became his slave from their first relations, and never broke her vows of obedience even though he slept with her no more than three or four times in two years. But that's another story, which we shall come back to.

So this is the "sexual prison" that has entrapped the post-war generation. In fact, for several years now young boys and girls in the big cities have led all too free sexual lives. And it can hardly be said that they have chosen in an adult way. When someone explains that this is based on suppressed sexual complexes, they reply, "What are they?" Some of them seem to be quite jaded already when it comes to sexual adventure. Sexual liberation is not what they are after. They have it. No, the "sexual prison" idea is just one more gun in their arsenal of systematic, permanent, hysterical accusations against our society. That makes a hit. It goes over well. It gives you style. It gives you political brownie points. So let's believe that we're sexual prisoners, even though it's not true.

It's Léandre Bergeron, not "society," who "dams the river of being with words." For by blocking that river with a prison that exists nowhere but in his diatribes, he keeps himself from reflecting calmly on his own course. And he won't let himself see that the river branches out into other streams besides that of carnal pleasure: there are the streams of the mind, work, adventure, solidarity, tenderness, studies, sport, art, etc., etc., and that is what makes the man. Certainly the first stream, that of pleasure, is a thing of beauty and ought to be let flow freely—along with all the others. But Léandre, like all the hippies, has nothing to do with the others. In the end, his inflated rhetoric obscures more human horizons than it illuminates.

The hippies, in their passionate denunciations of a moral code that is no longer observed—a code that has certainly never weighed on their own lives—remind me of that kind of "inertia of indignation" that has

often struck me on the left. Leftist groups love nothing more than to issue calls to arms for causes that have already been won. And—the strangest thing of all—the long-dead enemies that the left continues to hold up to scorn are enemies that the left itself has defeated. But they prefer to leave old accounts artificially open rather than acknowledge their own victory and go on to something else. This morbid concentration on old issues stems from the fact that these blots on man's record once invested the movement with a prestige that cannot be renewed on other registers. So they blow on the embers of old crimes to preserve the savor of their denunciations. I know some men of the left who would rather die than admit that the great issues of 1870 are dead in 1970, who would gladly give five years of their lives if a new tribunal could unjustly convict a new Dreyfus. Our valiant hippies who set off to wrest a sexual liberty that no one is keeping from them belong to the same line.

The hippies' closed doors may really be wide open, but we must in all fairness admit that they have proved to be genuine trailblazers in one sense: they have, on the other side of those doors, done some things that most audacious free spirits of the past would never have dared to do. Earlier seekers after the garden of delights have hardly pushed through the gates. It has been left to the hippies to carry the exploration of sensuality much further. They have struck new paths, and it is into these trails that we will follow them. Hold on tight.

Tantric Love

For a hippie, to live is above all to love, which means that the more profoundly he explores all the aspects of love—romantic, sensual, mystic, carnal, hallucinogenic—the higher will he rise on the tree of life. Making love should be an art say the hippie magazines, taking its place in the pantheon of the arts along with architecture, poetry, music, and cooking. And just as the development of any artistic talent requires a period of apprenticeship, of application, and of imagination, the act of the flesh cannot attain its zenith except after serious study and practical exercises. This is the only way that the world becomes exalted. The Hindus understood well that the sexual act is the art of arts and requires an inventive spirit, and they have immortalized it in their monuments that have served as a fount of instruction for the last thousand years.

That is why the hippie press devotes so many articles to the supreme cult of carnal love among the Hindus. To give an idea, I will summarize the long illustrated study by Thad and Rita Ashby, two American writers, that was published in the *Oracle* of November, 1967. Their article is based on three years of research in Mexico; researches, by the way, that were sponsored by the Sandoz pharmaceutical company, the company that made and distributed LDS in the United States until it was declared illegal. The study begins with an expression of regret that

The yogis lost the integrity of their sensuality when Hindus adopted British moral values. The British condemned the great Tantric Temple of Konarak by calling it "the obscene pagoda."

I visited these temples—the temple of Konarak and the other great temple, of Kajaruajo—myself two years ago, and I did indeed admire these lascivious, fascinating sculptures. All the sexual variations of which man, woman, and the gods are capable have been carved by masters in the double art of loving and of sculpting. There are also parties of three or four, and even relations between man and animal. The prudish Britons of the 19th century must have been shocked indeed. The imagination with which the sculptors have represented the diverse positions of love—the Hindus describe thirty-two—is touching and naive in the temples of Konarak, powerful and suggestive in the temples of Kajaruajo. The expression of ecstasy on the faces, the clenching of the hands, the abandonment of the torso, the passion of the muscles, the eyes fixed on the great beyond of sensuality—all of this spouts out from the rock. And the stone imbues ecstasy with its nobility and its eternity. This fantastic virtuosity provoked the Ashby's to write, "The inventors of new sexual positions were choreographing sex-play." They go on to discuss the effect of Victorian prejudices on India:

In India, Westerners fight to keep the jungle out of one's garden. The jungle is almost obscene. God's shameless drunken sailor spending his fecundity. The jungle bursts with sexual digestive display—flowerings, rootings, seedings, fruitings—writings with Life/Death/Rebirth. Nature, which we now confess includes ourselves, in a super sexual whammy.

The 19th-century Puritan sublimated sex (all erotic energy) into culture. The contemporary (Playboy) Puritan discharges energy (tension)

whenever any arises. Allowing sex to grow and blossom like an exotic perfumed bloom takes more time than Game/Time people have. So our (Western Man's) sex life is anxious. We dissolve the ego of Western Civilization during that one moment of body rapture: orgasm. After orgasm: anger. We alleviate our tension, as do addicts, temporarily, by concentrating pleasure very locally, very genitally. The more we do it, the more we perpetuate our sexual hang-ups.

After orgasm, we tend to lose our sense of generating an exchange of energy (synergy), perhaps. Like a circuit grounded, we dissipate our energy —we cannot contain the charge for long—we lose the magnetic moment of fusion.

If sex isn't fully soul-satisfying, we afterwards feel frustrated and then guilty. If Western man "hates himself in the morning," he is not alone; his woman also hates him. She feels used, not for a great religious purpose that subtly explores her multi-dimensions of ultra purple . . . of silken fire —but used as a means of relieving but not releasing his neurotic tension. Today, Watts, Brown, Marcuse, Von Urban, McLuhan and Leary are engaged in a restoration of the integrity of sensuality. Consciously or unconsciously they all use a more-or-less tantric approach. . . .

What, then, is the tantric approach? The unique thing about tantra, as the Ashbys see it, is that it does not believe in metaphorical love. It believes that the true transference from one being to another is only possible through physical engagement.

The word Tantra literally means "touch." Being anxious, our Western orgasm shows a crescendo profile. Starting slowly, it builds rapidly to a fast final brief banging of gongs. Tantrics think the only way to, say, take a kitten or a wild animal such as a human being, is to touch her, stroke her, pet her.

In Maithuna, the man does nothing (no motion) to bring on orgasm. Most often he delays it, at least until the end of the ceremony. Ordinarily the woman sits astride the man facing him upright, her legs not in lotus but wrapped around his waist; the man puts his hands on her back; she hangs her hands over his shoulders. She is always the active partner. In Tantra man becomes receptive, letting her call the tune. Whether or not his erection continues isn't important, in this position, it can't slip out.

Delaying the orgasm needn't apply to women. Women are not as genetically organized. Their orgasms do not dissipate the divine fire but diffuse it—they're more innocent, like children (polymorphously erogenous). Freud. Brown. Watts. Women feel just as sexy dancing or having their hair stroked. Like cats they are more tactilely sensual. A man is

encouraged in our Puritan/Playboy culture to concentrate his sensitivity and his feelings in his [genitals]. Maithuna (with Moksha medicine) re-diffuses man's genital energy. The entire body feels lit up in ultra-purple infra-orange haloes of ecstasy. A crown of lights shimmers round the head, and jewels of fire radiate an electric orgasm from the brain.

Supposing you plug one generator into the wall and put another generator beside it—but not plugged in. Now as the plugged-in generator wraps its field around the unplugged-in generator, the unplugged-in generator begins to whine, soon racing along as fast as the one that is plugged on. The analogy to Tantra is that woman is somehow at this stage of history more plugged in (than man) to the biological rhythms of earth/moon/sun. Man needs to be rapt, wrapped in her field—long enough to hear the “divine whine.” After an hour or two of this long sweet communion (the actual duration depends on how high you are) you begin to create somehow the feeling of a third presence. This presence is made up of the two separate selves overlapping, melting down and “blessing.” When this blesing occurs a field is created—it pours out your pores like shoots of light opening out a way “whence the imprisoned splendour escapes.” The purpose is to inhibit man's compulsion for rapid motion. Mate on lap, he can't move too violently. Maithuna is a means of prolonging the experience, abolishing Game/Time, entering awareness of eternity. Slowing a man down, eliminating his pillaging, looting motions, allows him enough time, enough eternity to experience a woman, really experience her. Man is about, hints McLuhan in *The Future of Sex*, to become a woman.

When at last the field of electro-magnetism is whining-shining around about both of you, you feel her blood flowing in your veins; scratch her back, and feel her fingernails on your own back, look into her eyes, your two eyes together create a third eye, a third presence, whose eyes shine forth another color. If your eyes are blue and hers green you will look into aqua eyes—right? But then yellow eyes appear! Another presence, a new person has come into being! . . . The communion should last at least two hours. If in that time a man surrenders sensitive awareness of the woman, feeling her blood flow, vibrating to her metabolism, breathing her breath—he will know the meaning of *Tat tvam asi*. It is the awareness of unity physically. Felt in blood and bones: we are one.

Using this as a starting point, the hippies have gone several steps further, by multiplying tantric joys through psychedelic sacraments. The hallucinogenic drugs, they contend, are more aphrodisiac than any other chemical (a conclusion disputed by the medical profession which claims that, except for the amphetamines, the hallucinogens diminish the sexual appetite. And indeed, that is precisely the point we shall be

making further on). Timothy Leary affirms that the sexual energy aroused by LSD is universal, cosmic, divine. That is why so many hippies are no longer interested in purely genital fornication; the sexuality released by LSD is considerably more diffused than anything they had experienced before. With LSD, according to Leary, you are released from genital specialization, you can soar with marvelous things you never attended to before—the sound of a flower, the vision of music, the harmony of creation. And Maithuna under LSD will deliver your soul from the thrusts of anxiety, from hate and from the commonplace, and you can explore the cosmos in total communion with carnal and divine nature. In tantric voyages on acid, you will copulate with the universe. You become a tree in flower pushing your roots profoundly into Mother Earth. You become an electro-love generator for the earth, a protector and fecundator for all of nature.

Alas, there is a good chance here—and these are not the hippies talking, but the medical profession—that you will end up in a mental hospital, or will father a monster, from the deterioration of the brain cells or the chromosomes caused by LSD. No doubt the Hindus themselves would sometimes utilize some drug or other to enhance their sensations—almost certainly their own domestic hashish, whose erotic virtues have been celebrated since furthest antiquity, along with its pronounced toxic effects. However, the hashish poisons are still considerably less than that of LSD.

To return to the Ashbys' Hindu practices—which in their pure state, at least, are practiced without LSD—the two researchers conclude: couples who practice Maithuna each day say that the mutual sexual surrender soothes their aggressivity. This art banishes jealously, cruelty, vanities, or wounds of the ego, all of which are based on the false premise that we are separate when indeed we are one. The woman is freed from her hatred of herself and from the sense—instilled in her through an act of love that is still very much like the rape the cave man committed on his woman—that she is an inferior being. Freed from the prison of masculine domination, the woman takes the initiative of movement upon herself. The man must understand that the frigidity of woman is a defense against masculine aggressiveness. But if the man is completely relaxed and open to her, it is the woman who will become aggressive and who will pay him extravagant sexual compliments.

Women who practice Tantra regularly begin to look literally like flowers. The sheen of their silken skins glows with Eros. Innocence and vulnerability shines from their great soft warm dilated eyes. The communion usually inspires women with great self-confidence, for Tantra is a form of worship. Every woman is God's bride, Sakti! Sakti! . . .

In fact, Thad and Rita Ashby have hardly improved upon the exotic island utopia "Pala," brought to life by Aldous Huxley. The inhabitants of Pala, "delivered from the puritan proscriptions against the human body," practice tantra Yoga "cool sex." They use the magic mushroom Moksha, a medicine that instills erotic energy, and for hours they transfix one another in Maithuna. The people of Pala are the happiest in the world. . . .

But the Ashbys have made one discovery that should win them the Nobel Prize: group Tantra. They counsel that a group of men and women engage in Tantra together; that is, the couples should take a drug sitting side by side in a circle in the dark, linked by holding hands, while listening to psychedelic music. They have discovered that such a practice will give rise to a group magnetic field considerably more powerful than the individual magnetic field, in accordance with an exponential mathematical formula.

If everyone would practice "cool sex," say the future Nobelists, society would lose its strains. If the military would practice it, we would enter into a great period of peace and artistic creation, like ancient China during its "out of time" period when the emperor sat, meditated, looked toward the south, drugged himself with opium, but did nothing, absolutely nothing, but love women. Millions of Chinese perfected tantric taoism. They became so expert in the skills of sex that, when they were invaded by the Great Mogul Khan, they surrendered immediately. However, the soldiers of Khan were so drawn by the young Chinese girls trained in the tantric arts that, whoosh, the Mongol invasion was totally absorbed in the bosoms of girls with soothing eyes.

It must be said that this is a rather dubious interpretation of history. In fact, the Mongol invasion cost unhappy China tens of millions of dead, and the conquering barbarians were not assimilated until after two generations. Which indicates too long a wait, even in the Maithuna position.

The Ashbys go on:

The Chinese Empire—while ruled by Emperors who did nothing, who sat looking South, took drugs, wrote poetry, and enjoyed sex as a science—lasted thousands of years and produced art which can only be called eternal.

This is also fantasy history. God knows that I venerate peace. But the truth obliges me to say that Chinese art also came to great peaks during very bellicose, imperial eras. And the most prodigious outpouring of art in human history came during the Italian Renaissance, while its princes—the Borgias, the Medicis, the Viscontis—warred and intrigued incessantly, indulging in-between-times in hasty, brutal, dominating, and not very tantric orgasms.

The Ashbys go on to play the prophet on the basis, so to speak, of the thirty-two positions:

If we (the Americans) withdrew to our shores, and declared a policy of neo-isolationism, and everyone went home to turn on and practice divine Tantra, we would in six weeks become a different kind of people, a people whose weapon is love. If after LSD, the Hell's Angels became the Diggers —then with Moksha plus Maithuna, anything is possible.

The hippies have taken Freud's assumption that the arms of war are phallic symbols, and leaped to the conclusion that "straight" love is war or, in other terms, weaponry is nothing but a product of the sexual frustrations of males in puritan societies, that is, aggressively dominating because sexually frustrated. Which proves, therefore, the Ashbys' theorem that "Prolonged peace may be the only way to prolonged peace."

The reader may well be surprised that a "serious" political writer like Suzanne Labin has ventured onto the tortuous paths of tantric love. But since, as the two researchers explain, two-hour communal pleasures can expunge war forever from our planet, and since this would have incalculable consequences on East-West relations, it is only natural that even anti-Communist writers might lend an attentive ear to tantra. First because tantra may assuage the political frustrations that such writers suffer in their unappreciated struggle. Next, because antimissile missiles have been declared obsolete as protection for the

West against totalitarian aggression; a psychological counter-war is what is called for now. Just teach the Maithuna position to all young girls in the West, and if the troops from behind the Iron Curtain should adventure one day onto our free soil, then our young experts will just have to practice their Maithuna on the invading soldiers and, quick like a bunny, the invader will be conquered by ecstasy.

Free Love

One obvious consequence of the hippie philosophy—that is, the primacy of personal pleasure over any other value—is the claim for total liberty of sexual experiences, including the right to change partners when the mood hits, the right to homosexual love, a child's right to masturbate, even the right to union with lower animals. All these claims are posed, developed, and justified in the hippie press, sometimes accompanied by hair-raising descriptions. Our riders of the purple sage are spreading the word by setting up "Leagues for Sexual Freedom" in all the large cities of the United States, and inviting everyone to come to meetings. One group has taken the slogan, "Girls of the world, screw. You have nothing to lose but your chains. . . ." Many of the groups confine themselves to declarations of principle, but others pass the line from theory into action. The *Berkeley Gazette*, on April 24, 1967, gave a detailed description of some of the orgies organized by one of these clubs—all you can get for a dollar, drinks included. Once the kids had gotten squiffy—they were mostly very young—they were ripe for servicing the pacifist-nudist warriors. Two young people of sixteen told about the time they went to a club in all innocence, expecting lectures on sexual liberty. They went up a flight of stairs, and ran first into a woman wearing nothing but a blouse that just reached her navel, running around the room pursued by several naked men. The two sixteen-year-olds opened another door and saw a bedroom filled with mattresses strewn with nude bodies of any sex engaging in sexual relations.

In one hippie commune, eight men shared one girl, according to the *National Police-Gazette* (February, 1963). Nonetheless, most of the time, in communes, people live in couples and stay with each other at least for a while. When one person wants to change, he looks for

another partner outside the commune, so as not to create painful rivalries within the group. Then there are the communes—not very numerous—that are big on ceremony, where they play at a marriage ceremony each time a member of the commune makes love with a new partner. If you change ten times during a month, you will participate in the complete ceremony ten times.

Other communes, on the contrary, practice the kind of sexual sharing common to certain ancient Persian tribes. Every member belongs to every other, and must carry out the service of love with good grace—as if one were serving tea—at the first request, whether it be in front of other people or in a corner. In this kind of commune, Roman-style orgies are naturally frequent, except that the lyre has been replaced by the banjo.

In still other communes, a kind of “sexual fascism” reigns in which a fuhrer disposes of all the girls and all the young men who live under his care. This was the case with Charles Manson, who had his serf hippies call him Christ, God, or Satan, according to his humor. His behavior was so much like, in a hallucinant sort of way, that of the terrible 12th-century Persian Hasan Ibn-Sabbah, that one might wonder if Manson copied him deliberately. Like Hasan, Charles picked up, in the course of his wanderings, girls and boys between fifteen and twenty years old, and very beautiful of body and face. Both communities drugged themselves with cannabis, but Manson added the explosive element of LSD. As Hasan launched death raids from a fortress hidden in a lost mountain, Charles ordered his own from Death Valley, one of the most deserted areas of the United States. Like Hasan, who was called “the old man of the mountains,” Charles was ambitious, fanatic, cruel, vicious, and a false prophet. Both of them made their followers believe that they spoke the word of God. Like Hasan, Charles refined the practice of assassination by knife, and ordered his kids, whom he had first intoxicated with heavy doses of hashish, to go and disembowel people they didn’t even know without mercy. Both men practiced political murder, the Manson killers writing “kill the pigs” on the walls with the blood of their victims, and even engraving it with a knife on the chests of their victims. Hasan plunged the Islamic world into terror for decades, from whence comes our word “assassin,” though we do not know whether the word derives from “Hasan” or

from "hashishin," "eater of hashish." Charles Manson, unfortunate in having to deal with the police of the 20th century, could order only half a dozen murders. But he planned his murders in such a way that blacks would appear to be the criminals, with the hope of sparking off a racial conflagration which his tribe could watch happily from their lair in Death Valley.

As for the sexual mores that reigned in this empire of perversion and blood, Susan Atkins made this confession (which I summarize) to Lawrence Schiller:

Our family was made up of some twenty girls and about a half dozen boys, because Charles knew that, even though he wanted all us girls for himself, you do need some men for heavy work and hard times. Charles chose his own partner every evening according to his mood, and the other girls were available to the other boys. He also offered us to occasional ranchers who would let us stay on their places for a while, or to a passing friend. We met one guy in New Mexico, and Charles told me to sleep with him. This guy got me pregnant. It was Charles who delivered me. That happened in an empty cabin in Death Valley. He had already delivered other girls, by himself. There were two babies being lugged around in our caravan from one camping place to another. One time, the caravan turned over in a ditch and we had to stay there until the police came. When they saw the way we were living, the police gave us summonses for endangering the life of a child.

After the butcheries at the homes of Sharon Tate and the unfortunate La Bianca couple, the police arrested several girls who were implicated in car thefts and killings that they declared they had committed under the satanic enchantments of Manson. And indeed it seems that the enchantment continued, because the young prisoners—from sixteen to twenty-one years old—startled their jailers by parading nude in their cells and dancing in the costume of Eve to music that only they could hear.

Let us recall that, according to the hippie philosophy, our society has been made aggressive, cruel, and bellicose through the imposition of puritan morality, Victorian inhibitions, sexual repressions, and feelings of guilt. Now here we have a community—exceptional, yes—but no less hippie from the soles of their feet to the ends of their long hair, who lived in indolence, scratching their necessities by thievery and

scrounging, who drugged themselves, whose sexuality was pushed to the extreme—there was certainly no repression there—and who, despite this, indulged in acts of horrifying sadism. They struck the legs, the heads, the bellies of their victims with old daggers or kitchen knives. The lovely Sharon Tate, eight months pregnant, asked mercy for her child; which they bestowed with their knives. Then they plunged a napkin in her belly and wrote the word “pigs” on the door in her blood. In the La Bianca house, they took showers and then gorged themselves on the food in the refrigerator while bodies sprawled at their feet . . . one of the girls plunged a kitchen fork into the belly of one of the bodies.

The hippies will cry that the flower-children can certainly not be identified with a few monsters on whom the glare of publicity has fallen. However, we are not, in fact, dealing here with a few isolated cases; scenes of pillage, aggression, and murder have multiplied in California to the point where professional truck drivers hardly dare to stop en route for a bite to eat, and feel terror if their trucks should break down on the highway. For ordinary people now, the word “hippie” has begun to evoke the same images of theft, abduction, rape and cruelty that the word “gypsy” did in the Middle Ages. I in no way hold the overall hippie community responsible for these scabrous ne’er-do-wells. But this is what the hippies do: they apply the crimes and cruelties of some individuals in our “straight” society against the whole society. Above all, the story of the Manson tribe, and of other “liberated” satanic churches, proves the inanity of the hippie thesis that human aggression derives from nothing but the repressions imposed by the established order on the libido and other sources of pleasure.

Let us close this section by affirming that there are indeed hippie communities that hold to the value of fidelity in love. Certainly the lovers cultivate a highly developed, perhaps overblown, eroticism—which distinguishes them from us ordinary folk—but like the rest of us, each one gives himself only to his or her chosen partner. The jealousy that love arouses in the hearts of men and women is, like the sexual drive, a fact of nature that it is useless to deny. I was reading through some transcripts of Senate drug hearings when I came across this declaration from a hippie who was “straight” indeed when it came to love:

I was fooling around with these things [drugs] before Leary, who thinks he is a second Jesus, began to mix himself in. That acidhead hardly has twenty brain cells left that are still in working order. As for me, I drop acid from time to time, but that doesn't stop me from having some straight ideas. Not too long ago I told my wife that if I ever found her in bed with another man, I would kill her. You know what she answered? That that made her happy, because it meant someone loved her. And I'm the same way. I want to be loved by someone, and have someone jealous of me. (*Congressional Record*, November 6, 1967.)

Nudism

The Leagues for Sexual Freedom claim as their birthright the right to nudity. In San Francisco, there's a sex guide for sale that lists nudist meetings, nudist beaches, etc. The hippies have also organized nude-ins. At one of them, at Gregorio Beach, where I went to observe, there were more voyeurs watching from the cliff above than there were nudes on the sand—in all, only eleven boys with all the signs of full-blown manhood, and a girl with breasts hard as bronze. A freezing wind whistled among the demonstrators, so one young man snuggled into three sweaters, but took off his bathing trunks. It was the best accommodation he could make with his faith in nudism.

The hippie press, always in the avant-garde, constantly publishes ads like, "Meet interesting people who like integral social nudism." It is filled with photos of girls proudly displaying their pubic triangles, with no shame. The hippie magazine *Haight Ashbury* came out with a brutal cover showing a nude young man with a low forehead and sensual lips, whose arm rested along the entire length of the nude body of a very lovely girl. She was standing at his side in such a way that the man's hand came just between the girl's thighs; her gaze was wild. . . . A policeman showed me this issue, which had been seized.

The hippie entertainers have brought nudity to the stage. One of the most fanatic performers, Jim Morrison of the rock group The Doors, gave a demonstration of his private parts before 12,000 young people during a concert in Miami. He was arrested on five charges: two charges of indecent exposure, two of profanation, one of public intoxication, and also for the crime of improper conduct consisting of public exposure of his private parts; but he was just the first to practice what he had been preaching!

"Man, I'd like to see a little nakedness around here. Grab your friend and love him. There are no laws. There are no rules." The performance was so bad that the head of the Greater Miami Crime Commission, Circuit Court Judge Arthur E. Huttoe, called the performance, "a conspiracy to corrupt the morals of our youth." (*Fort Lauderdale News*, March 6, 1969.)

Morrison, who had provoked a "sex riot" in Phoenix, considered himself an "erotic politician." If ever he was elected Senator, he would do a striptease in Congress. While waiting, he would give his lessons where he could, and of course, everyone was talking about the show "Oh Calcutta" on Broadway—or not really, as it played in New York's East Village—where six actors and actresses played nude from beginning to end. This lack of variety must have been boring. . . .

In the Classifieds

Once it had been accepted that a person's sexual tastes were no more to be sneered at than his tastes in colors or foods, no hippie was reluctant to announce his wishes in public advertisements. Moreover, the notion of perversity does not exist in the hippie universe, this word forming part of the vocabulary of "imprisoned-alienated-reactionaries." For the hippies, absolute sexual license is no longer a daring theory, as it was for the old anarchists and nihilists. It has entered into behavior, and its manifestations fill pages and pages of advertisements so audacious that even the most "liberal" sensibilities are shocked. But these ads form such an integral part of the hippie canon these days that they cannot really be passed over in silence. So I will give several examples, out of a hundred thousand:

Tarzan came back from the jungle stronger and handsomer than ever, to make you happy nice girls married or single 18 to 40. I love you all babies! My pad is on Fifth Avenue & Eleventh Street. Phone. . . . (*San Francisco Express Time*, October 16, 1968.)

Hey Pussycat. Are you in heat? Horny-Siamese is at your disposal for a free. . . .

Dear Carol I love you. Rob. Negro Male, 32, avail for French culture and your desire. Call anytime . . . no males, only females. (*Berkeley Barb*, November 28, 1967.)

Other ads detail the sexual proclivities of the advertiser:

BUSTY—The woman or girl I desire must have large bosom. Age and race not important. Please call me at any time. (*Sunday Express*, October 16, 1968.)

Male wants to meet woman with shapely derriere to participate in unusual sex inc. phone. . . . (*Berkely Barb*, November 16, 1967.)

Male wants one or two uninhibited girls 18 to 40 with big derrieres for sex who are fond of french and greek cultures, call. . . . (*Berkely Barb*, October 5, 1967.)

We French will be pleased to note that our "culture" is very much in demand among the hippies:

Strong mature male sterile expert French culture pursuit of happiness. Satisfy married-single females. Gentle, discreet, responsible. Phone. . . . (*Berkely Barb*, November 23, 1967.)

Man 36, white, handsome, continental type, would like to meet shapely sophisticated type of woman 18-30 to fulfill their desires. Am an expert on oral stimulation.

Bachelor, 32, white, intelligent and discreet, likes to satisfy girls with deep tongue action all night. Let's make a "French date." I prefer well suntanned girls. Call Jay . . . girls only please. (*San Francisco Express Time*.)

Desire moderately aggressive young black to force feed me his hot wastes, served directly from source. Write HGS. Box. . . . (*San Francisco Express Time*. October 16, 1968.)

Etruscan-lover (29) Ph.D. prestige-job Stanford, desires aware female to share large week-end sex-fun apartment in Rome. Can instruct in best Indo-European techniques. Write now to. . . . (*Berkeley Barb*, September 22, 1967.)

Who'll be first? Well-endowed Caucasian male 30 seeks passionate and unashamed Mexican, Negro, Indian, Oriental & all-right Anglo girls w/fire in their blood for sex & love. Ecstasy assured, foto, fone to date. . . . (*Los Angeles Free Press*, January 12, 1968.)

One sensitive man notes:

There is a certain kind of girl who enjoys men but is awkward waking up beside a stranger. Good looking, discreet, adaptable young man will perform and disappear. If you are pretty, call. . . . (*Berkeley Barb*, December 7, 1967.)

The hippies find their sensual nourishment in these ads. They read them avidly, and they provide the most fruitful source of income for the publication. They are also the most revealing of the human soul, of the pig that sleeps within all of us. There is a rich pasture here for psychologists and psychoanalysts. If Freud came back to life and saw what were once the most secret parts of the libido displayed on these pages like meat in a butcher shop, would his amazement know any bounds? What has happened, he would say, to my famous repressions? There would be no more need to lay his patients on a couch while they endlessly detail their dreams, straining to extract the demons huddled inside us like periwinkles deep inside their shells. The hippies have no more hidden demons. Just put a few ads in the *Berkeley Barb* or the *Los Angeles Free Press* expressing your wildest desires in the most explicit terms, and your cravings will be answered. The libido has passed from the unconscious to the public market place. Satan himself buys and sells on the market. For example, this is one ad I picked up:

Anton Szandor Lavey of the Satanic Church is looking for sinful secretaries, lustful schoolteachers, naughty nurses, wanton waitresses, bored housewives, etc., to satisfy his diabolical appetite. Must be reasonably attractive, 21 to 35.

Until now, only God was allowed publicly to proselytize for his cause, while Satan was relegated to the underground, his only access to souls through shadow and intrigue. But now he too has come out into the light and, like his adversary, he calls followers to his cause with banners unfurled.

Seduced and Abandoned

This flotilla of ads with neither reticence nor decency does include moments of poignancy: cries from people who are alone, either because

they have been abandoned, or because they have never been wanted. Here are a few:

[From a man] Help! I'm dying inside. Somebody please help keep me from dying. Help me find life in the nothings around me, in my body gone dead. Make love to me letters. Sing stone hard words through my blind staring eyes. Anyone. Please, Help. Write. Now. Pfc. John H. Young (*Berkeley Barb*, October 5, 1967.)

[From a woman] Desperate mature woman—urgently needs to contact persons knowing where she can buy something that will stimulate a strong desire for love and sex relations. No LSD, pot or heroin. Reply Mrs. E.M.G. . . . (*Berkeley Barb*, September 22, 1967.)

[From another woman] Want to meet a man who is real easy going, humble and affectionate. Also who strongly believes that "grass" should be legal and enjoys himself. Husband is divorcing me for another. I am very dependent type person and would like to marry someone of my type and have a lot of sex and enjoy a lazy happy life. Believe in New Testament and that All Creation shall be saved and be high forever. I'm 28, overweight but look pretty good in nice momu's and fancy lounging gowns. I'm 5'5", long hair and poor. Very lonesome for the right man. If possible would like to live in foreign country where "grass" is legal. Give full description. Write to A. B., POB. . . . (*Los Angeles Free Press*, May 2, 1967.)

One can feel abandoned, and still hold on to a sense of humor:

Mature male would like to trade divorced 45 yr. old turkey, who thought I was stupid, oversexed and nuts, for TWO 22½ yr old swingin' females who might think me intelligent, understanding and kind—Object—to get sandwiched into the act somewhere. Tired of being left out. Have home near the beach. POB. . . . (*Los Angeles Free Press*, May 2, 1967.)

Homosexuality

Although homosexuality is practiced by few hippies, all admit it as one of the inalienable rights of sexual liberty. They believe that the compartmentalization of people into masculine or feminine is an artificial category set up by language, whereas every human being contains male and female hormones and it is, therefore, perfectly natural to satisfy ambivalent tendencies. In this sense, then, homosexuality is so

much a part of the hippie social revolution, that "gay" ads fill whole columns in the hippie press:

Become a true homosexual. Moral duty of every person to be homosexual. Human heterosex is categorically immoral & evil. \$100 for any valid dis-proof. K. Mars. . . . (*Berkeley Barb.*)

Homosexual Revolution destroys Christian theology. God is only heterosexual. A. S. Lavey is not of Satan. Become Homo-Anti-Christs. Overthrow Heterosex and God. End. Het. Spellman's War. K. Mars. . . . (*Berkeley Barb.*, November 23, 1967)

Gay males for fun (sing pref) by 27 yr old, 6'1" attr. blondish guy, dig 1) hairy chests, 2) trim bods, 3) tans, 4) butch and presentable (no nells), 5) groovy week-ends on outings or around my swimming pool, 6) romantic evenings anywhere, from tent to villa. Exchange photos, interests. POB. . . . (*Berkeley Barb.*, November 11, 1968).

Mature 6'2" male grad desires passive males—age 30-45—for periodic liaisons. Well built intellectual types preferred. Box . . . give phone and details. Discretion guaranteed (*Berkeley Barb.*, November 9, 1967.)

There are also services for putting men in touch with one another, like the "telephone Club for Men." Their ad specifies:

The phone club for men only if you are homosexual and tired of the stud canneries. Here at last is a way to do your thing, our sole function is putting you in touch with others of similar interests. Call 9AM to 9PM. . . . (*Berkeley Barb.*, November 7, 1968.)

Homosexuals whose special habits have caused them to lose their jobs receive powerful support from three institutions: the Glide Methodist Church, the Glide Foundation, and Glide Trustees. All three groups organize boycotts against firms that have practiced sexual discrimination, and they encourage heterosexual hippies not to buy from them either. They have created a lobby for the rights of homosexuals, and they lead an active campaign against corporations, government agencies, and insurance companies that refuse to hire homosexuals.

There are few ads from lesbians, and they tend not to have the

Rabelaisian enthusiasm of their male counterparts. Against a hundred ads from males, there will be one from a woman, and they are generally of a rather nondescript type:

Attractive, discreet, young, restless housewife seeks mutual afternoon satisfaction with equally attractive, discreet, young, restless housewife. Please send phone and photo. P.O. Box. . . . (*Los Angeles Free Press*, January 12, 1968.)

Very pretty girl, 21, seeks attract nonpetite wellrounded non-hung-up (bi?) girl friend. P.O. Box. . . . (*Berkeley Barb*, October 26, 1967.)

It is difficult to understand how such ads could exist in a country where the laws against homosexuality are quite severe. In France, homosexuality is not illegal except for the seduction of a minor, but even so our classified ad sections do not permit such announcements, whereas homosexuality is legally criminal in the United States, whatever the circumstances may be. There is a permanent campaign, supported by a strong lobby in Washington, to have this legislation repealed. It is a strange country that makes laws against behavior, and then ignores them when the laws are broken.

Omnisexuality

The hippies preach omnisexuality with much more enthusiasm than homosexuality. Paradoxically, despite their frenzy for love, the men and the women can hardly be told apart in their look, their behavior, or their clothes. They are neuters: the same long hair, same pants, same beads and psychedelic tattoos, and they carry on the same activities—or rather, the same inactivities. The men demonstrate no typically masculine aggressiveness; they do not compete among themselves for women, they strive neither for intellectual supremacy, nor for the initiative in forming liaisons, nor for the role of director in sexual relations. Quite the contrary, as we have already seen in the case of Maithuna, they often prefer the passive role. This tendency toward passivity probably explains why there are so many ads from men seeking aggressive and dominating women:

Handsome submissive mature male seeks imaginative dominant women, couple, group, teaching exotic unusual for thrills. (*Berkeley Barb*, October 26, 1967.)

French cultured houseboy for mature single or couple. Obedient service, very humble any whims or treatment, non-white, 35, 5'4". (*Berkeley Barb*, October 26, 1967.)

Gentleman, 50, misses discipline by late mother desires occasional therapeutic spankings of whippings by lady any age, or by directress of rest home, who is thoroughly experienced in need discipline, believes in and likes to administer the same. (*Berkeley Barb*, November 7, 1968.)

Slave needs handsome young (18/28) white master who digs the whole scene including foot worship and demands fanatic military type obedience. Experiences . . . photo helps. No freaks, swishys or over thirties. (*San Francisco Express Times*, October 16, 1968.)

These ads, which abound in the hippie periodicals, accurately express the loss of virility among males who systematically refuse military service and the fight for life. Like the young decadents at the time of the Pax Romana, the hippies have become softened and feminized. Far be it from me to condemn all efforts for peace; certainly we all pray for an end to the scourge of war. But when this pacifism turns into contempt for any sense of national solidarity, when the instinct to fight for life, innate in each man, just vanishes rather than becoming rechanneled into the fruitful paths of intellectual or economic competition, man is on the way toward decadence. It is no doubt true that the elimination of certain traditional overaggressive forms of virility can contribute to a positive gentling of life and to concord among peoples, but only if these tendencies do not tip so far over in the other direction that they slide into masochism.

Perhaps at bottom the hippie is a masochist. In effect, he turns his own aggressiveness against himself, first by dropping out of the schooling that will give him access to a fruitful and comfortable life, then by escalating into drugs that empty him intellectually and damage him physically. And even that is not enough. He pays for ads asking to be whipped. These hippies belong—despite their erotic license—to

the same line as the old, utterly chaste, flagellant monks. In different ways, they are both masochists.

The flower-girls have also done away with all the secondary female sexual characteristics. They consider coquetry and modesty completely old-fashioned, and take no care for their own charms. When they have money, it is they who will pay for their companion. Far from being humiliated by the loss of those secondary feminine characteristics that have nourished human poetry for millenniums, they are proud of it. They consider it a mark of liberation from antiquated stereotypes of swaggering masculinity and sainted femininity. For them, these archetypes—which developed, they believe, out of the traditional mental rigidities that could not deal with the fact that man's sexual fountain is by nature ambivalent—are false. One hippie declared in the *New York Times Magazine* (July 24, 1967):

At a time when sexual excitement by way of the media has reached laughable, if not obscene, proportions, these boys and girls in identical tight pants and shoulder-length hair are signaling that the male and female *secondary* sexual characteristics are not that important; their form of address for one another is "Man." At a time when racial antagonisms erupt on the street, these boys and girls appear relaxedly integrated. The problems of poverty and the ghetto—together with those of leisure—are no problems to the hippies who embrace all three. In their own sections of cities, there is little serious crime and prostitution.

Matters have reached the point where ads come out that don't even specify which sex is being requested.

Merchandising Sex

No hippie newspaper is so crowded by private ads from hippies haunted by sex that it can't fit in a few commercial advertisements placed by businessmen—maybe hippies, maybe not—who, always and everywhere, are ready to pounce on the hippies like a bird of prey might pounce on a squirrel. For example, any number of ads invite young women to partake of the delights of abortion:

Mutual self help association for women with undesired pregnancies entirely confidential keep calling . . . (*Berkeley Barb*, November 23, 1967.)

Or again, in a large display ad, there was a headline, "Pregnant? Need Help?" and then a picture of two hands reaching out to one another, and a phone number (*Berkeley Barb*, November 7, 1968).

Other ads propose:

Zap you're sterile, but our buttons aren't, so for this and over 150 more original and pregnant button titles, write to A Big-Little Store. . . . Free list, sample button to stores (*East Village Other*, August 5, 1967.)

"Drug Extension" to prolong the sexual act and get the most out of it. One gram per packet, five for \$2.25.

Orgy Butter: Brand new passionate red and subtly sexually scented orgy butter is a glowing body rub, a luxurious lubricant, different and exciting, orgy butter for the warm & caring innovator who knows what a total experience lovemaking can be. . . . (*Open City*, January 4, 1968.)

Then there is the love filter called "Lace" (from its components Lysergic Acid Ethylene), which has been presented to the press. While the Food and Drug Administration had doubts as to its erotic power, the hippies assure us that "Lace" penetrates the skin; just spray a little on the object of your choice, and she will undress as quick as possible and make love.

There are numerous offers, of course, to exchange piano lessons for exercises in sex, or "Classic, folk and jazz guitar in return for warmth and a stimulating personal relationship" (*Open City*, August 11, 1968).

Under the heading "Underground Sex," there are lists, available for so many dollars, of young girls, or sophisticated and discreet couples for "swinging." (*Berkeley Barb*, November 7, 1968.) Alas, the whisper is, in the East Village and Haight Ashbury, that these ads are screens for a new kind of white slavery. Thanks to the mind-deadening drugs, girls fall an easy prey to professional pimps who take on the hippie look and move in, and send the girls out where they are wanted "at bargain rates."

Incest and Infantile Sexuality

The hippies have not ignored, in their list of "freedoms," the supreme taboo: incest. In the *Los Angeles Free Press* of January 12, 1968, this article appeared:

A friend of mine stated that he has had a most beautiful relationship with his sister. . . . She had a hysterectomy in her early forties, he had a vasectomy some years before also. There is no possibility of pregnancy [I am astonished that such a liberated human being would even give a thought to the matter]. and to the provincials that might be horrified at the thought, he says that they both agree that they have more in common than any two strangers who have ever hit a bed and married as a result, plus no jealousy or other entanglements that befall "normal" people. . . .

The hippies also claim the right of children to sexual liberation. One indignant journalist, in the *Oracle*, claimed;

The bourgeois culture accepts that little kids want to play with their penis. It's all right for little kids to masturbate, but somehow after a certain age—say around three—sex isn't supposed to happen, which is a fantasy because it's an anthropological fact that, alone of the creatures on this earth, our species is capable of sexual enjoyment, play and pleasure from the day it's born to the day it dies. That is the one place that evolution has brought us that is different from every other species of animal.

If we recognize this instead of lying about it, instead of building walls around it, there wouldn't be any question but that heaven IS on earth.

A singing group called "The Fugs"—a term that refers both to the stale, stuffy smell of a marijuana-filled room, and to the potheads who sit there and never go out—put out a record which, according to *Time Magazine*, created a furor among the early teen set. It reproduces the sounds of a couple coming to long simultaneous orgasms. And how many other records are nothing more than an invitation to the young to make love under drugs? "Freakout U.S.A.," referring to a drug panic; "Day Tripper," which simulates drug hallucinations; "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," whose initials are LSD. All these records and so many others are to the new musical tastes of the very young, and are sold by the millions.

HIP-pocrates, or "Little Things Mean a Lot"

Every week, in the *Berkeley Barb* and other hippie weeklies, a medical column is published under the honorable name of "Hippocrates." A doctor answers questions like these in detail:

Q: Will sexual activities inhibit the physical development of a young child?

A: Not at all.

Q: I should like to know the physical dangers if any for the passive partner in anal intercourse. I enjoy that sexual experience very much.

A: Anal intercourse is not physically harmful when done in moderation. . . . Sodomy (a legal term for anal intercourse) is a felony crime in most states punishable by long prison terms [the tacit conclusion: you may practice it, but in secret].

Q: I do not appear to have a clitoris. Naturally, due to this fact, I do not have much of an orgasm, either. What is a withdrawn clitoris? Is there anything that can be done in such a case? Is this at all common? . . .

R: I understand this woman's anguish. She should consult a gynecologist. . . .

and on and on for three columns in which we learn that the "clitoris is usually described as a miniature penis . . . the sole functions of the clitoris are sexual arousal and gratification . . . clinical research has shown that size does not determine sexuality or the capacity for sexual gratification." The doctor also provides instructions for women on how to reach the heights through masturbation.

Q: [From a young girl] I get no sexual pleasures unless I'm in a swimming pool and the water is very cold. The colder the water is, the most pleasure I get, but out of the water, nothing.

A: Go swimming a lot in cold water.

Many questions have to do with the hallucinogenic drugs. Can a mother take a drug while nursing a child? Is it dangerous for a child of less than seven years to take drugs? My dog (or my cat) is a year old. Is he old enough to take a trip with me on LSD? etc. Have you ever felt, as I do, that the world has gone mad?

Pornography

Certainly every culture in the world has had its pornography, and there are many clandestine sales outlets (which are becoming less and less clandestine) in Europe. But for the hippies, pornography is an integral part of their philosophy, like sadism in the philosophy of the

famous Marquis. The hippies say that obscenity serves a basic need in human nature, and that it is hypocritical to pretend otherwise. Certain extremist forces see pornography as a political weapon against the establishment. Obscenity is a way to ride roughshod over the conventional morality, to show self-liberation from all hangups, to scandalize the established order. And these groups encourage their followers, in their meetings, in their books, in their newspapers, to rub society's nose in excrement.

Malay Roy Choudury made an illuminating profession of faith in the newspaper *Guerrilla*—whose name is itself a profession of faith:

I defend Obscenity. I'd go on defending Obscenity so long as the flagitious bourgeoisie would go on claiming the atavist superiority of their false air. . . . In fact, there is nothing called Obscenity. Obscenity is an artificial concept, made, fabricated. . . .

At one event, described in Brisbane's *Sunday Truth*, a young long-hair recited poems—"a rosary of evocative obscenities"—while crying out and rolling around on the ground. And then there is the ballet in which a nude man stands near the front of the stage, while young girls keep their eyes fixed on him (*Ladies Lines*, September 9, 1967). The poetess Lenore Kandel, a big attraction at hippie gatherings, has written a group of poems, *The Book of Love*, so full of obscenities that the San Francisco police, quite tolerant of this sort of thing by now, seized the copies and banned its sale.

There are innumerable hippie boutiques that specialize in pornographic films and publications. One shop is proud to offer a selection of fifteen thousand titles. So in America the hippies, having obliterated the cravings for success and money, have just substituted an obsessive concentration on sex and obscenity in their place. This obsession is often more ideological than physiological, in the sense that it aims less to satisfy the "feeble flesh" than to shock the straight world. To my knowledge, not one of the ad-takers in quest of a sister soul—excuse my euphemism, I ought to say "of a brother sex"—was a political conservative. There is no doubt that this flourishing of sexual license is closely linked to the political philosophy of the left, and that the goals—or at any rate, the styles—of this philosophy are revolutionary. Ero-

cism is no longer a luxury of the privileged classes. It has become an arm of subversion, and ads like this appear in the hippie press:

R. H. does free obscene (and tasteful) tattoos. They help you avoid the draft. Replies care of Elliot Mintz. (*Open City*, January 4, 1968.)

This is one tactic recommended by the new left to help keep one from being drafted. Most of the ad-takers pride themselves on being liberals or "radicals," in the American sense of the extreme left. Here are some examples:

Wanted to meet political, radical and sexually liberal couples interested in backpacking, skiing, and/or photography. (*Berkeley Barb*, January 11, 1968.)

Liberal yng Negro man seeks liberal yng couples for 3-some and/or yng liberal chicks to share pleasure. Race no problem. No single men or fakes please. (*Berkeley Barb*, November 7, 1968.)

And this ad, which is a political manifesto in itself:

Motel keeper catering to All-American Swingers. Star-spangled Orgy Every Night Except Monday. Twice on Fri/Sat/ (*Berkeley Barb*, November 23, 1967).

In France or Italy, a young rebel will join the Communist Party. In America, an obscene ad in the Berkeley Barb is their act of revolution. It is a form of social protest. They raise no red flags over the American universities, they "make the scene" with no clothes on. In the New World, drugs and sex have replaced the Hammer and Sickle . . . and the American revolutionaries are content. For it is more agreeable, after all, to satisfy the claims of sex, and easier than to claim the rights of the proletariat.

8

Foreign Relations, or Hippies vs. Straights

If there is a more suitable neighborhood in the world for the hippies than Haight Ashbury—a racially mixed, rather poor, but extremely liberal area that is represented in Congress by a black—it is hard to know where it might be. If the hippies hadn't come to be adopted by it, Mark Harris writes, it could only have been because they were rotten.

They may not be rotten, but they are incurably asocial. They behave like irresponsible tramps toward their neighbors, not like people who really live somewhere with other people. Anywhere the hippies set themselves up, they invade their new neighborhoods with a spirit of vagabondage that generally causes trouble. Their filth attracts rats and spreads disease. They dump their garbage in a pretty park—a park that the local inhabitants have invested with a great deal of affection and care, while fighting to block a highway that is scheduled to tear their park apart. With their shattering music, the hippies deafen their neighbors until late at night, heedless to the possibility that their neighbors may have to get up early for work. In brief, it is not so much for their eccentricities that they can be faulted, as for their egocentricities.

Racial Minorities

The blacks feel especially hostile toward the hippies. They are the genuine “disinherited” of America, and as they see it, aid which should be directed to them is being deflected away by the hippies. The blacks believe that their families’ requirements are legitimate, whereas these daddy’s boys have voluntarily abandoned abundance to go play at being poor, as if poverty were a game! And it’s so unfair, they say, that so

many blacks are prey to cruel maladies that they haven't asked for, while these kids take drugs to throw their minds and bodies out of whack just for the fun of it. A projected plan by the Department of Health to set up a medical service in Haight Ashbury was rejected when the black ghetto of Filmore protested vehemently that their own need for such a service was certainly more justified.

The filth in which the hippies live can hardly be equaled anywhere. In a *Newsweek* article of October 30, 1967, the writers comment, "In the Haight-Ashbury, traditionally a tolerant and multiracial neighborhood, the flower-children's indifference to cleanliness has angered many middle-class Negroes themselves." "They have turned a pretty neighborhood into a slum," one black man said. "If a group of hippies moved into my building, I would go somewhere else. I couldn't tolerate their filth."

The blacks and the Puerto Ricans are more antagonistic toward the hippies than other racial minorities, probably because they see them as privileged whites who can break the law, smoke drugs, and sleep in the parks with no interference from the police, while they would have been sent to prison willy-nilly for the same infractions. And this excites their racial hatred. When the blacks and Puerto Ricans have really begun to fight against the scourge of drugs, and are straining to leave their ghettos and gain access at last to the good things of life, it seems a deliberate provocation to them that the children of rich whites are constructing a new ghetto and closing themselves up in it to wallow in their drugs and filth while contemptuously rejecting the cars, houses, comfort, education, everything that the blacks have wanted so much for so long.

This dialogue was reported in the *Washington Post* of October 26, 1967, but I have seen variants of it many times during my strolls through the Village:

MALCOLM Y: The best thing you white brothers can do is get out of our neighborhood and go down on Van Ness to do your begging.

TEDDYBEAR: We love everybody, we love you.

MALCOLM Y: I don't want you to love me. LOVE! I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to train my people to kill you, and you, and you [points a finger at each of the whites]."

In Canada

The appearance of protesters who defy all the foundations of society—work, marriage, property, authority of teachers and parents—has aroused a wave of protest among the straights in Canada too; or rather, not the powerful straights, but the people of the middle classes.

The *Toronto Daily Star* published an editorial on August 24, 1967; protesting the "police brutality" exercised against a group of hippies trying to block a street against traffic. In fact, these "brutalities" consisted only of dragging these youths off to the police station. An indignant reader wrote in:

I take exception to your August 24 editorial "No Excuse for Police Brutality." Had I been one of the policemen involved in clearing Yorkville of this disgusting vermin, the treatment meted out by me, a citizen and a taxpayer, would have been 10 times as harsh.

The hippies should be washed down the sewer where they belong. Every citizen has a duty to society and must contribute to it in many ways. One of the most important is to be law-abiding and another is to earn one's own living, and not be a parasite. Why should we taxpayers foot the bill for 50 to 100 policemen in Yorkville every weekend, when there is so much serious crime for them to contend with? By defending the hippies *The Star* is contributing to a further breakdown of our society.

Another reader went him one better:

Your editorial about police brutality in Yorkville is rubbish. These so-called hippies, you say, are peaceful people engaged in an act of civil disobedience. Acts of civil disobedience, to the extent of resisting law and order are never peaceable. . . . If I had acted like these nuts when I was in my teens, I would have got a belt in the ear and a boot in the rear-end from the cops. When I got home, I would have got a lot more from my father. . . .

Still another Canadian expressed his outrage with even more vigor:

When is the press going to get off the back of our police department? . . . Force is the only language these lame brains understand. If I had my

way, I would march a well-disciplined regiment into Yorkville and move them with fixed bayonets. If these filthy, unwashed, warped examples of our society want to forget education and all the opportunities of our times —let them. If they want to be primitive—let them. Ship them north to a primitive area, where they can live as they please without the limelight of publicity. I wager they would soon return to become normal responsible citizens.

Women have also expressed their shame:

Our beautiful Yorkville has become a place of prostitution, drug addiction and crime. . . . We have surely fallen to the depths of degradation if Toronto has to have a side-show of filthy nincompoops to attract tourists. When I was in the west, we were looking at a TV program which showed the highlights of each city in Canada—Toronto's was Yorkville. I hung my head in shame when I was berated by the others in the audience for living in such a "Sodom and Gomorrah."

The same imprecations were published in the *Georgia Straight*, on Victoria Island, to protest an editorial in that newspaper (August 11, 1967) that came to the defense of the hippies.

I think that you, your paper, and every hippie in Vancouver are completely insane. It's a crime to society you can't all exchange places with the poor, legitimately sick people of Riverview Mental Hospital. But then that's an insult to them, as well as if I signed my name I'd insult myself.

The Skinheads

The hippie communities set up in the country have even more difficulty with the local folk than city hippies; rural people, with their ingrown lives, are even less able to cope with hippie aberrations. During the hippie love-in in Topanga Canyon, the sheriff's patrols crisscrossed the area, sniffing the air for marijuana. The local inhabitants were incensed at seeing their lovely country used as a "huge cesspool." The Topanga Chamber of Commerce voted that all the restaurants that served the hippies would be stricken from their membership (*Open City*, September 27, 1967).

In Europe, the hippie communities do not seem to arouse the same violent hostility; perhaps because the hippie communities are still limited in Europe and don't seem to have actually taken over whole

areas, as in America. That is why, even though the drug-and-sex cult does annoy the European bourgeois as well as his American counterpart, there have been no actual run-ins with the long-haired boys. The only fracases I know of were between "straights" and other kinds of aberrant groups, like the Provos in Holland.

In England, the hippies' main enemies are another band of adolescents who parade with a menacing air, wearing neat uniforms; their heads are completely shaven to make it completely clear whom they are opposed to. Naturally they are called "skinheads." One of their most famous run-ins with the hippies was in Piccadilly, where 500 long-hairs occupied a sumptuous 18th-century building for almost two weeks. The authorities, like the crowds of rubbernecks, hostile though they were toward this enforced occupation of other people's property, were powerless to dislodge the hippies by gentle persuasion. And then one fine day, a contingent of skinheads, chanting their slogans, poured into the place to "get the hippies out." A battle was joined that the hippies, conditioned to leisure rather than to fighting, lost in short order.

The Hippies' Defenders

But there are also important circles in England who have come to the hippies' defense. First, the great, powerful liberal press, radio and television, who have limned them in a very appealing romantic glow. And the charitable and research organizations have leaned toward their cause with open-hearted sympathy. Their supporters also include a good part of the teaching corps, in America as well as in England. And even some people in government have been friendly. All of these groups take care not to bend so far toward the hippies that they lose their agreeable positions in the "establishment," but they are attracted to them in principle; not only for the beauty of their philosophy, but in order to stay consistent with their own beliefs in tolerance toward all points of view—or, perhaps, consistent with their own subversive theories. The hippies, like any rebel community in the past, have aroused the irremediable hostility of most of the surrounding communities, but unlike any other hostile group in the past, they have also benefited from the understanding, sympathy, and aid of many highly

placed people. Here is an eloquent sample: an extract from a letter by Toronto assemblyman Willie Brown to the City's Board of Supervisors:

It appears to me that you are in danger of making a very fundamental mistake concerning both your own identity and that of the young people who are coming to us. They are not some horde of invading foreigners. They are our children, yours and mine, exercising their right to move freely in a country which will soon be very much their own.

You, for your part, are not some select group of medieval chieftains who can, at will, close up your town and withdraw behind the walls of your own closed society . . . whether we like or dislike, agree or disagree with the "hip" community is not the issue here. The issue is whether you can by fiat declare a minority unwelcome in our community. If you declare against these young people today, what minority is going to bear the brunt of your discrimination tomorrow? . . .

A noble, generous and vibrant discourse that has made much ink flow in America, but for all that it is still not devoid of a healthy dose of demagogery. For, retorted the majority, who up till that speech had remained silent, this man speaks as if our cities are not already oversupplied with problems: problems of housing, of hygiene, of health, of thievery, of criminality. He speaks as if there were no such thing as the terrible, the tragic problem of drugs. He speaks as if a community, in granting that it has a responsibility to make room for diverse groups, does not have the right to demand that they respect the laws and customs of the majority. He neglects to specify exactly how old children should be before they can move at will around a country as big as a continent. Most people have, until now, believed that a young person should be under his parents' direction until the age of eighteen. Should we now, as Brown says so poetically, "open the doors of our cities" to the children of fifteen, or of twelve, or of ten, who wander the highways alone? Why not five? And how can the law continue to hold parents responsible for the delinquent, even criminal, acts of their children, when the press, the record industry, and even some of society's representatives encourage them to disobedience and to flight?

The masses have traditionally rejected the intellectuals' taste for license, and, in the matter of the hippies, they have reacted once again true to form. It has often been said that the masses are basically

conservative—perhaps because they are closer to hardship. Down deep inside the social cauldron, social pressures are more intense, and the worker senses instinctively that liberty and life's pleasures cannot be had without a minimum of order. His after-work pleasures are different from those of the free-wheeling fancy free. He takes no pleasure in gypsy wandering, nor in general mischievousness for the hell of it. For him, pleasure is promenading with his well-fed and well-nourished family in a well-kept park; a limited pleasure perhaps, but it has cost him centuries of labor to reach this simple level, and he knows that there are still millions of his disinherited brothers who aspire with all the depths of their beings to what he has.

Here I take sides for neither one view of the good life nor the other; I note only that it was inevitable that they clash.

9

Politics and the Hippies

When, in an earlier chapter, I briefly traced the different categories of hippies, I left, for this special chapter, the gurus who have assumed political roles and tried to attract groups of flower-children to their respective causes.

I have noticed during my travels that the great majority of hippies show no interest in problems of ideology. Unlike either the New Left or the Old, they are repelled by the idea of discussing theories; which is only to be expected in view of the fact that their drugs have blotted out everything else: ambition, money, sex, and, it goes without saying, politics. The hippies' souls open only to the marvelous: Oriental religions, astrology, the mysteries of hallucination.

This mood of revolution-as-style does not, however, save them from the tender ministrations of organized revolutionaries. Here they are, under the sun, a vast plankton of young beings, credulous and ardent, bound together by the calls of hedonism, of drugs, and of mysticism, floating down a golden current that runs from San Francisco to Goa, and all with their heads turned firmly against the established order. What an incredible catch for anyone who wants to make the effort! But only the nihilistic extreme left could possibly ensnare such rebellious beings into acting as a political force, because they are the only ones trained to fish with invisible nets. And besides, certainly the conservative forces, as well as the classic left—who continue to have faith in work, studies, decency, and law—would not know what to do with a movement that is so contrary to their principles. The hippie philosophy is unquestionably, in its essence, at the opposite pole from Marxism, which sanctifies work, discipline, science, and the State; but it can certainly be exploited by the nihilist branch of the extreme left as an ideal instrument for hacking away at the existing order.

Political Gurus

Let us first mention all the journalists of the hippie press—one of the main groups of politically activist hippie leaders—who attest to their sympathy with the goals, if not the bureaucracy, of the Communist countries from one end of their columns to the other, and their admiration for revolutionary figures bathed in a glow of romanticism like Ho Chi Minh, Ché Guevara, Mao, and Castro. However, Max Sherrer, the editor of the *Berkeley Barb*, a fifty-two-year-old bearded hippie whose newspaper propagandizes for homosexuality, the “acid stamp,” and the Vietcong, writes:

The U.S.S.R. looks considerably less threatening, after abolishing its concentration camps, to residents of the U.S.A., which may be considering setting them up. . . . (*Berkeley Barb*, November 8, 1967)

Mention should be made of the American Cohn-Bendit, Mario Savio, who, during the student strikes in Berkeley, welded together a coalition of normally apolitical hippies and political groups. Then there is Allen Ginsberg, who played a behind-the-scenes role in the Berkeley upheavals and who appears, at public meetings, at the sides of Communist speakers and leaders of “Fair Play for Cuba”; The Canadian hippie, David de Poe, whose wall is adorned with a photo of Mao Tse-Tung; the American Billy Digger, who wants to spread a system of truly communal life throughout the whole world. The “Diggers” borrowed their name from a 17th-century English community that lived communally. Let us also recall the French hippie Jean-Claude Lamoureux, dead from a heroin injection, who had started a small journal called *La Taupe Rouge* (*The Red Mole* or, figuratively, *The Red Underground*).

The journal *TransAction*, which is published by Washington University in St. Louis, published a very interesting study on the politicization of hippies. Personal observations of my own corroborate its conclusions:

- (a) True hippies, called the skuzzies, are difficult to catch in political nets; for them, their political brothers are false brothers, and boring at that;
- (b) On the other hand, the teeny-boppers—young people of less than sixteen years—are easily impressed by these same murky

philosophies. They love to sport protest buttons, to wear sloganneering armbands, to demonstrate in the streets;

(c) All the politically active gurus support either the diverse nuances of communism—Maoism, Trotskyism, Castroism—or terrorist groups like the Black Panthers, or one of the numerous Something-or-Other Liberation Fronts, or the movements for “civil rights” or “pacifism.”

(d) Even though the aspirations and means of the various political gurus are clearly quite different from one another, there is a common denominator. Though they all stand by the hedonist ethic of the hippies and defend their right to use consciousness changers, the majority of them take no drugs themselves. *TransAction* reports one illuminating dialogue in this regard:

INTERVIEWER: Do you like drugs?

POLITICAL: Yes, if you mean pot and acid.

INTERVIEWER: Do you turn on with any of the local heads?

POLITICAL: Are you out of your mind? I'm currently in . . . [an impressive array of New Left activities]. I guess you know I'm being tailed by the Feds and my phone is tapped. They're looking for any excuse to bust me. If I got within smelling distance of any pot they would bust me *so fast*. Not only to break me, but to attach the addict label to my cause. . . .

This excuse doesn't get far with the real hippies, the skuzzies. They distrust golden-voiced orators who eulogize drugs but don't take them. The teeny-boppers, on the other hand, are excited by this kind of statement which, in their eyes, enhances the importance of their heroes. Among these very young hippies, a certain percentage of them will definitively cast their lot with subversive activism, a certain percentage will make the drug scene, and the rest will go back to where they came from.

But the political guru is a strange, singular being, nothing like the classic portrait of the party political activist, for whom the revolution has much more to do with social mores than with the structure of society. It is a new kind of revolution, but he repairs back to ancient techniques: a hodgepodge of prophecies, fetishism, and mysticism. Many political gurus, returning to the spirit of the first centuries of our

era, pass themselves off as messiahs or as avatars—that is, as messengers or reincarnations of God. They often adopt the language of one who has seen the mystic light, mixing it with the phraseology of Marx and of the extreme left. It is difficult to tell whether they are sincere or whether it's all playacting, but it doesn't much matter. The important thing is that they are followed, as if they were true gods or apostles, by a crowd of young people with long hair and bare feet who believe sincerely in their annunciations and illuminations. At the present time there are dozens of them, especially along the hashish trail. One such guru is the avatar Mehar Baba, who affirms that he is the earthly incarnation of a Hindu god. He has gathered young people from all over the world to his feet in India, to whom he preaches the renunciation of the world's material goods, the destruction of the industrial society by boycott, a sort of primitive communism, and the ecstasies, not only of meditation, but of such collective intoxications as dance and communions. But he has come out against drugs, a stance that many mystico-political gurus have taken. "Nothing keeps you from pursuing a mirage," he has said, "but it will never quench your thirst. It is the same with the hallucinogens, which will never appease your thirst for Truth and Justice."

It is strange, in this century of Cosmic Man, to see the revival of the ancient tradition of messiahs and avatars. But it is even more extraordinary to hear mysticism and astrology flow out of the mouths of these hippie preachers in one breath, and Marxism in the next. An abstract description triggers little in the imagination; to make the picture a little clearer, I shall tell the story of a guru I came upon in San Francisco.

The Tricky Messiah

This messiah lived in a commune of some thirty persons, who shared a two-story house. I was invited to enter a lovely "meditation" room on the ground floor covered with multi-colored carpet, with psychedelic paintings on the walls and Hindu statuettes on the floor. In the kitchen, two teeny-boppers were baking a so-called "macrobiotic" bread—supposed to prolong life—which the community sold in a restaurant they had opened on a neighboring street. This kitchen was

also a model of cleanliness. Nothing was out of place. It looked more like the lodgings of a fanatically clean person living alone, rather than the home of a tribe of some thirty persons, including seven children.

The woman, very beautiful, who conducted my tour around the house, told me that they all believed in vegetarianism, in communism, and in reincarnation. She spoke to me of her guru with a profound admiration, calling him "the messiah." "It is our messiah who painted those pictures on the walls. . . ." "It is our messiah who wrote these pamphlets. . . ." She handed them to me and I read, "Brothers, come join the world crusade of the messiah of San Francisco who will bring about the new order of the future on the earth, from this day forward." The messiah's paintings were dreadful, but the good fairy of the house spoke of their creator with such veneration that I asked to meet him. She answered that he would be at the "macrobiotic" restaurant, and gave me a publicity flier. "Here and Now"—the name of the restaurant—assures its prospective patrons that only organically grown vegetarian products are served in the restaurant, and that the enterprise is non-profit, and the employees are not paid. On Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, at 8 P.M., the cosmic messiah Allen presents the initiation to the cosmos and teaches us how the new age can be constructed "here and now." I ran over.

I saw about six hippie-types eating in a working-class kind of room furnished with several rudimentary tables, but no messiah. There were magazines on the tables and on the counter. I took one, a *Black Panther*. There was a caricature of a policeman with a pig's head on each page, whether on his knees before black judges, or with a bayonet in his belly, or with groin exploding from a bullet shot by a ten-year-old. Still no messiah. I nibbled on some stale but "macrobiotic" carrots while thinking,

This restaurant claims to make no profit nor to pay its employees, but my vegetarian meal is costing me a good sight more than a meat meal at any "bourgeois" cafeteria. This is a very smart "communist" messiah who, under the pretext of working in a great Cause, finds suckers to toil away for nothing. He's a "nonprofit organization" so he doesn't have to pay any taxes, all the while fleecing the naive tourists who fall under the spell of his rolling sentences.

When I thought he would no longer come, the messiah appeared—and looked nothing at all like I thought he would. His skull and his face were shaved completely clean. The smooth ball that he wore on his shoulders was a striking contrast to the hairy faces of his young followers. The only antiestablishment element in his ensemble was a round-collared scarlet shirt. He had neither the air of a hippie, nor of a prophet, but rather of an escaped convict turned avant-garde banker. For reasons unknown, this guru had tried to assume a “mystic” role that became him very ill.

He sat down at my table. Immediately a cloud of hairy hippies, who follow him like the apostles followed Christ, formed a circle around him. The red-shirted man began to talk, and a new surprise: his voice was subdued, with neither modulation nor warmth. Despite loaded terms like “vital energy,” “reincarnation,” “horsemen of the Apocalypse,” “cosmic mind,” “revolution,” “world crusade,” etc., his matter was as drab as his voice. His dull chant, which lasted about an hour, played round and round the same things:

San Francisco is the sacred place of our planet where God has set his tabernacle, and the messiah Allen has been sent to this city to spread the Great Plan to the whole world. His signal will come from the Chosen People, including the Black Panthers. . . . The establishment is trying to destroy those who resist the war that capitalism is waging against communism. But the saints of Christ are the forces of world communism. . . .

This was followed by a pseudo-Marxist gobbledegook in which he must have used the words “thesis” and “antithesis” at least ten times; then I learned that the cosmic messiah could cure cancer and heart disease, that he could make anything burst into flames just like that, and that he could construct weightless vehicles. He invited all Marxists to join the cosmic crusade of the messiah and added:

Let us thank heaven for the riots and the wars that it sends us which push people out of their burrows into the universal crusade of the messiah to attain to Supreme Being, Karma, and the mental seeds that they have thrown onto the planet Aura. . . .

The young people listened without interrupting him once. At the end, I asked him, “But what messiah are you talking about?”

"Myself," he answered without blinking an eye. "I have come to teach *true* Communism to the earth."

His "politico-cosmogonic" statements were so delirious that I thought he was just a mystic; he was not the political activist that I had thought he was, despite the Black Panther magazines on the tables. I was about to abandon our discourse when I saw a strange glint in his eye. I decided to pursue the conversation, for there was something sly and shifting behind his extinguished voice. I asked him if he was for or against drugs.

"I do not take them myself, but I am in favor of everything that is natural, and drugs are a product of nature."

I asked him then what he felt about riots. He was in favor of upheavals, and gave me a few cosmic justifications. According to him, an overload of malign energy gushed periodically over the earth, and it had to be discharged in bloody upheavals. As the United States had not yet had its revolution, its time for overload and discharge had come, with the inevitable consequences of blood and flames "here and now." This is the cosmic order.

"Wasn't the Civil War and the American revolution against the English colonialists sufficient to discharge the evil humors?"

His only response was to accuse his own country of being responsible for the last two world wars. He seemed at first to have forgotten Hitler. But no. In a loud, clear voice he claimed to all that the one person truly responsible for that butchery was not Hitler, but Roosevelt. . . . Then he announced that he was going to create chapters of his cosmic crusade in the Soviet Union, Communist China, and North Vietnam, and asked me if I would set up a chapter in France. I said I'd think about it.

This political guru, who had no artistic talent, seemed to be gifted with a certain practical *savoir-faire* that belied his evil eye. But why would this devil play-act at mystic illumination? The key to the enigma came soon enough, after I had leafed through the pamphlets that this Jesus' Mary-Magdalene had given me. One of them was called, "Letter to the Judge of a Court of Appeals from the Cosmic Master Allen, the new Messiah sent on this planet to set down the angular rock." I read:

The people are harassed by laws, a military, and a penal system that don't make sense anymore. The individual is torn every which way by a double standard of morality. If he kills someone on the street during a riot he is condemned to death, but if he kills on the field of battle he wins a medal. . . . The ridiculous marijuana-baited trap that the San Francisco police set for me—what has this to do with the grand task of constructing the kingdom of God on earth? My trial and all the legal silliness that goes with it are, in comparison with the universal mind of the Cosmic Messenger Allen, like the brain of a goat next to Einstein's brain. The Cosmic Messiah knows positively that the Highest Extra-Terrestrial Powers are working for the coming of paradise on earth through the "Messiah martyred by accusations of traffic in drugs. . . ." [Well, well, I said to myself. Very interested, I went on with my reading.] I demand that my trial be postponed. It looks as if my case had to do with the simple fact of possessing and selling marijuana, whereas in fact, forces seeking my downfall made me fall into a trap. I was sent to San Francisco two years ago by the Highest Supreme Being of the Galactic Command, for this is the place where the world crusade of the Messiah must begin. The angels of the Bible speak to me in this moment of paradise, ordering me to establish the New Order. I had not yet transmitted my message to the people, because I had to wait for vibrations congenial to the flowering of a spiritual event of this importance. But when the vibrations turned negative—as the negative vibrations given off by that Michel of the San Francisco Narcotics Division—I interpreted this event as a test: the Spirit of the Universe wants our great Cause to have to strive against adverse spirits. The prophecy for all this can be found in Daniel, Chapter 12: "If I am that which I am, and I follow it, then certainly I cannot be delivered into the hands of men of the law who are so base?" To paraphrase Isaiah 53:5, I was wounded because of their transgressions, I was crushed because the people's iniquities were so great that they had to create a police, judges, military, which have put out traps for the very Person whom the people await as the God-Man.

He dated his revelations, "Revolutionary period of the thousand three hundred thirty-five days of the World Crusade of the Cosmic Messiah."

So now the mystic badge of purity had been lifted to reveal a seamy underside. The messiah had been caught dealing in drugs, and was liable for a fifteen-year prison sentence. He was setting the stage for his defense by trying to establish that he had acted, not out of cupidity, but from his mystic beliefs. That would give his lawyer a basis on which to plead his irresponsibility. This kind of legal charade has

become fairly commonplace among gurus who have gotten in trouble with the drug laws. Our cosmic messiah almost certainly takes no drugs himself, but perhaps he was trying to raise money for his political activities, and then was caught. Let us recall that Timothy Leary and *Oracle* had outlined procedures whereby drugs could be made immune from legal action by stating *in advance* that they would be used as part of a religious rite. The cosmic messiah had not taken this precaution, which explains his efforts after-the-fact to establish that his mission was indeed religious, even though he had been forced to await "vibrations congenial to the flowering of a spiritual event of this importance."

So mystic twaddle turned out to be, in fact, a perfectly sensible piece of legal chicanery turned out by a perfect political guru who, while pleading his case, never forgot his political slogans.

Conscientious Objection

The gurus' potential constituencies have no particular socioeconomic bone to pick, so the gurus appeal instead to their souls. And one issue that reaches the souls of children consecrated to love, drugs, and indolence is pacifism. They are encouraged, not to distribute Lenin's diatribes against imperialism as in the old days, but to refuse military service as individuals. The whole hippie press is full of notices like these:

ATTENTION, ALL DRAFTEES!
IF YOU'VE BEEN CALLED FOR YOUR PHYSICAL BUT
YOU DON'T WANT TO GO
CONTACT US. NOW!
WE CAN HELP YOU AND YOU CAN HELP US
STANFORD ANTI-DRAFT UNION. . .

In Washington, a draft counseling service called "Venice," which has the services of three lawyers, answers any and all questions about how to stay out of the army. Every American city has its draft counselors, whose addresses are published regularly in the hippie press, along with the addresses of similar groups in Canada, Denmark, England, France, Japan, Switzerland, etc.

The clever hippie tactics against the draft are widely discussed in

the underground press. *The Progressive* (October, 1967) is proud to note that not one young person from Haight Ashbury has been drafted for the past three years, because they successfully convinced their draft boards that they were either drug addicts, homosexuals, or incurable psychos. The easiest thing, the magazine said, is to have a hysterical fit while you are actually being seen by the review board. Just pace the room and howl—that should do it. What can they do? Other commentators suggest obscene tattoos all over the body, or a declaration that your religion requires you save people's souls through drugs.

The hippie press also fills its pages with provocative photographs. One picture shows a pretty, well-endowed demonstratress carrying a placard saying, "Get out of Vietnam and into something cute" (*Berkeley Barb*, January 27, 1967). Another photo, widely distributed among the underground press, shows a young man testifying before a Congressional committee dressed in a shirt tailored from an American flag, with the stars on one sleeve and the stripes on the other. A policeman removes the man's shirt, since it is against the law to desecrate the flag, only to find the Vietcong flag painted on his skin underneath. This kind of incident moves the hippies more deeply than a hundred columns of "party line" propaganda.

All this happened in 1967, when the apolitical hippies were repelled by the idea of joining demonstrations against the war. But after several years of subtle propaganda, they began to appear in the antiwar crowds in greater and greater numbers until by the time of the "moratoriums" in Autumn, 1969, the hippies dominated the ranks.

Kill the Pigs!

Pacifist though the hippie movement might be, its basic styles and principles are in direct violation of the law, which made it inevitable that the hippies would clash in a war of attrition against the representatives of order. First of all, to say "hippie" is to say "drugs," which is to say "narcotics agents." To say "hippie" is to say "runaways," which means parents and investigators. To say "hippie" is to say "nudity," which means the vice squad, and then there are the dreadful sanitary conditions they live in, ear-shattering music, and the hysterical screaming during bad trips, which forces the neighbors to turn for help to the

police. The hippies break the law all day and all night, which means that the law's upholders are around all day and all night, and the hippies resent this interference as an insupportable intrusion into their private lives. These talkings-to, summonses, raids, arrests, chases, aroused more and more vehement protests from the flower-children against what they call "police statism." And from that time on, the enemy to strive against, always and everywhere, became a monster with the head of a pig (probably the pig symbol arose from the piggy-looking gas masks the police wear during street riots).

From this beginning, a whole literature sprang up to whip up hatred against the "pigs." *Open City* (December 28, 1967) declared:

I think it's time for people to get together—people from the minorities, people from the community, professionals, workers, writers—to get together and find out who they are. . . . The people who are going to unite us are the heat, the police. . . . Do you realize they busted 2,391 kids for pot in the San Fernando Valley alone this year? Yeah! How long can they continue to do that or how long people will continue to tolerate being busted is interesting to debate. . . .

Stokeley Carmichael, bedecked with the pompous title of "Prime Minister" of the Black Panthers, has declared,

In order to stop police brutality, we've got to kill some white cops. We don't have to stand and yell about it. We just organize and kill some white cops. There's not a right or wrong about killing. It's a matter of who has the power to do so. It's more honorable to kill a honky cop than a Vietnamese (*Washington Star*, October 13, 1968).

But it's not only the Black Panthers, it's the whole hippie press that calls for the extermination of the police. Someone wrote in the *San Francisco Express Time* (October 16, 1968):

The porks belong to us, we pay for them, they were put there for our use, we own the pigs, we pay their wages, they are for our use, if they don't do as you wish, fire them. The pigs are the strong-arm thugs of the mutants, we must confront the thugs and the mutants. We must be White Panthers!

The poet John Sinclair was named "Minister of Information" of the White Panthers, and the hippie Emmet Grogan, a leader of the

Diggers, also took an important role in the organization. *The Sun*, a hippie journal that specialized in "Rock and roll, drugs, and fucking," wrote that guerrilla warfare ought to include the dynamiting of the CIA's offices, of police vans, and of recruiting offices.

Even while the political gurus whipped up the hippies' hatred toward the police, they had to simultaneously reassure them, since these wandering bird-children were not likely to appreciate the view from behind bars. One *Oracle* journalist declared, "Despite all the police harassment, more and more people are taking drugs and thumbing their noses at them." So the hippies were pushed a step further into commitment. Not only is prison not to be feared, but a deliberate provocation of arrest is a heroic moral act to be proud of. He explains:

An arrest causes panic and terror among hippies. They ought to armor themselves against this reaction. I've been arrested eight times during the last three years, and each time it was a test for me. I discovered that there is nothing to be frightened of. I play their game, and offer myself to be arrested. It does no harm (October, 1968).

Another strategy has been suggested to the girls:

Corrupt the pigs by charm. Offer them flowers, kisses, invite them to come to your room, cajole them, and give them drugs. . . .

At hippie demonstrations, pretty girls brandish mannikins of nude women, with sex and breasts well in evidence, and the legend "Control Your Local Police" plastered across the mound of Venus.

The gurus have let their imaginations run riot in the battle against the pigs. They advise their young followers to join the police themselves, or the FBI, or the narcotics bureau, and burrow from within.

As part of his alternate service (alternate to entering the American Business community) a hippie might elect to do the following:

- (1) Enter Police Force (local, state, FBI, Treasury Department, FDA) as *double agent*.
- (2) Report back to local community on pending raids, plans of actions, etc.
- (3) Keep diary on general inside attitudes, unofficial orders and procedures. Bug station-house locker room, for example.

(4) After 1 to 2 years resign. Have helpful book. Have fun.

HIPPIES! JOIN THE POLICE! SERVE YOURSELF, & SERVE YOUR COMMUNITY TOO

Or else

Mail your local friend on the narco squad a few joints in an anonymous envelope; or address it from one cop to another (use typewriter); or get your friend in Mexico to do so. Then inform his superior by letter or secret phone call. Variants:

(A) Plant on superior, inform subordinate, (B) Try it on your (1) local principal; (2) bank president; (3) landlord; (4) army captain; (5) judge; (6) legislator. Let your slogan be, RESOW THE SEEDS OF SUSPICION. IT MAY HELP CLEAR THE AIR (*The Others*, January 15, 1967).

Rhythm, Superstition, Sex, and Activism

Aside from the two great themes, conscientious objection and "police statism," new hippies are persuaded to enroll in the ranks in a thousand subtle ways, a thousand skillful pluckings on the strings of their mysticism, of their need to group, and of their credulity.

One of the first moves to turn flower-children into flower-activists took place under the disguise of the "symbolic funeral" of their movement. The promoters of the funeral said that the hippie movement was dead, but that it would rise from its own ashes in a new incarnation, "Rebirth of the Free Man," which would be crowned by a "Declaration of Independence." The ritual took place in October, 1967, with a long procession all the length of Haight Ashbury behind a hearse. The coffin was filled with sandals, beads, bells, Indian feathers, locks of long hair. At the end of the ceremony, the coffin was ritually burned, with all its contents, with rites of exorcism. The political gurus of the organization committee proposed that, after a ceremony of phallic adoration, the newly born "free men" dress in Army uniforms and parade across the city carrying papier-mâché bombs. In this way, the ex-fornicators would be risen as antimilitarist activists.

The great hippie assemblages are immense banks of pistils passively open to whatever pollen may be carried by no matter what ideologic bee. However, these bees have to guard well against deposit-

ing doctrinal pollen: the corollas will close up again. So, instead, unlike Orpheus, who played his lyre to "soothe the savage breast," the gurus use music to wake up their lambs and turn them into lions.

Thus, one weekend in July, at the Newport Folk Festival, I saw huge numbers of hippies gather with their long hair, their guitars, and their flower-decked VW mini-buses. There was something almost Biblical in the tableau of these young primitives, sitting on the flowered grass in a setting of hills, the air quivering with spiritual revelations. When the appointed moment for revelation arrived, after the concert, they turned out to be prosaically political; but as they were wafted down on the wings of melody, they passed muster very well. One hippie sang of his life in prison for an act of civil disobedience. The song that followed told the story of a Vietnamese family burned by American napalm. The Reverend Kirkpatrick, the black minister of Resurrection City, went on next with his ballad against racism in the United States; Guthrie pushed his huge hit about setting fire to military records, and the evening ended with five war songs on the theme "kill the pigs." All this was interlarded with pop and with rock, which meant that the flower-children, after five days of this mixture, had acquired reflexes as conditioned as Pavlov's dog. When the rock went on, their hearts opened to the Vietcong flag; when it was pop, they wanted to kill a pig. So, drop by drop, a subtle propaganda has been sown in the minds of these children who would once have been the last to follow the standard of a slogan.

When a Marxist of the old school gets into a verbal duel with a guru of the new school, need we even mention that the heavy rationalism of Karl Marx doesn't have a chance against the emotional pyrotechnics of the hippies? In a debate between a leader of the Socialist Worker's Party, a Marxist group, and Jerry Rubin, a "committed" hippie, Rubin threw his listeners into delirium by playing a Beatle song, then burning his draft card and some dollars, and then introducing a pretty girl as his "bodyguard." Jerry Rubin, one of the rare gurus who had succeeded in creating an organization, called the "Yippies," has well understood that the combination of records, sex, and subversion can be an explosive mixture for young people. In his book *The Prophetic Minority*, he wrote, in the chapter headed "The Meaning of This Revolution,"

We have put all America on the alert. We have mixed young people, music, sex, drugs, revolt, and treason together. What other combination would be as effective? . . . What we need is a new generation of *obnoxious* people, a new generation of bizarre, unbalanced, irrational people, obsessed with sex, angry, irreligious, infantile, and crazy. People who burn their draft cards . . . people who attract young people with music, and hold them with marijuana and LSD . . . people who proudly wave the Vietcong flag . . . people who aren't afraid to say obscenities on television.

"In his book *Do It*, Jerry Rubin is calling on kids to leave their homes and burn down their schools."

This confusion of genres can mobilize adolescents who would completely shun any sort of conscious commitment, as is demonstrated by the following lines:

Only [Bob] Dylan could have called us there. He was our Shakespeare, our Lenin, our St. Jean of the Apocalypse, and he knew it. But he did . . . enunciate one at a time every word of 15 or so incomparable songs, which many of us knew by heart already—songs which contained our Declaration of Independence (*Open City*, December 22, 1967).

And it is this confusion of genres that posters designed for the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution exploit, in which a hippie couple dances and sings in front of the smiling photos of Mao, Castro, Trotsky, Stalin, Lenin, Karl Marx, and Ho Chi Minh (*The Realist*, New York). All, with the exception of Mao, were bearded and moustached, which created a visual reflex that made all these Communist gods fit easily into the hippie pantheon, not to mention the impression that all these bearded and jovial lads were nothing more than super flower-children.

Most of the time the political gurus play on the superstitious and fetishistic spirit of the hippies, and their press gives a heavy play to palm reading, astrology, and magic. Thus, Allen Ginsberg and a rock group conceived of an elaborate rite on the tomb of Senator Joseph McCarthy, which was reported in the *Village Voice* as follows:

The ceremony began with Ginsberg standing in front of the grave to chant the Dharani spell to remove disasters. Then Ginsberg created the magic circle by walking around the grave chanting the Tibetan spell to banish evil spirits. Next, the 100 participants recited a mantra and offered food, flowers, candy bars, and artifacts to the spirit of McCarthy. And then they

recited the mantra which praises marijuana (BOM! BIM! MAHADEV!) and someone planted actual marijuana seeds in the sod. After attempting a conjuration of McCarthy's spirit, they offered an invocation to Greek and Indian bisexual deities, recalling McCarthy's antagonism to homosexuals, and Ginsberg chanted the Prajnaparamita Sutra followed by a round of "My Country, Tis of Thee." Finally . . . the purified and exorcised spirit was sent back to heaven or to the appointed Karma realm by the ceremony of the Greater Hexagram . . . quoted in (*National Review*, March 19, 1968).

In this way, the belled and flowered children, who hadn't been born yet when Senator McCarthy set out against the Communists, had learned that McCarthy belonged at the side of Satan and Hitler in the catalog of the forces of good and of evil.

Pornography is also an excellent jumping-off place for injecting a political tinge into something that is by nature unpolitical. At the bottom of a full page of pictures, drawn from a porno film of lesbians' buttocks, this huge headline appeared:

DON'T BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL
RIGHT TO SEE THESE CONTROVERSIAL FILMS,
THE SUPREME COURT RULED IT UNCONSTITU-
TIONAL TO PREVENT THE SHOWING OF THESE
FILMS. SEE THEM UNCUT AND UNCENSORED
AS THEY WERE MADE (*Berkeley Barb*, October 7, 1968).

The School of Violence

Some hippie gurus, just as some blacks, intend to achieve their goals in peace, while others do not hesitate to call for violence. But easier said than done; the flower-children have little love for effort in general, or for revolutionary upheaval in particular, so their gurus push them to spectacular, although always apolitical, gestures like smoking drugs or sitting on the sidewalk during a sit-in. This blocks traffic, the police try to persuade the hippies to get up, they resist, the police have to carry them away kicking and screaming, the hippie photographers rush to take pictures, and fatten the files on "police brutality."

A teeny-bopper sit-in on Sunset Strip was invaded by activists from the W. E. B. Dubois Club, a Communist group, who quickly turned the gathering into a riot (*Mindszenty Report*, November 15,

1967). Extremist agitators infiltrate all the big hippie demonstrations. Among one group of photos from a "love-in" that degenerated into a riot, a police officer pointed out at least a dozen young followers of the Progressive Labor Party, a Maoist group. Some of the young people are dressed in the style of the Red Guards.

The Reverend Herman, of the Black Muslim mosque, advises hippies who get caught in a black-white confrontation:

Stay off the streets. Don't expect a black crowd to know you're sympathetic. No one stops to ask you your feeling or opinion when there's a riot. Your skin is your only passport. . . . If you find yourself in the middle of a battle, don't expect to be able to keep from choosing sides. . . . You must go to one side of the street or the other. When you get there, you may have to throw rocks to survive . . . (Open City, August 11, 1967).

So obviously the time has come—which the hippie press emphasizes—for the once peaceful hippies to learn the rudiments of street warfare. In Canada, the leaders of the "Student Union for Peace Action" are training sixty hippies in the art of passive resistance to the police, some hippies playing the role of police howling imprecations at their foes who let themselves be hauled away like sacks of potatos. Some photos of these maneuvers were published in the Canadian press. The guru David de Poe even recommended that his followers start wearing heavy shoes to their drug-and-love festivals, abandoning bare feet or sandals, since these festivals had a tendency to degenerate into free-for-alls, and then the cops would march in crushing toes as they came. De Poe further instructed his people not to wear chains around their necks nor earrings, for the "pigs" had an extremely painful habit of grabbing hold of these ornaments and pulling. Another guru refined the tactics even further:

Don't grin at the police, it makes those mad dogs madder. And when you see a television camera as the police grab you, start screaming. It is good on TV (The Globe and Mail, August 12, 1967).

Certain hippie tribes, like Charles Manson's family, carried this violence of the extreme left to the point of Satanism. Lawrence Schiller reported in his book, *The Killers of Sharon Tate*:

Manson spoke constantly of unleashing a war between whites and blacks. He said that he and his nomads would set fire to powders that would kill whites, and the blacks would be blamed . . . that they would show off submachines on cars (stolen) . . . and that they would kill all the dirty white pigs. Then he would lead his band down into Death Valley and from there, well hidden, they would tranquilly watch the revolution.

It is clear now why one of the murderers carved the word "war" on the skin of a cadaver; why Charles Manson, after cutting off the ear of Hinman, the musician, wrote "political pig" with his blood on the walls of his house.

Yippies and Freebies

It is not a simple thing to organize beings who thirst for total independence, and the political gurus don't even try except when the action is clearly limited in time, and for goals that are typically hippie. There's no question of their tacking up posters (too tiring), or working in electoral campaigns (too cerebral). Rather, a typical assignment would be to boycott a certain storekeeper, or a certain neighborhood. A whole business district might be thrown into disarray by having them park hundreds of cars in every possible parking space during the rush hours. Then the owners of the parked cars are invited to litter up the shops and buy ten cents' worth of goods with a ten-dollar bill. In this way, the straight storekeepers would have sold nothing that day (*Berkeley Barb*, November 7, 1968).

The most political gurus go even further: "Flower power," they explain, "cannot stop fascist power. Songs will not help change the way things are. Organize." Words fallen on pretty deaf ears of course, but when you are dealing with young educated people who have time on their hands and nothing to do with it, a little jarring can have wide repercussions. During my investigations, however, I met only two groups of hippies organized in any traditional political sense.

First is the yippies, or Youth International Party, who have their fingers in every violent demonstration. Two Yippie activists, Abby Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, were arrested at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, along with the rest of the famous "Chicago Eight"—which includes Bobby Seale, president of the Black Panthers. The Yippies call themselves revolutionary anarchists. They are the ones who turn most readily to obscenity as an instrument of social protest, follow-

ing the illustrious example of Aristophanes who had recruited some ruffians to pour liquid manure on some theater sets. These yippies paint their foreheads with their favorite four-letter words, and claim that "after spraying children with napalm, nothing is obscene." Jerry Rubin has just published *In Praise of nothingness*, a sort of metaphysically pretentious yelping against reason, which is described as the vile weapon of the bourgeoisie, while everything that degrades and mutilates reason is sublime, beginning with Jerry Rubin himself.

The other organization has taken the name freebies, or Fraternity of Free Men. The freebies inveigh against the contemplative life, silent protest, and political detachment. They have torn Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Huxley, Leary, Emerson, Thoreau, Gandhi, Watts and Dau-mal down from the flower-children pantheon, to replace them with Marx, Lenin, Mao, Ché, Régis Debray, Castro, and—unexpected choice—the avatar Mehar Baba.

Contradictions Between Communism and Hippieism

There are natural affinities between the extreme left and the hippies, perhaps because both groups want to sweep the established order clean away. When Timothy Leary was convicted on a drug charge, Communists like Guy Endore immediately joined the "Committee for the Defense of Timothy Leary" that was created to raise money. Even Moscow itself paid homage to the flower-children in an approving article, signed Yuri Zhukov, which was published in *Pravda* on June 5, 1967. The *Los Angeles Free Press* (July 21, 1967) published the English translation. The hippie gurus were so flattered by this appreciation from unexpected quarters that they asked their readers to send Yuri Zhukov gifts like Beatle records, eyeglasses for tripping with, hashish pipes, etc.—"decadent" objects which no doubt caused their unlucky recipient endless bother in the puritanistic Communist world.

Affinities there may be, but fundamental incompatibilities exist as well, first and foremost from the point of view of personal liberties. Communists of whatever stripe impose a discipline of the State and of the Party. The hippies can tolerate no authority of any kind. The Communists glorify work, and the physical sacrifice required to construct a gigantic industrial infrastructure. The hippies claim the right to indolence, and are contemptuous of any and all industrial civiliza-

tion, whether capitalist or Communist. The Communists have a rigid morality, the hippies make a life's work of hedonism. The Communists are atheist and materialist, the hippies are believers and spiritualists. The basic gap between the two movements is profound. One of the political hippies wrote:

There are people on the extreme left who would like to tell us what we can do and what we should think. One becomes a Marxist guru by spending time in bourgeois libraries and filling your head with the scholasticism of Marx and Lenin. The hippies know that the time of the academic guru, whether Communist or bourgeois, has come and gone. The only authority that the young recognize is the authority of their own action in the collective battle against the State. The institutionalist authority that the extreme left, of whatever brand, has taken upon itself, has to be neutralized, including the academic Marxists.

The old-line revolutionary parties have come to the end of the road with the hippies, but the distrust has become mutual—a tone that can be picked up from this excerpt from an article by Susan Sontag:

The American New Left is correct to be anarchic, because it is out of power. The freaky clothes, rock, drugs and sex are prerevolutionary forms of cultural subversion, and so you can have your grass and your orgy and still be moral and revolutionary as all get-out. But in Cuba, the revolution has come to power, and so it follows that such disintegrative "freedom" is inappropriate . . . (*Ramparts*, April 1969).

So you see, history changes direction and moves back toward the old values, like discipline, militarism, puritanism, work, obedience, that it had completely rejected earlier. In Havana, the police arrested 300 hippies who had come to Cuba with hearts full of love for their bearded brother Fidel, and the flower-children learned with sadness that Cuba too has its "pigs" with nothing better to do than throw hippies in jail.

In the countries where Communism reigns, the rock, drugs, and lasciviousness which the authorities find so repellent still manage to seep into the society through a thousand subterranean paths. The *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Soviet young Communist organ, complained that photos of nude women had inundated the underground hand-to-hand clandestine press that circulates in the U.S.S.R. "with the intention of undermining and overturning the Communist system.

Nude women," said the review in the inimitable jargon of the Bolsheviks, "pack a well-hidden ideological impact, and turn the mind away from politics."

When conservatives declare that pornography, which is spreading everywhere today among Western youth, is an insidious weapon being used to undermine society, the left sniggers at them, acting as if they were backward puritans who see witches everywhere. The "liberals" assure us that nudity, eroticism, even homosexuality and pornography, are forms of art or modes of expression in themselves, and have no relationship to social and political forms. But the Communists, expert in the art of moving the masses, skillful alchemists of passion and commitment, know better. They know that extreme carnality is, in effect, a form of insurrection against social constraints. They know that the revolt of the flesh quickly has its effects in the political domain. They know that the search for larger horizons, if only larger horizons for the senses, cannot help but come up against the rigid limits of the regime, and the more restrictive the regime is, the more quickly and more strongly the two forces will clash. And the new left does indeed flatter itself on its skillful encouragement of eroticism and drugs to addle the senses, sapping the juice from the traditional authority of the family, thereby precipitating the downfall of our political system, which is founded on the family.

So Communism is caught in one of those "internal contradictions" that it ascribes only to its adversary. They use every instrument at hand to weaken the fiber of the Western world, even though those instruments may prove destructive to them as well; apparently they count on their superior ability to pull chestnuts from the fire. But those very chestnuts may carry irreducible and dangerous ferments that menace the Communist world even more vitally than freer societies, because it is so much more of an order, so much more rigidly established. So these powers of the extreme left will have to take great care not to replay the eternal fable of the sorcerer's apprentice, and let themselves be overcome by the nihilist forces that it thinks it is using. If it is true that the hippie generation is lost to the open society of the West, the Communists are beginning to fear that it will never find a place in their closed tribe either. In their offensive against the free world, the forces of subversion may find that they have hold of a double-edged sword.

10

A Philosophy of Life

During the preceding chapters, we have often mentioned several elements in the hippie philosophy, but my readers are probably curious to have a surer grasp on the speculations that guide or enlighten the hippies, and this chapter tries to satisfy that curiosity.

ABSOLUTE LOVE

Love is the alpha and the omega of the hippie philosophy. A universal, unconditional, omnipresent, total love. It is through love of all living things that the hippies are vegetarians, following the example of the Buddhists. In certain volcanic islands of Hawaii, where it is difficult to make vegetables grow, the hippies are forced to eat fish, and they have planted placards in the sands of their beaches which read:

We offered our respects and gratitude to the fish and the Sea Gods daily, and ate them with real love, admiring their extraordinarily beautiful, perfect little bodies (*Oracle*, November 1968).

I would guess that the fish would rather have been less beloved and less eaten.

The *Oracle*, one of the most illustrious hippie publications, prints the legend "Oracle Loves You" in every one of its issues. Try to imagine opening your newspaper every morning and reading, "The *New York Times* loves you. . . ."

In the Miracle Mile, a psychedelic hippie club in Los Angeles, the customer pays a dollar to get in and instead of receiving a ticket stub as proof of payment, his hand is stamped with the word "Love."

The hippies gargle about love from the beginning of the day to the end. The gentlest of them say "I love you" to the passerby who

stands gaping at the gorgon's head in front of him; "I love you" to the grocer who squints with suspicion at their rags; "I love you" to the policeman who sniffs the odor of hashish on them. But these tender declarations of an indiscriminate love are made to people on the street by people who are committed to nothing. Indeed, the hearts of the hippies are cold and their lips stay closed when it has to do with the people who touch them closely, and to whom their love matters enormously: their parents. When they were overcome by the lure of *la vie bohème* and its drugged dreams, they left their homes without a backward look, unconcerned by the anguish they would cause, dropping out of sight for years altogether.

Some of them may vanish so cruelly from their homes because they detest the place (which proves that there is room for hate in at least some hippie hearts), but my investigations have shown that the great majority of runaways feel no anger toward, in the language of the straights, their "loved ones." Very often, they love their parents very much. And if a mother and father, consumed with anxiety, would travel from New York to Haight Ashbury to assure themselves that their child is not dead, no doubt the renegade would kiss them, saying, "I love you."

Only that love has no more weight to a hippie than the love that he declares to every passerby. His love for humankind, like his love for his near and dear, is a love of surface and of display, not even a declaration of principle, but a little nothing that the hippie disperses to the wind like apple blossoms, a perfume that he sprays on the people around him and which evaporates as quickly as dew in the sun. For the psychic base of the hippies is, not universal love, but sacred egotism, an egotism shared by all hedonists; his supreme value is the search for his own pleasure in total autonomy, whatever the pain that he may inflict on someone who loves him.

The same applies to that virtue which is a function of love: kindness. The ease, the carelessness with which the hippies make their parents suffer shows that, on this plane also, their philosophy of love is hollow. I say hollow, not vicious. They really want to be good, they love to feel that they are good, but on condition that this does not cost them the least sacrifice. Their acts of kindness, when they dispense them, are light, gauzy, fluttery, like everything they do or think. They

might be willing to spend twenty minutes easing someone's pain, but hardly more than that.

Much is made in the hippie press of the genuine kindness displayed by the "loving guide" hippies who spend long nights by the sides of their friend on acid so that, should the trip turn "bad," they can keep him from hurting himself and offer support. I went to see some of these angels of charity to ask if a few of them would be willing to do much-needed volunteer work at a nearby hospital for handicapped children. They acquiesced in a vague sort of way, but never, dear God never, did the hospital ever see one of these "loving guides," in an access of kindness, come guide a paralyzed child in the exercise of his little atrophied muscles.

Clearly, no one is truly good unless he has it in him to sacrifice a little of his own pleasure or comfort to the happiness of another. Not only do the hippies not renounce any desires of their own, they are always ready to encroach upon other people, even those whom they are supposedly supporting most ardently. For example, during the 1968 "summer of love" in San Francisco, they took over any number of buildings, parks, and gifts of food and much social assistance that had been earmarked for blacks.

In a sense the hippies make a toy of love and kindness, a little party favor that goes off to the highest bidder. This illuminates one of their essential characteristics: they manufacture and consume illusion.

Tribal Love

The hippies' creed of love also includes the proposition that love will bind groups of people together into intimate communion. And indeed, one of the principal reproaches addressed to "society" is that it turns all men into prey for each other—or at the very least, the stranger or outsider becomes prey—and families become citadels of egoism where hearts harden against anything outside them.

It is true that the hippies live in tribes. Firstly, their poverty forces them to cram themselves into a room where they can all share the rent and food—a situation that encourages the, at first charming, habit of offering any food or drug around the circle. Secondly, communal life makes access to drugs much easier; everyone passes around information

about suppliers and, with their communal generosity, whoever has, shares, so no one ever lacks for this stuff of life. And finally, it is more agreeable to get stoned in company than all alone, and it is also a wise precaution against bad trips. That is the source, and the totality, of the "communion" of which the hippies are so proud: a group of "heads" being stoned at the same time, each with his own ineffable perceptions.

Carnal Love

The hippies have above all striven for absolute love on the physical—that is, erotic—plane. The particular part of their creed that affirms that the body should be entirely free, that experience of every conceivable carnal pleasure, at every possible moment, is a great good, that every imaginable practice should be engaged in either with a partner of the opposite sex, the same sex, or no partner at all, is, as we have already seen in the chapter on sex, applied to the letter.

This hippie tenet has filtered down to the larger society, speeding up the process of sexual emancipation that has been developing in all the free and sophisticated societies of the West. More and more people in the "straight" world have begun to accept the possibility that all physical pleasure is a good. The hippies' contribution to this revolution consists of breaking down certain barriers that were maintained even among the most liberal "straight" circles, that is, the shame attached to public fornication, to homosexuality, and to prostitution. We should note, however, that though this shame may be ignored in their press, it has not been generally eliminated from their actual behavior. Couples make love in public, yes, but only at great "happenings" intended specifically to "put down" the straights, or perhaps when they are stoned. But most hippie communities are still quite far away from systematic and generalized public lovemaking. Some communities even demonstrate what can only be called sexual reserve.

There are still many hangovers in the dark corners of the hippie soul from those old taboos they decry with such vigor. These hangovers have not, however, stopped them from carrying sexual liberation farther, faster than anyone else. This may be the hippies' most profound contribution to a long-term change in our mores. What can be said about this revolution?

First, there are social limits. No matter how "open" one's mind and spirit may be, there is little to say in favor of human kennels where anyone who has sexual desires for anyone else is authorized to satisfy his desire then and there, no matter whether in the office, in a restaurant, or on the sidewalk. No collective life can maintain the least dignity under such conditions. People must restrain themselves, even in love—above all in love.

The human kennel would not only be untenable socially, it would be destructive to health, beauty, and emotion. Constant change of sexual partners makes one vulnerable to serious venereal diseases, which are then passed on to one's next contact; constant lovemaking from morning to night, from night to morning, is physically and mentally debilitating; and excessive sexual exercise becomes just that—exercise—with less ecstasy each time. Perpetual pleasure becomes more and more bloodless. The senses become blunted and cease to enrich the soul, while all the emotions that accompany the sensations lose their charm and their value. Lovemaking becomes, on the contrary, a source of brutalization.

The fanatics of fornication forget that sex is just one of the elements of love which, in its full expansion, also includes tenderness, respect, admiration, trust, devotion, and shared tastes, efforts, and memories.

Certainly, a complete love is fulfilled in sexual pleasure in marriage, but it doesn't begin there and it doesn't end there. Love's true triumph is its triumph over solitude, doubt, and time; it has not truly won unless the presence of the loved one follows you beyond the bed, unless that smiling image floats in the air you breathe and impregnates your vitals, unless it secretly accompanies your steps in the street and your words in life.

This is the substance of the true, of the great love, the love that men have exalted through time, the love that has dominated their art and their literature, the love that is rarely found along the hashish trail. This real, this true love means a strong attachment, a mutual gift from one being to another, a passionate connection of hearts; in other words, a relationship that could not be more opposed to the pointillistic hippie life of flight. Brigitte Axel, in her book *H*, confessed that she was disturbed, almost shamed, by the only true love that she found during

her travels. Why? Because she realized that she risked being bound to another human creature for as long as several months.

A complete love also implies that its object has been chosen, selected out from all the possible options. Each being can only store a finite dose of riches in the treasure of the personality. If he strews his desires, his dreams, his gifts, and his needs as chance takes him, his objects are receiving nothing from him but specks of dust and they can return nothing but dust to him. Only the wind loves everything, which is to say that it loves nothing.

In practice, the Absolute Love of the hippies is, alas, nothing more than a beautiful dream. Or perhaps a nightmare. The nightmare of the absolute dissolution of love.

ABSOLUTE LIBERTY

There is more relationship between the hippies' theories of absolute liberty and their acts than there is between their theory of absolute love and their acts. They rigorously respect their companions' freedom of action. Everyone does whatever comes into his head to do when he wants to do it, without accounting to anyone, nor does anyone ever ask for such an accounting.

However, here too, if you sound the hippies' cult of absolute liberty, you can hear several false notes. When I rose one evening in San Francisco from a circle of people chatting around me, and left, saying goodbye to no one, to take off for Katmandu, that was fine; but if I stand up to say that drugs are a poison and work is sustenance I am received very badly. I am peppered with sarcasms and accusations (of which the worst is complicity with the establishment). At least they don't, in the heat of argument, attack me physically as a Maoist would have done. As always, real ideological liberty is the most difficult kind of liberty to grant and, in this area, the hippies show a little of the intolerance of the extreme left.

We have also seen that jealousy is not yet unknown in the hippie world which means that, in a fair number of couples, at least one of the parties will try to keep the other from fornicating with a third. Is this absolute liberty? But on the whole, it is only fair to say that when

it comes to personal freedom, hippies practice to an unusual degree what they preach; the demon of intolerance applies only to ideologies and, even there, they are rarely carried to any sort of aggression against the person of another. I am speaking now, however, of hippies in a state of relative equilibrium; not of those who, in a drug delirium, may become violent.

I must add that liberty as understood by the hippies—which means, simply, that you can do what you want, the way you want, when you want—is a liberty of limited value. Throughout history courageous fighters have mobilized for battle in liberty's name, but why? Have they fought for the right to spend the rest of their lives stargazing, or is liberty rather the precondition for any action toward development and growth? It would be just as futile to pride oneself that one is free and then not do anything, as it would be to congratulate oneself on having wrested the right to read anything—and then not have a book on one's shelf. No more than with love, there's no juice to liberty unless there is substance.

It is true that the gurus claim more than freedom of individual conduct. They have developed a whole metaphysic of *absolute* liberty on the social plane, condensed into the slogan "It is forbidden to forbid" that the French protesting students of May, 1968, had taken over from the hippies.

In fact, these great libertarians were as hypocritical as anyone in history who has ever tried to bring people to submission with soft words of "freedom." These youths, scribbling their brave "forbid us not" on the walls of the Sorbonne, were themselves great forbidders. The portrait of Jaurès was violently forbidden a place next to the portraits of Lenin or of Mao; they forbade professors to lecture and forbade their fellow students to take their examinations.

Moreover, it takes a bad faith indeed to argue that *nothing* should be forbidden: what about forbidding child labor, racial discrimination, spoiled food, slavery, torture, infanticide, murder, and a mob of other destructions? Certainly, "Thou shalt nots" that protect unjust privileges should be done away with, but clear heads have worked for centuries to destroy these constrictions. We haven't needed the hippies and the demonstrators to tell us that each generation owes it to itself to enlarge its field of liberty to the maximum degree consonant with

basic morality. But it is one thing to roll back the limits, and quite another to eliminate them altogether. The first goal—to widen the field of action—is possible and fruitful, and all progress is nourished on it. The second—to dissolve all limits to liberty—is rubbish.

But the longhairs intoxicate themselves on liberty with a sincerity that forces one's sympathy. And it is indeed this frantic pursuit of liberty that makes the hippies so inconstant, and so imponderable. I have mentioned above that the hippies flee the elaborated forms of love that imply attachments, and in general, they flee from any profound emotion or commitment, precisely because they fear the bonds of attachment. I believe that this incapacity to sustain any tie—tenuous though it might be—around either the soul or the body, this need for the freedom of birds that is so visceral that they have the courage to pay the price of utter destitution, is the real “sign of the hippie”—much more so than their hollow religion of love. Personally, I would prefer to call the hippies, rather than “flower-children,” by the more appropriate name of “bird-children.”

But there are limits, whether they like it or not. It would be too much work, for their ethereal humors, to reflect on the diverse kinds of limits there are, so let us do it for them.

First, there are the *inevitable* biological limits, such as the need to eat, drink, sleep, learn to walk, to speak, to read and write, to protect ourselves from danger, to produce food, shelter, and the coverings our bodies require. And all these things demand constant effort and sustained discipline. To curse this kind of limitation makes no more sense than to rebel against the fact that man is mortal.

Next, there are the limits *necessary* for living in groups with one another: taking care of our injured, burying the dead, dealing honestly, sharing burdens, driving on the right, raising children, sheltering old people, protecting the weak, fighting against natural calamities, etc. (The essential limitations of work and law will be discussed later.) To refuse this kind of limitation is to forbid all human society.

And finally, there are *useful* and *voluntary* limits and constraints. Men who have turned their minds to the mysteries of creation, whether in the sciences, letters, the arts, the crafts, philosophy, know that the creator must silence the siren songs of a thousand interior temptresses, place his mind on alert, circumscribe his gaze, whip up his reasoning

processes, discipline the imagination, fix the attention, blank out the memory—all very laborious things. The flash of ideas or of new forms probably demands a sufficient concentration of certain chemicals in the brain, and a certain intellectual asceticism is indispensable to maintain this concentration. Whoever has experienced it knows its marvelous fertility. To exclude this kind of constraint from life is to leave the human being in a state of pure animality.

Certainly there are abusive social constraints that have no other function than to maintain either intolerable supremacies of one group over another, or absurd prejudices. True libertarians have struggled against this kind of constraint throughout all of history, and in these combats, the left has incontestably been the liberating instrument. But as soon as the extreme left began to glorify the idea that there should be no limits, it fell into the ditch that has been the downfall of so many reformers: the means gleam with such luster that the ends are forgotten.

It happens too often, alas, that the instrument forged for some other purpose becomes an idol in itself. The revolutionaries aspire to a positive reform, they engage in battle, the struggle becomes heroic, they symbolize the struggle in a slogan, the slogan inflames the masses, and they inflate it into a sword and cross that have no relationship to its original meaning; and one, two, three, the catchphrase, henceforth emptied of all real content, becomes an object of worship. The magic of the word has replaced the real meat of the enterprise. The struggle begins with, “Down with all unjust repression.” Then it becomes “Down with all repression.” First the phrase rolls trippingly off every tongue, then it becomes personified in the leader of the movement. And thus elitism, and then despotism, are born from the dust of a valorous battle. The process is as old as humanity, as sad as failure.

ABSOLUTE INDOLENCE

The hippies abominate any attempt to force them into a mold, but by all odds the most hateful commandment of all is “Thou shalt earn your bread by the sweat of your brow.” They batter against the

ancestral taboo of work even more vigorously, and more radically, than against traditional sexual mores.

Their writings abound in sonorous, rhythmic, and often amusing phrases that protest against the law of work: a law that has been part of human functioning even longer than the laws of modesty. All their little sallies are embroidered around the central idea that work kills: "Man does better if he doesn't work." "Society needs your smile, not your muscles." "Every time you do a movement on an assembly line, you blaspheme against nature." "Jobs cause cancer." Work that is ordinarily considered worthwhile, even noble, like scholarship, science, engineering, is not spared: "Truth doesn't live under a microscope." "Studying is unhealthy, it tires the eyes and addles the brain." "Don't tire your mind by seeking, take drugs and you will find." The ancestral and universal ethic of work well done is derided: "Why should a chair stand up straight? Better to have it tipped, so you can lie down." No slash is strong enough against the factory, the store, the office, the construction yard, the school, the university, the places of sweat and unhappiness where men and women make up frivolities for each other's benefit, or stuff their heads with silliness, instead of intoxicating themselves on air, on sun, and on hallucinogens.

From time to time, these slashing curses against work are worked up into a theoretical essay, like this one from *Oracle* (November, 1967):

We're coming out of an era in the womb of man, of total society in a womb condition of being really taken care of. The baby is inside of his mother. Finding itself in the universe where he doesn't have to invent the oxygen or any of the 98 chemical elements, they're just waiting, he doesn't have to invent the mathematical elements by which hair actually grows, beautiful things. But we're gradually beginning to come out of the vanity as we come out of this, out of the womb, sort of group womb, into the new relationship with the universe. Our real guidance is going to be this metaphysical with fantastic respect for that truth itself which you find, and you've got to find. Once you've found the true inter-relationships you've got to go with them.

Most hippies have broken off all relations with watch-time. They wake up when they wake up, sleep when they sleep, nibble at food when they are not smoking up, and vice versa. The distinctions between day

and night, between weekdays and holidays, have no meaning to them, every day ought to be Sunday. They don't recognize their own birthdays, or anyone else's. The months carry no name, the days no date, there is nothing to distinguish one moment from another.

This is no pose or a wish to shock; it is a profound state of soul, and of physical disposition. Their absolute laziness is, no doubt, partly due to their drugs. Also, the wish to do nothing is innate in all of us, and much of our early training is planned specifically to suppress this tendency. But once the habit of work, which was so laboriously taught us, has been lost for a few years, an individual will tumble into an irreversible inertia.

Anyone who is really honest with himself will acknowledge that instinct does not push man to work (as thirst pushes him to drink), but that even so a solid dose of work will always be one of the givens of life. The idea that man can exist without ever having to work again, which has been expressed a thousand times throughout the hippie press, is, alas, puerile, like most of the flower-children's ideas. How could a supposedly grown person write that human beings should henceforth have nothing to do but let themselves drift, their legs crossed in the lotus position, on the waves of society's great uterus where "they" will take care of them. What "they?" The only answer is, "us," that is, human society itself (for lack of extra-human helpers like Snow White's dwarfs or Wells's Martians), and around we go in a vicious circle.

Or perhaps *Oracle* thinks that this "they" is our technology (which *Oracle* has only the greatest contempt for). Alas, this technology is still far from capable of this! Yet, the editors of *Oracle* have visited India many times. They have seen for themselves that the interior visions, the *dolce far niente* underneath the golden sun and the chants of "Hare Krishna" don't turn the water into canals to irrigate the land, nor do they grow rice. Even in the United States, a letter doesn't get from here to there by machine—as the hippies should know, the Post Office Department being one of their main sources of employment. It is true that in the hippie world, you don't have to write to affirm friendship—just get into bed. Nor do you have to wash, cut your hair, nor even get dressed. But you do still have to eat. And what "they" will till the soil, sow the seeds, harvest the crops, transport, pack,

and distribute the food? The fetus, in the human uterus, has a very specific "they" to serve him: the father who works, and the mother who feeds him through her body and prepares him to face the world. In the social uterus, the "they" is everyone, and if the hippies won't pull their own weight, then everyone else has to work twice as much.

Despite all our science, and the possibility that all superfluous work will eventually be eliminated, society will still require at least five hours' work a day from each able-bodied adult—even if, the way things are going, everyone will stay in school until thirty, and everyone will retire at fifty. And if we as a society decided to produce less consumer's goods, if all humanity decided to follow *Oracle* into bucolic joys, where there was nothing to do but eat, get dressed, find a place to live, keep warm, take drugs, and listen to records, abandoning the printed word, all technology and all machines—ah, well, this pastoral idyll would require . . . twelve hours work a day! Yes, twelve hours a day, tilling, sowing, harvesting, etc., all by hand. Twelve hours a day instead of the five-hour day that is just around the corner, the life of an animal instead of a life that gives you access to airplanes that will fly you to play shepherd in Katmandu, and that provides the automatic presses for running off *Oracle*. In other words, technology, if used properly, can give you freedom; denial of technology will bind you down.

Even supposing that there could be a real utopia, complete with robots, to serve all our needs, that doesn't mean that man is necessarily going to live in total idleness for the rest of eternity. He will always have to invent, manufacture, and program his slaves, and when he forgets this, he will have forgotten to act as a human being, and his slaves—designed precisely to carry out these functions that man has let atrophy—will stop too. Whatever may happen, we may clearly not move toward that "planetary uterine state" of which *Oracle* dreams, without working now to accumulate that very knowledge for which *Oracle* has such contempt. For the moment, that "uterine state" can benefit no one but a few privileged parasites—the hippies. So now we understand who the hippies' "they" is: first, of course, mother and dad, who knock themselves out with work; then the rest of "straight" society, whose own lives are being kept harder longer for being obliged to subsidize these doctrinaire ne'er-do-wells.

On the other hand, however, the hippies are quite right to protest

excessive, unpleasant, or boring work. An excellent first step, if they had only gone further and devised creative innovations. The protests of the socialists and the syndicalists against painful or brutalizing labor has filled libraries well before the hippies, and these protests have borne fruit; more and more workers are steadily being freed from onerous jobs, thanks to a combination of a sense of justice and a technology advanced enough to support translation of this sense of justice into action.

Moreover, there have been thinkers in the past, like Paul Lafargue, to affirm, in the face of the ancestral curse of sweat, the right of workers to idleness. And how serious these ideas are, how fecund, compared to the hippies' utopias. Lafargue argues that work is not a value *in itself*, the way people were taught in the earnest 19th century. It can only enlarge man if, first, it serves a great and human objective and if, after that, it is entered into freely, and the workload is reasonable and conscientiously executed. Lafargue adds that leisure can be as noble as work if it is also lived intelligently. Then it is a delicious bath in which man repairs his forces, cultivates his sensibilities, tastes of nature, and draws upon the very inspirations that lead him to work. Humanity imagines when it is at leisure, and builds when it is at work. Lafargue shows that executives are serfs until they acknowledge their own rights to this fruitful indolence, and can make it flower. But Lafargue is not speaking of the absolute and permanent, hollow and narcissistic laziness of the hippies. He deals, rather, with the golden link of repose which is enlaced harmoniously with the bronze link of work to make the great chain of Prometheus.

Moreover, the theater of our times renews itself and deepens its repertory with a powerful rhythm every year, which means that more themes and more horizons are endlessly being opened to the enterprising spirit, more searching and more creation. There is still a kind of struggling that debases man, but how many other struggles raise him high! And we all know, all around us, a crowd of people in every profession whose work impassions them and literally makes them flower. Two thirds of so-called "professional" people are in this category, along with a good third of the farmers, craftsmen, and skilled workers. For anyone whose efforts can be translated before their very

eyes into a blooming of creativity, or of knowledge, or of the public good, this effort is the very salt of life.

Not only is absolute indolence inconceivable so long as humanity really functions as humanity, it is equally as destructive to the development of the individual human being. For, to the degree that the senses, the muscles, and the brain become permanently relaxed, pleasure itself fades, joy dims, and the individual sinks into a sort of languor that is much closer to death than to life. A complete organism must know how to savor the perfume of lilacs while he rests, and then turn his mind to the structure of their stamens.

Absolute Destitution

It has often been said, and rightly, that the hippie has contempt for his papa's money, but he cashes his papa's checks. He vomits up the materialism of the establishment, but it is this very establishment that keeps him from sleeping naked in the street. He has nothing but sarcasm for the charity that is only "conscience money" as far as the hippies are concerned, but he runs quickly enough to their hospitals and psychiatric centers when things go poorly for him. He sneers at the "science" of the rationalists who look for Truth under a microscope, but his basic sources of satisfaction are the product of their work: LSD, records, cars, the plane for Katmandu. And where do his protest buttons come from and his "liberated" press, if not from sophisticated printing presses? The same presses, in fact, that give him access to the latest work of Timothy Leary proclaiming that our civilization of machines is nonsense.

An Australian hippie journalist, with whom I discussed these thoughts in a café in Kabul, answered that his hippie brothers could not help but avail themselves of the manufactures of the establishment since, until now, through the fault of Galileo, the world has been dominated by the urge to manufacture, to control materials; however, he believed it was possible that a more poetic civilization could well have developed a sophisticated electronics technology.

"Nobody knows what would have happened if Cleopatra's nose had been longer," I answered, "but it is certain enough that the chemistry of LSD, electronics, and the jet plane could not have been devel-

oped if everyone has spent the past three hundred and fifty years since Galileo fooling around in the Himalayas and being stoned. Besides, aren't you doing just what the establishment does, except when you're smoking or fornicating? Look what you do to get out the next issue of your firebrand newspaper. It's just like an editor of a regular "establishment" paper: recruiting talent, bitterly bargaining down the price of paper, fiddling around with the news, improvising sensationalism, looking for the most profitable sales outlets, even going so far as to pay your bills to the telephone company, the epitome of corporate capitalism, whose existence is entirely dependent on the millions of miles of telephone cables laid down by the straights."

When it comes, however, to the use of money, the hippies incarnate an incontestably new phenomenon. They do need a minimum to live, and it is this minimum that we have seen them eke out from daddy's exchequer, from pilfering, from begging, or from charity. This minimum poses a grave problem to the hippies, for its only source is the Established Order, and it makes the hippies parasites on this order. That said, the fact that the minimum in question is so extremely minimum—much lower than even the thriftiest "straight" person could possibly manage—is a significant sign of authentic revolution in Western mores. All my investigations show that the street hippie lives on a budget somewhere between \$25 and \$75 per month, or let's say, to set a mean, \$50 a month, twelve times less than the salary of an average American worker.

Certainly, in exchange for their renunciation of the material, they amuse themselves with whatever pleases them: multicolored gewgaws, psychedelic records, drugs. And they feel free as the bird in a tree, discharged from all obligation to work or to study. Their poverty is then the fruit, not of a cruel destiny, but of *their deliberate choice*. It doesn't block them from achieving their goals, it opens the doors for them to satisfy their dreams. Moreover, it is an enchanted poverty, a joyful sharing of youth, companionship, love, "trips," and *dolce far niente*. However, in terms of the material comforts of life, the hippies are much more deprived than the traditional "artist in the garret" or other devil-may-care who may, in an earlier time, have chosen to live *la vie bohème*. Compared to present-day hippie indigence, those earlier bohemians lived in positive comfort. They at least were never reduced

to digging into garbage cans for food, or stealing blankets to keep from freezing to death. They had a bed in a room, and soap and water. The fact that the hippies have accepted a considerably more ascetic discomfort proves that they have truly made a great leap away from material values. The contempt that they affirm for money is a contempt that they really live, and sometimes in a dramatic way. No doubt their physical poverty is more a matter of indifference rather than a sort of religious renunciation, and this indifference is reinforced by their drugs which skim all importance from the *things* of life. Be that as it may, we must still deal with the fact that the hippies, as a group, have access to a world of abundance, and they choose total deprivation; in other words, in relation to money they put their philosophy fully into practice. They differ on this point from certain new left protesters who vigorously declare the required metaphysic of contempt for money, and just as vigorously do whatever they can to make it.

One cannot help but be touched by the fortitude and disinterestedness with which the hippies accept this radical renunciation of all riches, but its uselessness is, alas, only too evident. First, this renunciation does not deliver them from material cares, for there still remains that irreducible minimum below which one simply cannot survive, and we have already seen how the hippies gallop around scratching for that little morsel.

But the hippies who design the fascinating psychedelic posters, who compose the bewitching melodies, who assemble strange jewelry, who test, describe, and debate the beyond of consciousness, these are not the naked starving hordes who roam the hashish trail, these are artists who stay at home, who keep enough fire in their chimneys to keep their fingers warm and supple, enough calories in their stomachs to keep their senses from being deadened, enough reading in their heads to keep their brains from atrophying. This fact contradicts the utopians who, for centuries, have believed that deprivation was more of a spur to wisdom of genius than comfort.

This indispensable minimum of comfort and of culture, set well above the minimum vital to life, is precisely that minimum below which the traditional bohemian artist never descended. To refuse that is just a foolhardy denial of the human condition. To go below the

minimum is not admirable and fruitful disinterestedness; it is absurd and sterile extravagance. . . .

The hippies say that only impure societies have produced material goods. That is true. But purity does not come from abandoning all comfort; that is just to go back where we started from, with all the naked baseness, cruelty, and depravity of which man is capable. We have to hold on to our ease, and purify society from there. It is certainly a long and difficult task, but the only one that makes sense.

But in fact, there is another reason beside the messianic for the hippies' life of total renunciation. Their anathemas against industrial civilization are nothing but ideological ornament. Their real motivation is physiological; it's just that a person can't really do anything when drugs are his life.

Return to Nature

The hippies who curse industry, money, and the material civilization and look for some objective correlative to their interior paradise have no other choice, obviously, than to glorify the return to nature. Nonetheless, as we have seen, the great majority of hippies practice it hardly at all, preferring to circle around the psychedelic discotheques in the large cities like butterflies circling a light. But their gurus continually exhort them to leave the cities. "My first message," Timothy Leary wrote, "is, flee the concrete and go toward the fields." Nature, according to the hippie philosophy, is the only exterior paradise that can offer food for pleasure worthy of the interior drug paradise. It is also the only setting that appears to fit the perfect lovers of indolence. Alas, this idea, or rather this hope, is also an illusion, as we shall see.

The nature that sings a siren song to many harassed citizens, not just hippies, is not the natural, untouched nature of Spinoza, it is a nature molded and improved by man through long, painful effort, an effort that has cost him a good deal more backbreaking work than his industrial society ever did. Without hundreds of years of clearing land, drainage, irrigation, tilling, construction of roads and tunnels, planting, dams—without these tons of sweat and these billions of bowed spines, these beautiful grasslands would be crawling with thorns and insects, this lovely undergrowth would be overrun with brambles and impene-

trable vines, these clear ponds would be gummy with toads and infested with marsh fever, these temples of rock would be aswarm with ferocious beasts and snakes. Yes, nature furnishes us with the means to live, but in the raw state, without charm, and invested with mortal risk. It is man's job to distinguish that which is beneficial to us from that which will do us harm, and to make the beneficial pleasing, even poetic. Nothing ever has, or ever will, do the work. Man could not comfortably live his life on two percent of the earth's raw land. If all humanity, seized by "naturism" and by dreams of lotus land, went to the land, they would soon enough be showering blessings on the New York subway.

Nature's grandeur has been the source for a kind of inspiration that neither industry nor art could evoke, but you still need industry and art, which is to say the work of man, to take pleasure from it. Those Himalayan ranges that the hippies flock to are sublime, but almost no one has ever gazed from their precipices, or hung from their peaks, listened to the murmur of their streams, inhaled the perfume of their flowers. No one can go adventuring in these lofty, lunar solitudes, knapsack on his back and stick in hand, as in the Alps. There are neither roads, nor inns, nor shelter. You have to hire Nepalese guides and porters to lug tons of provisions on their backs: food for ten persons for a month, sleeping bags and tents, shovels, picks and rope, medicines, etc. Only rich mountain climbers can afford to fill their lungs with the Himalayan air, and their eyes with the Himalayan vistas—a sight that is indeed hallucinogenic. The hippies (and I too) have to admire the mountains from so far off that they look like nothing so much as beautiful postcards. And as I stood looking at the Himalayas, I was suddenly moved to bless the herculean labors of my Western people who have carved roads through the mountains of my home, so that I have been able to gaze from their precipices, to hang by my hands from their peaks, to listen to the murmur of their streams, and inhale the perfume of the Alpine flowers.

So we come back once again to vanity, to the inanity of searching for a happiness—even a happiness in nature—that is separate from the rest of civilization. We have seen that "Thou shalt flee the cities" is the least observed hippie commandment. For every ten hippies who will leave Katmandu to come and contemplate the Himalayas, there are

a hundred who cram themselves into their smoky city holes-in-the-wall. In reality, this invocation of nature is just another weapon in the arsenal of modern protest movements—and not just of the hippies.

Any group that questions our industrial civilization brings up the clear mountain brooks. But I don't understand. I don't understand how running Alpine brooks can be set in opposition to the Golden Gate. For me, the two are equally as exalting, though in different registers; they appeal to different, but not at all contradictory, levels in me—levels that complement rather than contradict each other. The dispute between the respective merits of nature and industry seems to me as puerile as the question that people always put to children: "Who do you love better, papa or mama?" A question to which there is only one answer: "I love them both the same." I love to roll along in a smooth, powerful automobile and, at the end of the trip, stretch out in the shade of a gentle, powerful tree. The glory of nature goes very well with the glory of man.

Neither the heroic plunge into deprivation, nor the lyric flight into nature, brings one any nearer to happiness than the traditional formula, which is basically: Take your tools in hand when it is time to work, and take your sweetheart in hand when it is time to enjoy.

The Communal Life

What can you do if you love company but not society, if you love indolence but not hunger? You can go away with some companions to set up a community on the land. Many hippies have taken this road, following after so many other idealists in the past who have striven against the Law of Bronze—Victor Considerant's term for the ensemble of the rules that hold the social order together. The temptation is great. No more quarreling against the capitalists who try to make us covet goods. We will all go off toward the green valley and begin again at the beginning, ourselves alone, and we will love it. At the beginning, they delight in devising elaborate constitutions that will make all relationships just, harmonious, and fraternal. People will get married in twos, or in fours, or by taking turns, or all together. We will smoke marijuana and drop acid as we like. We will sing the day long, and dance all night. We will forget books, and our parents' irritating letters.

We will whip up extravagant clothes, or won't wear any. We will plant a row of marijuana between each row of carrots. And of course, everything will belong to everybody.

Some fifty of these hippie communities, or "communes" as they are called, have been set up along the sunny coasts of California and Florida. Some of them, turning away from the divine sun, have moved into suburban houses, or sometimes into shanties in the middle of nowhere. The communes range from the relatively well off to the impoverished, and their statutes concerning love go from the not-really-so-free to the more-than-free. But so far, all these communes have foundered on the same rocks that have for centuries destroyed all other such communal "returns to the land."

The homesteaders have all discovered, in effect, a series of astonishing facts: that in the ordinary way of things, if a spermatozoa meets a ripe ovum, there will be a child; that children, out of who knows what deviltry, give their parents pleasure, and they begin to want to keep them jealously for themselves; that fingers, as if bewitched by an evil charm, stiffen on the guitar after fifteen days without food. That soil doesn't turn into food unless the land is tilled and planted. That even then, the land doesn't give up its fruits until it is harvested with great effort and sunburned, peeling skin. That the community's wastes observe the law of gravity and don't fly away, while, if they are left to rot in place, disease spreads. In brief, given this little cluster of phenomena, Gene Carlson, the founder of a commune on Bridge Mountain called "OM Foundation" (from the Indian mantra), promulgated the following Tables of the Law for all hippie tribes:

A community has to have some sense of order until the people in it have reached a sense of communication in themselves that becomes awareness of order. . . . For example, if someone leaves their mess for someone else to clean up, they need rule or law until they become their own keeper. Then you can not only be a good example to yourself (the I AM) but go a little further to be the WE ARE. Which means to pick up after those who are less fortunate. . . . By "less fortunate," I mean those that have found themselves to be God in thought but not in activity. . . . If somebody's been sitting around the house for days on end without doing anything, like dishes or anything, you're truly not loving by letting them fall into that stagnation. . . . We have two Coordination Ceremonies a week. We gather, we form

a circle, we hold hands, we come to peace, and then we talk. . . . We have lists in the house of what has to be done every day, like mopping floors, emptying garbage, a list of repairs that need to be done in cabins and stuff. . . . Each cabin takes a turn at running the whole thing, each day; in other words, it alternates. This way it makes them responsible to be a leader and when it's not their day, it makes them responsible to be a good follower. It's a real good balance there. . . . Generally we were raised in a world where survival was strictly for self, for self-gain, for self-survival. It was man alone, challenging . . . always opposing each other to survive. Now the the pendulum is coming to a point where the only way we will survive is when everybody is doing for each other. We'll all be feeding each other only to find out that someone will be feeding us. . . .

This is truly a touching text in the immensity of its candor. These people have chosen anarchy because they feel oppressed by arbitrary disciplines, and they reinvent exactly the same disciplines as soon as they have to build a society! And these old/new disciplines exist in their most raw, most naked form: the life of a barracks, with duties assigned by the officer in charge. At least within families, the loving mother takes care of all that.

The situation described by Gene Carlson is not exceptional. In all hippie communities without exception the same litany is chanted. No one wants to do the daily drudgery that must be done for the collectivity to survive. And as the leader has no real authority, he calls meetings: meetings to appoint the money-collectors; meetings to discuss a kitchen that has become "digusting"; meetings about the "chaotic state" of the rooms; meetings to set meal times ("the hippies eat all day long, so by meal time, there's nothing left"); meetings against "people getting up in the middle of the night to put on records." And since there is a new problem every day, every day there is another meeting. The hippie communities are forced to spend half their time in boring confabulations to work out the simplest actions; actions which, in the straight world, are organized automatically, harmoniously, because, since childhood, each person has been trained to function in society.

Other communities have been forced to enact "restrictive immigration" laws just like the most reactionary countries. Each group closes itself, barricades itself against the intrusion of newcomers in order to

maintain a standard of well-being for the "proprietors," defined as those who were first to occupy the land (one can hardly imagine a more feudal concept!). Each group turns in on itself like all families, forming economic, egoist, jealous units, except that these families have twenty or thirty members rather than the regular four to six. Other communities that have been faced with the problem of overpopulation have chosen an all-powerful leader to select which of his brothers would be cruelly expelled without recourse. The too-drugged, the too-lazy, the too-wild, the too-asocial, and those whose heads had flown into permanent paradise were all shown the door. The laws of the straight world would never have permitted such arbitrary decisions.

No doubt the OM Foundation would have gone on to regulate the disposition of children in case the parents should separate, and to arrange for the allocation of goods if a member should leave the community. In order to facilitate the internal exchange of goods, it would have created an establishment, called "Psychebank," which would have issued little slips of paper covered with designs and numbers; the community would have named special gurus, to be garbed in black robes, who would arbitrate conflicts between neighbors; and, to enforce the sentences, several strong husky hippies would walk up and down the paths, keeping an eye on things, swinging a stick. . . .

Happily for the hippies' faith, the OM Foundation broke up before having had a chance to reproduce the *integrality* of the establishment.

Later on, in St. Louis, I met a hippie who had slammed the door on one of these communities. He confessed that after his sad experience, he had discovered that a family—where people love each other and fight one another in a small, stable, intimate circle, under the wing of infinite maternal kindness—wasn't such a bad thing as the basic cell of society's life; in any case, it was infinitely preferable to spinning through trumpets, committees, "orders of the day," and the tyrannies of a collective that was constantly being torn apart by the desertions of older members and the arrivals of raw recruits with no emotional ties to anyone else there.

"Well, yes," I said, paraphrasing Churchill on democracy, "the straight family is the worst possible way to live, until you compare it to any other."

ABSOLUTE PLEASURE

There are still more absolutes on the hippie ideological menu, but the one we deal with now, absolute pleasure, occupies a central place, a quasi-divine shrine in the hippie rites, the shrine toward which all the other hippie dreams—their dreams on the senses and the spirit, on man and nature, on this earth and on the beyond—converge. The belief that man can attain a state of “absolute pleasure” by enlarging his consciousness with drugs has been so thoroughly picked over in print—whether by hippies or not—in such a systematic fashion that it has become something close to part of an official “doctrine.” Which means that, as is appropriate for doctrines, we should discuss it in depth, but the broad scale of this book does not permit us to dwell long on a particular theme. This discussion, therefore, is being reserved for a later work which will deal entirely with drugs and the expansion of consciousness, while, in this volume, I will touch lightly on a few aspects of the matter so as not to leave a void precisely at this crucial point.

I believe that the complex of hippie ideas on pleasure can be summarized in the three following propositions, in their order of importance:

- (1) The rationalist education taught in school, the pursuit of efficiency in life, and “morality,” dry up and betray man’s capacities to feel powerful sensations by virtue of what might be called his “animal splendor.”
- (2) These latent sensations, which go beyond, in large part, the normal register of sensations, are capable of forging a “field of consciousness” in man, and thus a “field of pleasure,” that is infinitely enlarged and wondrous.
- (3) Certain drugs can painlessly break the straitjacket that surrounds this sunken treasure and bring it into full light so that it may completely bloom: this is the “miracle of chemistry.”

In sum, the miracle of chemistry delivers our “interior paradise” from the walls of reason, and brings it into an intensity of communion with

the "exterior paradise" of "direct" nature that the individual has never known before. Let us rapidly examine these three propositions.

Animal Splendor

The first proposition, according to which the cement roads of reason imprison and dry up the pure fountains of the senses, is nothing new. Throughout time, many men have felt that there is a divorce, even a conflict, between these two styles of living: the feeling-spontaneous-poetic type, and the thinking-careful-scientific type. Doctor Faust is one painful expression of this divorce when, at the dusk of his life, he suddenly discovers that the laboratory where he spent his days is surrounded by fields of flowers that he never rolled in. And there have been not a few philosophers who have believed that the first, so-called "natural" way of life is superior to the second, "artificial" way. A proposition with which the mass of people will agree, since the mind, whose functions they practice with difficulty, is dethroned in favor of instinct, a gift with which they are all endowed.

It seems to me that this ancient debate is a confusion of principles. It is true enough that man cannot make love and integral calculus at the same time. This does not, however, mean that calculus in the morning will cause a deterioration of his taste for love in the evening. Experience, rather, shows the opposite. In general, those individuals whose minds are truly both well-furnished and supple, savor the pleasures of the flesh with more intensity and more fineness of sensation than illiterates. For pleasure in the truest sense is not simply a function of raw sensation; it comes from a confluence between the stream of messages being issued directly from the senses and the stream of interpretations issuing from the brain. Natural colors cannot give us pleasure until we have integrated them into a picture painted by our minds. This vivid, trembling blue field of the sea, linked by the horizon to the serene and tender blue dome of the sky, would be nothing but a mass of water underneath a mass of air for someone who had never rolled the idea of infinity in his head. In sum, the confusion lies in the fact that distinctions have not been made between the primary sensation and the elaborating emotion; the raw sensation is nothing but the raw material. A physical sensation serves no purpose if one is not moved.

Primitive man—or for that matter, many people in our own time—feels perhaps as much raw sensation as the cultivated man, but through his lack of capacity for intellectual elaboration, his emotions are surely less profound and less rich. A clear, objective look at the myriads of poets, artists, and musicians produced by our rationalist civilization offers no jot of corroboration to the idea that our civilization has extinguished the faculties of feeling and of taking pleasure.

Certain apologists for drug “ecstasies,” like Aldous Huxley, do understand the generally unrecognized tight coupling between mental richness and sensorial richness if an experience is to be emotionally rich. Also, they are much less insistent than the run-of-the-mill hippie that the processes of reason are the killers of the senses. They even affirm that in their “interior paradises,” they experience only the beauties that they can understand, those beauties that arouse the mind, since the mind must go along with them on their trip.

The Sixth Sense

The essential thing for this latter, more intellectual school, is the second of the three propositions mentioned earlier: man is capable of knowing totally unprecedented sensations, as fundamentally different from those that normal consciousness knows as sight, for example, would be for a blind person. These are the famous ineffable, prodigious, inexpressible sensations, transcendent and corporeal at the same time, cosmic and intimate, that the hippies, led by Timothy Leary and Aldous Huxley, sing of. Under the effect of the hallucinogens, colors become sounds and sounds become colors, the naked existence of things bursts out before your eyes, the past and the present become one and time stops, one’s own self, or God, comes to seem like a clear grassland, the cells of the one you love become intertwined with your own, each drop of water from a faucet unleashes a myriad of echos in each branch in the forest of your nerves.

I will discuss these assertions in detail in a separate book. For the moment I am content to say that these phenomena have been considerably embellished by the lyricism of writers of talent, but that numerous scientific experimenters have been disappointed. And besides that, we are actually dealing here with a *confusion* of the habitual senses, and

not with a whole register of new, heretofore unknown senses. The hypothesis that such senses exist is as gratuitous as a hypothesis that we could free ourselves from our biology and live without oxygen.

In all objectivity, we must acknowledge that nothing, in the present state of our knowledge, makes this hypothesis inconceivable. We know that certain chemicals can make the frontiers of our sensations elastic, but so can certain kinds of training. The painter sees colors with more nuance and brio than most mortals, housebreakers have an incredible sense of feel for locks, a dancer's muscles are immediately responsive, the blind are much more sensitive to the nuances of sound than the sighted. But this elasticity does not remove us from our normal biological universe, it *extends* it. And so much the worse for the hippies' theories; the senses are enriched, not by turning one's back on education, but by intensifying it.

The Miracle of Chemistry

We arrive now at the third proposition. The hippies will say that, as long as our sensual universe is extended—even if it can't actually be mutated—that is what counts. Indeed, the important thing is to make this enlargement available to all—not through a long and painful education process that is accessible only to a few, but through the “miracle of chemistry.”

So far, this “miracle” has not always proved to operate as the hippies claim. I have met or read many reliable witnesses who have roamed the universe of drugs to its furthest limits, and who affirm that the flamboyant writers have largely exaggerated the joys drugs can bring. People have told me that they felt certain strange and fascinating sensations, along with other atrocious and repulsive ones, but that the forms, the colors, the movements, the fabulous sounds are always fugitive, disjointed, imponderable, as in a dream, with no metaphysical context.

There have been any number of people, perfectly lucid, who have experienced the range of their sensations just as powerfully intensified, who have felt a communion with nature that is just as mysterious from waking on a mountainside to a vividly colored dawn, or stretched out

on the gentle sands of a beach in Tahiti, or drifting in silence under the vault of stars. Can a drug offer us more richness than this? Or might we not have leave to doubt that a drug can offer us even as much.

Let us take, for example, a phenomenon that is related to chemical ecstasy—the interior illuminations of the Eastern holy men who fix on their navels for days together seeing the cosmos there. They say that they experience states of soul that are indescribable and ineffable, and we have no reason to suspect their sincerity. However, they say more than that; they claim to meditate, to ponder on the essence of things, more profoundly and more luminously than Lavoisier, Einstein, or Copernicus, and they further claim that they have grasped it. Don't we have a right to expect them to share their discoveries with us? . . . since thought, unlike sensation, is articulated and transmitted through language. But no tangible intellectual fruit has ever blossomed out of these meditations, which is why students of this phenomenon have ended up doubting it. They have come to believe that the Hindu holy men unconsciously fall into a sort of gentle catalepsy, peopled with mirages, in which thought—rather than becoming universalized—is simply replaced by a kind of vapor. Perhaps the hippies' "super-sensation" is at bottom a similar kind of process. Does prolonged drug use, then, really extend the field of consciousness, or does the consciousness not actually just become empty?

And even if drugs do provoke extraordinary interior visions, I question whether the term "expansion of consciousness" is correct, or whether the word "displacement" would not be more apt. Not only do the hallucinatory visions not deepen the intuitions that are available to normal consciousness, but drugs nibble away at the normal mind's capacities. This would indicate, then, that we might expect, not a synthesis of the feeling man with the thinking man, but a new antagonism between the two. The mind will be sucked dry and betrayed by the sensations. This atrophy of the mind and will does not occur, however, no matter how intensely a person feels something, as long as that feeling is spontaneous, not a drug-induced response. Spontaneous, clear-headed feeling is a genuine enlargement of the being, since it causes a deepening of the perceptive faculties, and does not keep the individual from returning to creative and socially useful activity.

We must, however, recognize that, in principle, no one can say that it is impossible to genuinely enlarge the field of consciousness through chemicals, and I myself would not object to government-sponsored research projects designed to discover whether such substances exist, as long as we did not have to pay the price of atrophy of the reason and the will. Who would refuse to see the world as on the day of its creation? . . . provided that he did not risk losing himself in a life of damnation.

However, a simple analysis of probabilities shows that we can hardly expect such a miracle the first time around. We are still almost completely in the dark when it comes to the physiological mechanisms of sensation, though we do know that our nervous system is one of the most complex and subtle structures in the animal kingdom. We can provoke strange chains of associations and extraordinary sensations, good and bad, by chemically altering a few of the myriads of relationships between the molecules, neurons, synapses, and plasma that form the interior cosmos of our body. But there is very little chance that we will fall on just the right combination of equilibria to enrich our sensations without compromising the healthy functioning of that cosmos. Surely centuries of laboratory experiments will be needed to arrive at a solution of this biological problem, if solution there be.

The hippies naively pretend that they are "returning to Adam," whereas they are, in reality, revolting against Adam in the sense that, for the first time, the human body itself, and not just the social order, is being put into question. They are not only recovering creation, they are correcting it. This is by a long way the most audacious of man's ambitions, much more of a true revolution than changing economic systems. Perhaps, once human beings have worked out truly viable, just, and effective economic and social systems—a goal that will still loom out of reach, I would guess, for at least the next few centuries—then perhaps we might be wise to turn our efforts toward the biological perfecting of the species. But then these investigations will be carried out, not by children or demagogues, but by adults, which is to say, people armed with science and with patience.

Meanwhile, while waiting for a new rose to grow in the garden of our chemistry, let us learn to see the one that is already there in this morning of our loves.

ABSOLUTE ANTIRATIONALISM

If there is one single facet of the hippies' life that should have come clear during the course of this study, it is that the hippies are the enemies of reason, which links hippieism to the majority of the current movements of protest, and which fundamentally distinguishes it from the classic left whose revolt was developed in a scientific, materialistic, even atheistic context.

The hippies, even though their spirit of protest and language of emancipation make them the legitimate children of the left, have carried antirationalism much further than the new left, up to a point of the most disordered mysticism. The hippies love to believe, without or against the evidence of their senses, in anything at all, provided that it is transcendent, inexplicable, and decorative. They believe in astrology, metempsychosis, reincarnation, Zen, Tao, Buddhism, Krishna, Rama, in magic, in occultism, in anything that can be imagined but cannot be proved. As their master Aldous Huxley has written in *The Doors of Perception*, "Throughout centuries and in every country, men have given more spiritual significance to what they've seen with closed eyes than with their eyes open." An excellent definition of the hippie culture: the culture of closed eyes.

Their eyes do open, however, from time to time, particularly upon objects as faraway, mysterious, and lovely as the stars. Astrology plays a very important role in the hippie culture. The journal *Avatar* has published a full-color, double-page spread of the zodiacal skies. All the names printed on the journal's masthead are accompanied by astrological signs, "What sign are you?" is one question that the hippies ask each other constantly. The hippie communes are inaugurated on auspicious dates which will put them under the influence of Gemini or Capricorn. *Avatar* (Number 78, 1967) explains that

Astrology is a language of symbols, like Jupiter and Saturn, Aries and Taurus, in comparison to psychiatry which uses words, words like insecurity, paranoia, and schizophrenia. They are both tools that man has created to understand more about himself, but psychiatry is only a baby to Astrology, one has just been born and the other is being re-born.

Some hippies had convinced themselves that flying saucers illuminated with the signs of the zodiac would appear during the great Grand Canyon "be-in." *Oracle* has stated that when a hippie plants a vegetable, he accomplishes a sacred sexual union between his body, the seed, and Mother Earth. The hippies need, no doubt, something as exalting as the idea of copulation to inspire them to plant their cabbages. The Hare Krishna Mahamantra, the Hindu chant that Allen Ginsberg has introduced into all the hippie rites—a chant of which the flower-children understand not one word, and which in any case makes no literal sense—calls on the infinite spirits to preserve our planet in spite of its lowly finitude. Allen Ginsberg has written, "that a nation which prefers terrestrial communications through metallic wires, to the inter-stellar communication of the Hare Krishna Mahamantra, does not merit the respect of its young people." The tarot, coffee grounds, clairvoyance, telepathy, nothing is missing. One hippie tribe's supreme goal is to arrive at the degree of "omniscient dematerialization" achieved by a Zen monk who could zing an arrow to its bullseye in the dark. The leader of this tribe, whom I met in Paris, assured me, while trying with all his might to enroll me in his lists, that he had seen it.

"How could you see it, since it was dark?" I asked mischievously, but got no reply.

I hope that my hairy young friends marvel at these mystic tales without really believing them, in the same way that children marvel at fairy tales. In fact, the mystic search preoccupies the gurus above all. It is still too cerebral for the run-of-the-mill Anglo-Saxon hippie. He fights nothing, including the rationalist tradition, so much as he simply ignores it, just like everything else. His familiarity with the traditions of the American Indian and of the Hindu fakirs is minimal, except for the kind of thing he has seen in the movies. His favorite model of the spiritual life is captured in a pretty song that I heard from some hippies in Toronto:

To know yourself
You don't need to concentrate
Don't look into your mind
It doesn't know the facts
Become empty
And let yourself take in, take in.

Wild Romanticism

I cannot conclude this section without commenting on the hippies' antecedents: the literary antirationalists, from the 19th-century romantics to the surrealists. The majority of these romantics—to use the word in a very broad sense—have all dabbled to varying degrees in magic mysticism, which has helped restore its respectability. They did not go so far as the hippies; though they attacked the rationalist traditions of the 18th century, they still remained within them, if for no other reason than their drive to win prestige in the literary game. They kept their heads sufficiently to respect the tacit convention that their incursions into the supernatural, sorcery, and spiritualism were reserved for the life of the imagination, to poetry, to the role, in sum, of pretty fairy tales for adults. They have never proposed these tales as guides to everyday life, and they still hold that science, which they admire, fulfills a necessary and beneficial function. Victor Hugo consulted books of the occult in the privacy of his study, but he restrained himself from talking about it at the Académie Française.

André Breton breached the first crack in this convention when he published his *Nadja*. In his private life, with which I am very familiar, he continued to act like a "straight" person, accepting all the disciplines that art imposes and that the hippies reject, and even intensifying them on the moral plane. However, the magical deliriums of *Nadja* aspired to much more than the poetic illustration of a "mad love." Breton saw this love as the vehicle of the marvelous, of the surreal in the real. *Nadja* was a decisive influence in the rush of modern antirationalism toward wholehearted nonsense. Surrealism gave respectability to today's hippie fairytale spinners, and it inspired them with the flattering illusion that they were the messengers of a truth higher than the truth available to science.

In fact, the "supernatural" forces that are so much more potent than the slow but sure conquests of sciences are most often vulgar frauds. As Koestler said in *The Lotus and the Robot*, "There is no more true mysticism in India today than there are real cowboys in Texas."

We can leave the heritage of Nostradamus and Cagliostro to the hippies without anxiety. As long as *they* are the ones in charge of it, nothing much can happen.

Absolute Nihilism

A revolutionary is by definition a sleeping nihilist. The only way he knows to move the world is through violent condemnation of it—and perhaps he finds protection here against his own secret doubt. As he rarely has genuine alternatives for society, he exalts the act of destruction above all. The hippies have taken this route as far as it will go, at least on the speculative plane. They have arrived at an absolute nihilism—considerably more radical than that of Saint-Just—whose principle spokesmen today are Marguerite Duras in France and Jerry Rubin in the United States.

For them, present society ought literally to be razed down to the bare ground. The people would be allowed to live, but without houses, without clothes, without tools, without cities, without plumbing, without schools, without art, without knowledge, and without traditions of creation. We would have to begin all over again, strictly à la Adam and Eve. We would, however, be permitted two things that Adam and Eve had to do without: Beatle records and LSD. But before this society in which “everything is false” can be razed, the groundwork has to be laid: ridicule it, provoke it, shock it with eccentricities, with obscenities, make it doubt its own values, lose its faith in itself, and despair. At that point, a simple coup de grâce will make it shrivel up and die.

Need we say that this kind of provocation is cultivated as an end in itself. Praise to those who can hit society where it hurts! The Speech Movement, founded by one Artman, a disciple of Timothy Leary, obliges its followers to sprinkle all their discourses with the most excremental words, at a minimum of three words per minute. Jerry Rubin's Yippies chose a pig, a real pig, as President of the United States and administered the oath of office to him while he urinated on the national flag.

Traditional music, with its chords and harmonies, is, as everyone knows, fascist, and the geniuses of today compose only “aleatory” music; that is, one object is clanged together at random with any other object that may be at hand. In Chicago, I paid two dollars to attend a musical “happening” that proceeded as follows: a girl, who was “wigged out” on drugs, sat on the ground with her skirt pulled up, in front of an amplifier, scraping a violin with an iron rod, while the

amplifier gave off fits and spurts of sound at random. Another peculiar person smote a piano with his fists and his hairy feet, while six radios played, at full volume, six different programs at once. The composer—yes, you have read rightly, “composer”—leaned against the microphone, frantically striking red and blue balloons against one another, until one or the other would break, an event he would punctuate by a strident jungle cry.

In September, 1966, London was the site for the first international symposium of “artistic destruction.” It lasted five days, during which forty hairy “artist vandals” from ten countries assembled to display and discuss their works. The participants included the Irishman Alexander Trochi who expressed his conception of the universe by crashing an iron bar with all his might at everything around him—dishes, garbage cans, etc. Trochi had founded “Project Sigma” for the “invisible insurrection of a million angry spirits.” Then there was the overwhelming hair and beard which covered the face of, one assumed, William Burroughs—that was all you could see—the “genius” author of the classic *Naked Lunch*, in which the hero no longer knew which orifice he was supposed to eat with, and which orifice to fornicate with; Ralph, who had become famous in New York for furiously destroying any piano that crossed his path, considering that instrument the nadir of bourgeois degeneracy; the flashing Parisian painter Lebel who had nude women sit down on ripe tomatoes (to create an impression of . . .), after which he would cover them with spaghetti; a Japanese from the Zero Dimension group who had made it a rule of his life not to let five minutes pass without seeing or doing something revolting; representatives from movements of “regenerative vandalism,” like the Provos of Amsterdam and the Spanish nihilist group Zaj, who discussed their most notable creations: destruction of church organs, setting fire to typewriters (car burnings had become too debasing, unworthy of the name of art), slashing paintings in museums, bloody orgies like the ones in Vienna.

These “orgies of blood,” by the way, are a kind of mass figurative self-flagellation. They cut out the entrails of a lamb and of a chicken and splatter the clothes and faces of everyone nearby with blood. The Viennese master of vandal art, Nitsch, was dressed all in black, including his shirt, his pants, his mustache, and his temper. He cried out, with

tremors of fury in his voice, "Any cretin of a medical student can get hold of all the bodies he wants to learn useless things. But I, an artist, I can't have even one to draw upon in my art." When at one point the tone of the discussion had become academic, even parliamentary, the two delegates from New York cried out: "You don't understand how great we do things in New York!" And Ortiz seized the hatchet that he carries with him everywhere and, in two blows, broke a chair standing in front of the door to the auditorium, while his companion set fire to a motorbike. While this was going on, an Englishman was patiently building towers of books to set them on fire.

But the constant burning and destruction became commonplace after a while, and everyone began to champ at the bit. Artistic vigor fell into the doldrums until, thanks to Otto Mühl's "Happening Salad," a new spirit filled the air. Mühl buried a nude girl under a pile of tomatoes, salad greens, fresh eggs, squeezed melons, grated carrots, and then moistened the whole with milk and beer. He sang and danced around his masterpiece like a cannibal around a missionary cooking in the pot and then, at the peak of the climax, he tore his clothes off and threw himself nude into the sticky reddish mixture, which was understood to symbolize the marriage of animal and vegetable, kissing the young beauty, holding her in his arms, and licking milk, beer, and tomato sauce from all over her body. The girl reappeared nude and radiant. "It's just so great!" she moaned.

At the peak point, Lebel exploded in self-contentment: "It's a waste of time and words," he declared, "to ask if 'happenings' are art. They are more than art. I don't waste time any more writing criticism. I let these happenings happen to me. These nihilist-vandal artists, by rejecting taboos and making the psychic drama of each of us a collective experience, open the door of perception."

Obviously, next to a happening, the contortions of a tom-tom beater are simply mannered academism. To emerge from there and then come across the words of Allen Ginsberg, is like reading a sermon:

With the orgy an acceptable community sacrament, one that brings all people closer together, certainly one might seduce the Birch Society to partake in naked orgy and the police with their wives together with Leroi Jones the brilliant angry poet.

Statements to shock the "straights," obviously, like these comments by Leroi Jones:

America's political need is orgies in the parks, on Boston Common and in Public Gardens with naked bacchantes in our national forests.

until, of course, the day when the schools shall all be put to the torch, a specific objective announced by certain gurus. Once this wholesome enterprise has been accomplished, there will be nothing left to do but gather the children together from here and there

to give them a new kind of teaching, oriented only toward the disciplines of pleasure and the exploration of their own interior paradise, under the tutelage of teachers who, first, would be dropouts who had left school no later than twelve, next Zen and Tibetan monks, swamis and yogas, and finally specialists in pop.

These things are patently said, not out of conviction, but for their own sakes, so that people can beat their hands in applause when they succeed in annoying a pillar of the establishment. The people who say these things don't believe in them seriously, and do not imagine that anyone will take them seriously. And that's where they make their mistake. Their audience includes all too many credulous, gullible young people, and here and there now, one runs into youths who, their heads turned by these expressions of a flamboyant nihilism, put them into practice by attacking passersby at random, setting fire to stores, raping their teachers, and indulging in various wickednesses. And those who don't go to that extreme, do follow their prophets far enough to accept the desert of ignorance as the Promised Land. They abandon school, books, and everything that has some whiff of culture in order to set off, with a few of their long-haired fellows, along the hashish trail.

So this absolute nihilism has a practical purpose: to lay down the suggestion in all quarters that our Western civilization is an absolute degradation.

The apostles of absolute nihilism deceive themselves, however, when they think they have reached the outer limits of excess. There is still another step that goes even further than destruction: to inflict suffering. The end of the end is not just taking our houses away from

us, our clothes, our food, our arts, our knowledge, in order to exult in the void with Marguerite Duras; the real end would be to torture us before stripping us of everything. This is that extreme branch of nihilism called Satanism, which is advocated by a few, and which was put into practice by Charles Manson and his little band.

The roots of Satanism go far back into the history of extremist ideas. One of satanism's most notable exemplars was the Marquis de Sade. Recall that poem by Baudelaire, "Abel and Cain," which ends with the victory of the murderer:

Race of Cain mounts to the sky
While God lies on the ground.

However, in earlier days, this adoration of evil remained purely metaphysical or nostalgic. The Marquis de Sade never disemboweled little boys. And, again, it is Baudelaire who wrote, "O Satan, take pity on my long misery!" The hippie "ultimists" who have revived these old currents, giving them their own characteristic touch, end up by believing that the mission of their dark genius is to physically kill all the people—pardon me, all the pigs—who aren't with them, which is to say, you and me. The hippies have come a long way from their beginnings in long hair and daisies to this climax of devastation and blood. Were their origins really as simple and innocent as they seemed? Probably yes, in the beginning. Certainly it would be simplistic to try to make Aldous Huxley and the children with long hair responsible for Charles Manson and his killers. It's just that in the light of Charles Manson, the paradise of Aldous Huxley comes to seem more and more artificial—terribly artificial. Even without the demons, and even granting that there are blossoms that can be gathered en route, the hippie trail leads, at best, to Nowhere.

Is that place really more pleasant after all than Somewhere?

11

Quo Vadis, Hippie?

The most natural action for an ordinary man is to destroy himself by himself, through some excess in food, drink, or opinion. It is reason that is rare. And it is prudence that I want to honor. Terrassier, my friend, we must throw some cold water on all those fools there.—Alain

The Antecedents

The first question to ask in the face of this sudden explosion of extravagants—a word to take in its precise sense of people who “divagate” in “extra” paths—is where do they come from, historically speaking? Of what evolution are they the products?

I unearthed much more than I had expected rather early on, and I got very excited. I believed that I had found the source of the torrents that sweep over us now in an ancient current, but right away I detected another. I discovered that drugs of all kinds, except, of course, for LSD, have been known through all antiquity and employed on a large scale by all peoples except in Europe, where they played a minor role (perhaps Europe owes her prodigious history to this abstinence?). I discovered also that numerous schools of thought in the past had elevated pleasure into a supreme objective. The Greeks’ word for this was “hedonism.” Other Greeks and Romans, called “solipsists,” proposed that each being is specific, irreducible to a common schema, and that therefore his own self-realization should properly be his ultimate goal. Two illustrious philosophers (whose names rhyme)—Rousseau in France, and Thoreau in the United States—represented the school of rejection of technology and the return to nature. Fourier and his school founded numerous “phalansterian” pastoral communities across the

world, and immediately after World War I, the German *Wandervögel* ("migrant bird") movement carried runaway children, burning with independence and careless of their personal comfort, into lilting vagabondage across Europe, reminiscent of the troubadours of the Middle Ages.

When it comes to "systems," philosophic or social, hippie culture has its numerous precursors here too. We have seen how extensively the hippies draw upon models from mysticism, mythology, and Buddhist and Hindu folklore. Was not Buddha himself, who, 2500 years ago, abandoned his prince's house and his familial attachments to wander barefoot with his hair blowing in the wind in search of the interior truth, the first great runaway? But he did not take drugs. He spent fourteen years in arduous meditation before attaining the state of "consciousness expansion" that he called Nirvana. Now the hippies, children of a scientific society, think they can reach Nirvana with no effort, though with more risks, through chemistry. But like the hippies, Buddha preached universal love for all living things, including animals, and even untouchables, going so far as to live with them. He mistrusted books and reason, cultivating the interior paradise of man and striving for a direct communion with the exterior paradise of the cosmos. Later on, the Tantrics, as we have seen, added the sensual and social touches, the spices of sex and revolt.

The Oriental philosophy was transmitted to Americans through the English, who translated the famous Tibetan Book of the Dead, which won many Western admirers to its lamaic beliefs. Let us not forget that the psychedelic movement began in England among literary people—for example, Aldous Huxley, the psychiatrist Humphry Osmond, who coined the term "psychedelia" (expansion of the soul), and Gerald Herd, who adapted numerous Hindu ritual chants—who had fallen under the spell of India and the East. All these forces were to influence Alan Watts, the ideological father, fifteen years ago, of the hippie movement in San Francisco.

Among the Greeks, the illustrious Diogenes was not, as we have believed, an isolated eccentric. He gave birth to a whole school called the "cynics," whose members lived like animals, "with untouched hair and beard," making love in public, being shockingly obscene, mocking the conventions and the prejudices of respectable society (if they had

thought of it, they would surely have willingly adopted the adjective "straight"). They denounced all governments as oppressors, and useless at that. The word "cynic," which has, over the centuries, taken on a veneer of sophistication, derived originally from the Greek word for dog. Diogenes, son of a counterfeiter, took care of his personal needs in public, like a dog. He searched, like the hippies, for proofs that "society" is a parody of true humanity, and that its rules are so many intolerable hypocrisies. Diogenes lived in a cart that he moved around at will. However, he did not take drugs and he did appreciate from time to time an exercise in logic.

The sociologist Will Herberg has found traces of a Christian sect that lived during the second and third centuries A.D. in North Africa. Its members believed that a Christian should live in the purity of before the fall, in Adam's innocence and indolence in the earthly paradise. So they were called "Adamites." They advocated a gentle anarchism, the sharing of goods and women, vegetarianism, nudity, and an absolute sexual liberty, similar to that rejoiced in in the Garden of Eden. They either had no knowledge or refused the knowledge of Good and Evil. They rejected—at least in theory—all the restrictive laws imposed by the so-called "legitimate" societies, whom they accused of narrowness of spirit and dryness of heart. They were pacific, hostile to all authority, to all discipline, and to all rational thought, preferring the phantasmagoria of the spirit and the pleasures of the flesh, which they practiced with a complete license. They are without question the closest group to the hippie genre that history can offer us, even though these Christians have nothing to do with either drugs or Oriental mysticism.

In the Middle Ages, there are plenty of wandering minstrels, knights errant, visionary monks, libertine poets, Satanic magicians, each of whom contribute something to the profile of the quintessential hippie. And there is also the great figure of Saint Francis of Assisi, another "runaway" of mark who abandoned his family and society to go seek the sweetness of living and of loving among the humble ones of the earth and the birds. I have already alluded to the Diggers, an English communist society of the 17th century, and one of the principal ancestors of the hippie movement, as well as to the romantics of the 19th century, who sought pure emotion, divine pleasure, and the cosmic breath outside the social straitjacket and the real. They believed

that instinct is superior to reason, and that intuition is more pertinent than experience. They stayed tied, however, to the word and valued their artistic successes, while the hippies mistrust all intellectual creation. The romantics were the true fathers of modern antirationalism, a current that kept growing through the 19th century with the occultism of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal," the esotericism of Mallarmé, the volcanism of Arthur Rimbaud, the "strangeism" of Guillaume Apollinaire, the dadaism of Tristan Tzara, and the surrealism of André Breton, until its culmination in the "drug-subversion" mixture that dominates hippie culture. I have mentioned only the major figures in the various French schools, but these tumultuous waters flowed through every country, depositing whirlpools of the avant-garde everywhere. The Flappers in New York, the Topos in London, the Wandervögel in Germany, the Zazous in Paris, the Provos in Amsterdam, then the international generation of the Beatniks, all of them drew from this source and enriched it in their turn with a whole spectrum of distinctive bizarceries, in conduct, dress, and ideas.

Where Do We Go From Here?

From the beginning of this book, I have posed the question: May the whole excitement about the hippie movement not simply have been whipped up by journalistic sensationalism? My answer is: No. The walls of American and Canadian police stations, covered from top to bottom with photos of runaway children, are proof enough that this flood is enormous and new; ten years past these very walls bore no more than two or three heads. There is no question, as well, that the drug explosion is an absolutely new phenomenological upheaval of our time. Never before in human history have drugs, heretofore reserved to shadowy fringe groups of adults, penetrated with brazen force into the ranks of the young, especially in the American schools and universities.

In consequence, there is a certain softening already detectable in the fiber of American youth when it comes to will, initiative, patriotism, and love of science and success. Not yet enough to lower the productive capacities of this rich nation, but if it should continue to soak in the hippie-drug culture, like a sunbather soaks in the sun, then the nation will in the end decay, victim of that which Royer Collard

has already called "the nihilism of satiety." And the whole West will follow America's decline.

Will things go so far? If we do not react to protect ourselves, there is nothing inherently impossible about it. But the syndrome could also halt of itself; it secretes its own antitoxins, as more and more hippies learn that their drugs, which seem at first like the beckoning figure of Circe, actually mask the head of Medusa. The hippies who have held away from the addictive drugs usually catch themselves again and come back, soul and body more or less crippled, into life. For the movement is running in two directions. There is a strong current of runaways from the straight society toward the hippie world, but there is also an opposing tide. The hippie phenomenon is not yet six years old; it is too early to know which of the two currents will prove the stronger.

In the sphere of mores—less crucial in terms of the actual survival of the West, but equally as significant in setting the path our society will take in the future—the hippie movement has already had undeniable effects. There is nothing surprising in this, since that aspect of our lives called "life style"—something that has not been sufficiently studied by sociologists—has always been swayed by the influence of eccentric minority groups of youth. Today the hippies, tomorrow the elites, and the day after tomorrow the mass of people will no longer dress the same way, will no longer speak to children with the same assurance, will no longer enshrine work in its traditional place of divinity, will allow young girls more liberty, there will be more leeway for adventure. Society will certainly never adopt the whole hippie style but, in the way of cows, it will integrate a few of the new grasses planted by the hippies in the human field into its ball of cud.

But I believe that, though the hippie movement will surely color the development of our civilization, it will turn out to have been really just an episode, not a genuine revolution. The moral framework that undergirds hippieism is in reality marked with the seal of impotence. It can give the illusion of real power, for we are in the habit of believing that any revolt is a step forward. But there are also reactionary revolts, and the hippies' is one of those—despite appearances—because, over and above "society," it zeroes its attack on the only mainspring that has pushed humanity to advance: the spirit of enterprise, which, at bottom, is the source for intuition and reason, order and adventure,

audacity and prudence—in brief, everything that gives man a taste for his creations.

Just open the door of a smoke-room in Katmandu, and the messianic theories of the hippie prophets blow away on a current of air; the hippie reality leaps to your eyes in the person of these broken children, and squeezes your heart: they are self-destruction, a symbol of defeat.

At the beginning of the sixties, the extreme revolutionary left made an extreme ideological about-face. The left had traditionally taken up the cudgels in the fight for abundance and reason, but now abundance and reason were flourishing, contrary to plan, in the very heart of the established order. It was no longer possible to accuse society of inefficiency and obscurantism, but as the left wanted to accuse society of something, what better targets than abundance and reason, and so the crusade was launched against the consumer society. By tearing down the goals that it used to profess for itself, the left confessed its historic failure.

The hippies are the children of the marriage between the extreme revolutionary left and neoromanticism. They were born under the secret sign of defeat, and they will always carry a curse. Fearing at bottom that in the end history will reject them as useless beings, they proclaimed themselves useless out of bravado, and threw themselves into the "nihilism of satiety." But this goes profoundly against the current of progress. It is the refuge of people who want to go on living with the spice of revolt, when the real objects of revolt have begun to fade away. That is why the hippies so desperately look for something new. And since they no longer find it in the body politic, they propose to turn their revolution on the body human. I have commented since my introduction: The hippie nestles his revolutionary spirit in the liberation of the senses, because he can no longer engage himself in the liberation of the proletariat. That is, moreover, what gives him that frivolous and artificial air.

Is it so frivolous? One must honestly ask oneself if it is not legitimate, when the most glaring deficiencies of the social structure are eased, to turn attention to the needs of the individual, of his senses and of his soul, his needs as a cultural animal. And indeed there is much to do in this neglected area. Industrial civilization has not left enough room for fantasy, for pleasure, for tranquility, for sensibility. The hippies are not the first to have underlined this fact. But in dramatizing

it, they have rendered society the service of forcing our contemporaries to deal with it.

Young rebels are always the first sniffers of the new winds that begin to blow through a century, while the mass of people are far behind. The hippies' value is to have made us see, not that our civilization is rotten—that is to grossly misunderstand it—but that we must rightly begin to realize that a civilization's needs for delight are as profound as its need for efficiency. And also, of course, our civilization is gradually granting to each of us so much leisure that we are going to have to learn how to use it intelligently. It is a great, a captivating task that should begin in the early school years when children should be taught that the sciences are a joyous exercise of the mind, and should be taught to develop their artistic sensibilities, their personalities, and their imaginations. It ought to continue to develop by recognizing that all the elements of life should appeal to the eye and to the heart: the cities, workshops, offices, beaches, love, old age.

This great task will surely take many years, but it will never be accomplished unless reason, far from turning its back, devotes its whole resources to the enterprise. It is curiously true that a little bit of science can be prosaic, dull, with no touch of wonder; but the highest reaches of science carry us right back again to the mysteries of the marvelous. Similarly, a little bit of technology can make our lives harsh and ugly, whereas a great deal of technology, intelligently used, can infuse our collective life with poetry. But hippie nihilism cannot advance us one step into this new growth, if for no other reason than that it carries the young creative people—without whose indispensable ferment such a genuine revolution could never come to pass—away from the center of activity into the nonlife of drugs.

Oh, my happy and sad friends along the hashish trail, I fear not only for our civilization, but for you. You curse us in the name of your dream, while we could share it with you, we could help to make it come true. Then you go to hide in some hole to die. What an atrocious fools' game you are playing! You, who believe yourselves more clearseeing than the straights, have gulped down the dazzling, but hollow, words of other straights, the demagogues of *total* subversion, and you have fallen as their first victims. You could have been the navigators for our

time, and instead you are its flotsam, just waiting to disappear altogether. You wander ragged and filthy along the roads that you should have strewn with flowers. You have no emotional ties to another, when you should have taught us love. You live without ideas, when you should have made our ideas live again. There you are without future, without craft—what can I say?—without caring, your pupils dilated and eyes empty, whether or not they turn inward, or toward the outside.

Do you truly believe that you are going to build a culture on that empty gaze?

You are the generation sacrificed to the reign of the false.

Whatever happens, reason must be held to fiercely, even and above all when reason itself is being assailed. And the lines I chose for the epigraph to this chapter remind us that it is reason's lot to be assailed. Its career is painful, but triumphant in the end. For there will always be Alains and Terrassiers to throw cold water on the fools, but the surest cold water is still the shower that reality administers to them.

That is why we must not panic in the face of this nihilist wave, of which the hippies are the unhappy troubadours, breaking at the base of our towers. Our towers will hold if we hold on to ourselves, for this wave, strong though it is today, has neither a center of gravity nor a driving force to push it along very far.

The spirit of enterprise, which was born some 20,000 years ago, and received its baptism 350 years ago at the hands of Galileo, will not disappear from the human scene. It has raised too many powerful, splendid beams. Perhaps it is time to assign that spirit more noble objectives, a more becoming garb, a more gracious step, but it will never be downed to be replaced by the spirit of nothingness.

The conflict between the active and contemplative has endured for centuries. The active principle has always carried the battle because he knows how to contemplate, while the contemplative does not know how to act.

And that is why man will always triumph over anti-man. As Jaurès said, a river keeps faith with its source, by holding to its path toward the sea.

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